

System 1811

Chapter 1811: Marpo-Cruise.

The celestial space that Quinn could create with his system was intriguing, to say the least. It was completely white and one might mistake it as an endless, but it did, in fact, have an end. When Quinn walked further into the space that he had created, it would begin to distort and he would even see the parts of the ship around him in the real world.

At the same time, when he tried to expand it further, he found that the white space could be much broader than the whole ship they were on. However, when he reached the edge of the space, and the distortions would begin to form, he would himself on the exact spot at which he was sitting earlier when he made the space.

To put it simply, the celestial space that Quinn could create wouldn't be linked to the outside world, but when he returned, he would always be on the ship. It was a bit strange since, technically, the ship was always moving, and the space was also moving with it.

Either way, it was how it worked, which was perfect for Quinn. However, there were some downsides that he found. For one, although he could increase the time flow by around ten times and believed he could do seventy days worth of training in just seven days, he didn't take note of a few things.

Sil could use his powers in space to train himself as well. Using his powers made him the perfect partner for Quinn. The system had prompted Quinn, informing him if he wanted to suppress the former using his energy.

Quinn didn't try to find out how many points that would cost, but it was nice to know in space, that there were more things he could do with his Celestial powers. For someone like him who couldn't utilise his celestial energy well.

But when they were sparring and training, they found that it would damage the space, which would take Celestial energy to mend it, just as how the shadow would take up more MC cells when using the Shadow dome. So, in the end, after about fifty days of training within the space, Quinn's Celestial Energy ran out, and they were back on the ship.

"Man, I'm hungry and worn out," Sil said, lying on the floor immediately. "It's weird. Earlier, I could go for a long time without eating."

"Is it because my body is reacting in real-time? Is that why I got tired in just five days? Anyway, who cares? I need to eat something."

Looking at Quinn's points, it was the first time he had completely used up his Celestial energy like so. Before, he would only use it to enhance his attacks. But, even if he ran out, his blood aura and Qi were enough to push him through.

"I didn't try to learn more about celestial energy because if I used it, I knew it would lessen our time inside." Quinn thought. "So I decided to just focus on Blood skills and, more importantly, improving my shadow powers."

He found it quite funny that while in Celestial Space, he could only use his celestial form, and now in his own space, he just focused on everything but his celestial form. However, that was just how things had worked out.

Also, now that his celestial energy had depleted, it also gave him a chance to learn how long it would take for him to fully regain his Celestial Energy.

On the other hand, since it hadn't been seven days either yet, he couldn't access the Celestial Space at the moment.

"You were trying out some new things, and I'm surprised with how quickly you were able to improve. Whenever I think you're at your peak, you keep improving." Sil said, taking a long sip of a canned drink.

"Well, I never really had time to focus on these things. I trained a bit of the shadow with Arthur and Qi with Leo, and blood control was all over the place as I learned it on the flow with Vincent".

"I've had a lot of teachers that have helped me improve and get stronger within a short period of time, but I never really had the time to focus on just one aspect as things kept piling up and I would have to focus on many things at once."

"And honestly, even shadow powers have been at a standstill for a while, and after learning that this is some God Slayer type power, I feel like it could be more powerful than it currently is."

Now that Quinn could create space and change time flow, he would have plenty of time to train himself, and whoever he would face next, be it celestials, Dhampirs, or even God Slayers, they would be in for a surprise.

*Beep *Beep *Beep

"What's that noise?" Quinn asked. He had just gotten out of a cold shower and was in the middle of putting on his clothes when the beeping noise came. Wearing the clunky armour all the time was tiring, and since there was no ongoing threat, he had I put it all away in his shadow space.

Sil had done something similar. He had an ability through which he could equip all of his gear at once like thought and also had his storage ability to keep his ship and all his other items.

"I don't know. I've never heard of that sound before." Sil replied while scratching his chin. "Wait a sec. now that I think about it, I think the last time I heard about it was when I was..." Immediately, a surprised expression appeared on Sil's face, and he rushed to the ship and looked at the scanner.

He could now see a giant blip on his radar, and it was bigger than anything he had seen before, bigger than the blip he saw when a colossal beast had attacked his ship, which was the last time he remembered such a thing happening.

"I think I might know what it is," Quinn said while looking through the glass. In the distance, they could see an enormous spaceship. It looked like a giant blue whale floating about in space.

It was far bigger than anything they had seen. It looked like one hundred Cursed ships or ten Bertha ships were put in a line to create such a thing. Yet it looked far more impressive and powerful than any Bertha or the Cursed ship.

"Well, we wanted to find life. There should definitely be life on that thing, right?" Sil asked.

"Where are we, though? Are we out of the Amra solar system yet? It doesn't belong to one of them, does it?" Quinn asked.

Checking the map, they had gone entirely out of the Amra solar system in the five days, and we're in a new area altogether. As for who or what was on board, it was hard to tell all the way out here. It could be a new race, humans, or maybe humanoid beasts.

As the large ship got closer, another part of the console also began to flash. This time Sil knew what it meant, so he didn't hesitate as he pressed one of the buttons, opening up a line of communication between the two.

"This is the Marpo Luxury line. We are communicating to confirm if you are friendly, over."

Sil looked at Quinn, who just shrugged his shoulders as he had no clue what to do in this situation, but at least they were able to communicate.

"Umm... We're a bit lost, but we're friendly squishy soft beings... over." Sil awkwardly replied.

"Squishy beings? Are you saying we're fat?" Quinn said.

"Well, I didn't mean to say that we're fat and that they want to eat us, and I didn't mean to scare them away."

"Anyway, if you don't like that I'm doing the talking, then why don't you do the talking?"

Just in case, Quinn was ready to battle with whatever was on board. And he wasn't being reckless, in fact, more times than not, he had been attacked, and even if it weren't the case at first, they would eventually need to fight anyway based on his luck.

"If you wish to get on board and enjoy your time here on the ship, that is possible. Although there will be an admission fee, please reply if you wish to come aboard, over." The ship responded.

Honestly, there was nothing else for the two of them to do, and with how large it was, there were sure to be multiple people on board- the more people they encountered, the higher chances of them finding a way back home.

"Do you think they'll accept credits?" Quinn asked.

"Um, we would like to board. But before that, I would like to ask what form of payment you would like? We don't know much since we aren't from around here." Sil asked.

"Usually, we would accept "Bon" tons, but if you are not from around here, we also accept beast crystals. It will be one Demi-God tier Crystal per person." The voice on the other end responded.

In the past, hearing such a thing would have made Quinn faint. Demi-God tier crystal wasn't something an average person would be able to come by.

"I don't have any crystals that high, do you?" Quinn asked.

"Of course," Sil replied, pulling out two from his storage and holding them in his hand. "It looks like we're going in then. Just a little longer, you guys, and we'll be back."

Chapter 1812: Everyone is here.

Technology was always a fascinating subject for Quinn. And looking at the massive spaceship in front of him reminded him of the technological state of the Earth.

It has come a long way and has advanced far quicker than any time before the Dalki Attack. Although, Quinn did learn that these technologies had existed for a long time, just that the vampires kept them to themselves.

Beside him, Sil had set up a link connecting them to the larger ship, and now their spaceship was making its way towards the docking station. The docking station was at the side, near the large ship's underbelly.

What was even more surprising for Quinn was seeing Sil could semi-operate the ship-pushing buttons away like it was a natural.

"It's still hard to get used to. Every once in a while, when I look at him, he reminds me of Hilston. He's not as big or muscular as the latter, but they definitely have a similar character." Quinn thought.

"He's come a long way though. In fact, everyone has. Now, he can talk much better, and after traversing alone in space for so long, he's become independent, which I never expected."

"So, what's the game plan here?" Sil asked, pulling Quinn out of his thoughts, "We go in looking for Celestial on board? Ask for information from the others, or what?"

"Let's just keep a low profile for now. Many saw what we looked like in the fight against Athos but not all, most of the celestials know me as B and don't know what I look like."

"Depending on the circumstances, this can work as a disadvantage or an advantage, so let's not take any risk by betting on announcing who we are."

"Also, remember that we cannot reveal we're from Earth because that will cause problems and complicate things. Rather, we will say we're looking for Earth, Mars, or any other planet nearby."

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A small panel on the side of the ship opened up, and automatically, everything was set up so the ship would find somewhere to land inside. Now finally inside, the two of them could see a Ship park.

Around a thousand or so small ships the same size as theirs were parked in an orderly manner. This type of setting would only be seen in military events back on Earth. The large difference was that all the ships were uniquely different.

Each had a different shape, thrusters, sizes, colours and patterns. Some of them didn't even look like ships, or at least, the two would never believe those were ships unless they were inside here.

The exit ramp of the ship descended on the floor once their ship was carefully docked and they were set to head out. To avoid attracting too much attention, the two weren't wearing any of their usual beast gear.

"I can't sense any celestial energy in here." Quinn thought. "I had a feeling we wouldn't be so lucky to just run into someone so quickly."

When their feet touched the ground, a blue light appeared beneath them. Sil almost immediately acted, but Quinn pulled his shirt back down and made him halt.

"I can see you must have had some bad experiences." Quinn smiled. "But this is just harmless light."

A blue pathway lit up on the floor, directing them through the space between the other ships, and turned away in another direction at the end.

[Welcome to the Marpo Cruise. Please follow the blue path. It will lead you into one of the many reception areas throughout the entire ship. If you need assistance with anything, please don't hesitate to ask one of the staff.]

[We hope you enjoy your stay on the Marpo Cruise.]

Suddenly, calm music started to play through the area after the announcement.

"It's a change, that's for sure," Quinn said. "It doesn't seem like it's a threat or anything. So why don't we just listen and take it easy while we are here?"

The two of them followed the path which took them through the gaps between the parked ships and finally up to a small staircase. They then went through large Security doors that asked the two of them to scan their hands and eyes. And whenever they walked into a new area of the ship, Quinn couldn't help but be impressed by the scene in front of him.

Everything inside the place had a grand way of doing things, an elegant way of treating people and more. Then, finally, they reached two huge sets of doors, and the sound of laughing, talking and cheering resonated in their ears from the other side of the door.

Stepping through, they could see a large empty space with multiple things in just one room. It looked like some type of gambling area, with strange slot machines, leaderboards and more.

Then had relaxation areas, game areas, swimming areas and more. On top of that, this was just one large room which was nowhere near the entire ship. Every single entertainment one could think of was in this single space alone, and this couldn't help but make him wonder what was even in the other rooms.

"Look at them," Sil pointed out as two guests on board walked past. They had a humped back and two large tusks in front of their face. From Quinn's inspect skill, they didn't seem to be beasts, even though they looked like a type of humanoid beast.

Instead, it was more like they were their own race. However, onboard, they weren't the only ones that were different. The room was filled from top to bottom with creatures or races they had never seen before.

Many had a humanoid shape with some creature or beast-like features, but a few didn't. This indeed was a universal cruise ship where people from numerous races had gathered.

"This place is too much. What type of luck do you have, Quinn?" Sil asked. "I travelled for so long, and never in my life have I found something like this. I could have lived here for at least a few years and enjoyed myself."

In front of them was a large oval desk with several staff members standing straight on the other side, donning nice, buttoned-up uniforms. It was easy to tell who the staff were since they were all wearing the same uniform, even though they were of different races.

"Welcome to the Marpo-Cruise!" An enthusiastic young man greeted the two of them.

Looking him up and down, Quinn tried to figure out if he had seen anyone like this person before. He was a head shorter than Quinn and had straight blonde hair down to their eyebrows. The hair was split though, to allow for a small upward curved red horn.

Quinn would have assumed this person was human if it wasn't for the horn.

"I can see that you two have not been registered, correct?" The young man said after the greetings and then asked, "Since that is the case, would you please pay the admission fee?"

Taking out the two Demi-god tier crystals, Sil handed them over. They were then placed into a large tube behind them to be sucked in and never seen again. After that, the two received wrist bands that clicked around their wrist.

It reminded Quinn a little bit of what the academy used to have.

"These wristbands will allow you to use all the facilities on the Cruise and give access to all the public areas."

"If there is a specific climate that is more to your liking or activity, please just ask so can point you in the right direction."

"Based on your image and body temperature, we have escorted you from your ship to this location, believing it is the best place for you, but as I said, you're allowed to choose anything as per your liking." The man smiled.

It was amazing, and with what Quinn had seen so far, no doubt this person was telling the truth. This also meant there was the possibility that they had just seen the tip of the iceberg when it came to this ship.

"Hi, it's actually our first time on this Cruise. Is it possible to ask you some questions about it all? Who you guys are, the different people here, or maybe even some general information."

The smile never left the worker's face, which was creeping out Sil a bit, but after asking this question, he turned his head to look at the other staff. They seemed somewhat busy as well.

The young staff member then placed out his hand, revealing an open palm.

"We also offer a personal tour guide service. Where I can show you around everywhere, how to work all of our facilities and answer any questions you have to the best of my ability. However, as you can see, we are swamped."

The man moved his open palm a bit when saying these words. With a glance at Sil, Quinn was telling him to do something.

"Fine, but I mean, you can tell we're getting conned, can't you?" Sil asked as he pulled out another Demi-god tier crystal and placed it in the hand of the staff. Just as he was about to let go, Sil's hand froze.

Not just him, even Quinn had his eyes widened in shock.

"You're seeing that as well... right?" Sil asked.

"Yeah... how come there's a Dalki on this ship?"

Chapter 1813: Trouble maker.

The two saw what they believed was a Dalki coming out of some kind of steam room in the upper decks. It was only for a moment though, as it quickly moved and headed in another direction, but when Quinn turned to look at Sil, they both confirmed that what they had seen wasn't just in their heads. It was indeed a Dalki, and not a weak one either.

"Why is there a Dalki on this ship? It makes no sense." Quinn thought.

"Shouldn't the Dalki now be extinct? The whole reason the war started in the first place was their short life span."

While Quinn was pondering about this, Sil proceeded with the payment, and the young staff member walked out of the oval desk, and it looked like he was ready to be the two's guide.

"Hey, don't you think the Dalki might know some information about Earth," Sil whispered, turning towards Quinn.

"I know it's not the best place to cause trouble, and I'll avoid it at all costs, but he should know something, and I might be able to find out even more information." He added as he opened up his soul weapon and the book appeared in his hand.

The guide had come over to them by this time. He had a badge on his chest with two words, one of which was his name: Nog.

And seeing Sil's book, a weird expression appeared on his face because it certainly was something he had never seen something like this before.

"It looks like these fleshy creatures were able to produce some magic." He thought.

"In the meantime, let's just take a walk and figure out the situation with this shit. We can approach the Dalki later, when we know what we're dealing with."

"I don't know if you noticed, but Dalki had five spikes on his back." Quinn replied.

Although it had been a long time since they had fought against a Dalki, Quinn had defeated Graham, who had more than five spikes. However, it still meant the Dalki had a certain level of strength, and if a fight were to break out here, they would need to finish it before it disturbed the others because there were just far too many different races on board and far too many variables as to what could happen. Not to mention there was no need to take an unnecessary risk.

Since they both agreed on this, they started to follow Nog around the ship. He walked them through all of the facilities and revealed how they worked, what they could use and what to do if they needed any help, but Quinn wasn't interested in that.

"Sorry, but we wanted to ask some personal questions if that's okay," Quinn said, cutting to the chase.

"What exactly is this cruise ship? Who uses it and runs this place? And what is its purpose."

Nog's steps paused, and after a slight nod at Quinn, he turned back around without saying anything as he walked away from a crowd, and the two continued to follow him. He soon stepped into what looked like a restaurant. The three then walked towards the back, where there was a private booth, and it even had a large window from which one could stare at the scenic view of the space.

A waiter soon greeted them and offered them complimentary food and drinks. It was all high class, and service was beyond what anyone could ever want or imagine. After a while, Nog instructed the waiter not to disturb them for a time.

"Well, you have come to the right person." Nog pointed at his badge, which had the word 'Manager' engraved above his name.

"There aren't many that know the ins and outs of this place as much as me. However, I find it a little strange."

"You two are obviously wealthy individuals. Everyone on this ship is since they can afford a Demi-god tier crystal just like that."

"As for you, not just for the admission fee but also to let my lips be more... let's say, unrestricted."

"Anyway, this cruise ship is for the wealthiest people from all sorts of galaxies. The Marpo Cruise is for people who wish to experience a luxurious trip and enjoy themselves away from the troubles of their planet."

"We do different routes from time to time, but we always make a round trip past several galaxies. This allows people to hop on, enjoy a holiday and then hop off when we pass their planet again."

"However, the truth is the Marpo Cruise also acts as a transporting service simultaneously. Since we visit so many galaxies, planets can pay us to transfer their goods to any destination we are heading to."

"As for why they chose to deal with us, that's because of the great staff!" Nog pointed at himself and flexed his biceps a little, which hardly had any muscles.

"Due to the nature of our business, all staff members on board are highly trained and considered top warriors of their home planet."

"We pay well, and we protect each other. At times there are disputes on the ship, and each worker has to be strong enough to deal with them."

"At the same time, we have to be careful of space pirates due to our transporting business. Many wish to board the ship, try to pocket our goods, and sometimes even assassinate our customers."

"Therefore, we have pledged that as long as one is a customer and is on board our cruise, they will have our protection."

It seemed like the staff on the Marpo Cruise had great confidence in their skills. From what he said, they had to be strong and robust enough to deal with guests such as the five spiked Dalki. Unfortunately, due to Nog not being celestial or having any energy source that Quinn was familiar with, he could not tell the strength of the person in front of him.

"Thank you for answering those questions. It looks like we have really come to an interesting place. I wonder if you happen to pass by a place called the Milky Way system?" Quinn asked.

As he thought about it, Nog placed his finger on his chin but eventually shook his head.

"I have worked on the cruise for years, and we always take the same path. However, I have never heard of such a place before."

It looked like their luck had finally run out.

"What about the Dalki?" Sil asked suddenly. "The big draconic human guy. Do you know where he came from?"

Nog raised an eyebrow when he heard this, but he soon realised who they were talking about.

"I'm sorry, I know you have paid a lot for my service, and I am happy to help you out by being your guide, but unfortunately, I can not talk about other guests."

"It would go against our code. We value the privacy of our customers more than anything."

"I can help you some other way, though. Our captain had traversed through many parts of the universe."

"He has visited many galaxies and encountered various races, even outside this cruise ship's course."

"So if anyone on this ship has an idea of this Milky Way place, it would be him. I shall ask him to meet you two when he is on a break."

The two nodded with a smile and thought they should enjoy a nice meal while they were here.

Hearing this, Nog called the waiter, and Sil ordered what food he wished to have from a huge exquisite menu of cuisines.

However, when it came to Quinn, he wasn't sure whether he should order something or not. He mainly consumed but wasn't sure if asking for blood would be weird since he didn't know of any other race that drank blood.

Then, suddenly, they heard a man's loud voice.

"Who are these two, and what are they doing in my seat?!"

Turning their heads, Sil and Quinn couldn't help but glance at what the commotion was. After all, it was on the table just behind theirs.

"Are you more important than us? I don't think so, then why does your opinion matter? We simply got here before you."

"There are plenty of seats in this place, be a good boy and take one of them." The woman seated behind them replied.

She was quite a slender looking female that looked more human than most apart from a few shiny scales that showed on her face, but even with this fact, she was quite a stunning beauty if she were to head to the Earth, even compared to some of the vampires.

"Quinn, did you see her?" Sil asked.

"Ah, I have seen better," Quinn replied, thinking of the prettiest.

"I'm sorry, sir, but you were 20 minutes late from your reservation which is why we gave your seat to these two."

"So, please, feel free to have a seat anywhere else, and we will make sure to have this place reserved for you next time." One of the staff members who had arrived after hearing the commotion tried to calm down the situation.

"This is unacceptable!" The man yelled. Although, calling him a man would be an overstatement.

He was large and looked extremely young. He had a large wide mouth and grey skin. His appearance was more of that of a giant catfish. Even when speaking, it was as if his huge tongue would get in the way making it hard for others to understand his words.

"I want these two out of this place, or I will remove them myself!" The fishman patted his belly.

"Sir, please, I hope you would change your mind before taking such drastic actions." Nog had suddenly disappeared from his seat and was now standing right by the other table. It was quick, but even more impressive was the fact that it was silent.

"Should we help him if he gets into trouble?" Sil whispered, already standing up and walking over. "He has been a good guide."

Soon, Sil and Quinn walked over as well, but they stayed away, just like a few others in the restaurant who were listening to the commotion that was going on.

The woman had stood up from her seat while her friend remained seated.

"You would hurt a woman, huh?... well, do so if you dare!" She said as she looked at the crowd and started walking towards the two. Then suddenly, she grabbed Quinn's arm, wrapping hers around it. "If you dare to hurt me, you will have to deal with him."

"Wait-what? What the f#ck? How did I get involved in this?" Quinn was speechless.

"What is wrong with this woman? I don't even know her."

Chapter 1814: Gather the crystals.

Due to Quinn's multiple experiences with confrontation and clashes against deadly beasts and creatures, he was pretty good at reading someone's following actions and intentions. However, when he saw the woman walking over to the crowd of people, he had no notion that she would latch onto him, which was why he found himself speechless.

For a second, Quinn looked down at her face, wondering if he knew her from somewhere, but he couldn't recall ever meeting anyone like her.

"HAHAHA, WHAT IS THIS?!" The giant fishman hollered, "You act all tough, and then you run behind a man? Can't you protect yourself on this ship?!"

Turning around, the man walked forward and naturally, with his large body, pushed one of the staff to the side, nearly making him fall off balance. But before he fell, Nog was there with the palm of his hand to push him back to his feet.

"Thank you, boss. I'm so sorry for everything that is happening." The staff member lowered his head with apparent fear in his eyes.

"It's okay. Troubles as such are an everyday occurrence, which is why we are here to solve them. It's a good thing I'm here though."

"The Mermerial race is quite the tough one to deal with. You might not be enough on your own." Nog replied with a straight face.

The giant fishman soon stood before Quinn and was now roughly a metre away from him. The two said nothing, as Quinn was a bit speechless and felt trapped in this situation. Finally, he turned to Sil, only to find him standing amongst the crowd, secretly giving him a thumbs up.

"I don't know if I should be glad that he doesn't interfere or be upset because he left me in this mess." Quinn thought, shaking his head.

"My handsome husband can end you in one blow. If you want to try fighting him, be my guest!" The woman pulled Quinn's arm closer to her enormous breasts.

She then raised her head, only to find Quinn's expressionless face staring down at her.

Contrary to her expectations, he wasn't flushed in front of a good-looking girl like her. And after staring at his face for a while, she couldn't help but notice his facial features.

Flawless skin without any blemish on it, a stern, strong face, but what had attracted her the most to this man were his eyes, his gentle yet fierce eyes that seemed to see through her thoughts.

"Fine! You asked for it, woman!" The fishman said as he opened his large mouth, and a big rolled tongue came into view. It came out lighting fast like a frog, but of course, for Quinn and his speed, it was slow.

"Now, how should I deal with this?" Quinn thought as he lifted his fist.

"By my shadow? Aura? Or maybe just some of my Qi to knock his tongue back?"

"No, that would hurt this guy and bring unnecessary attention. Maybe just a small punch will do, it should be enough to at least stop him from attacking."

Quinn threw his fist towards the tongue while controlling his power not to send the fishman blasting through the ship's walls. However, while mid-way, he noticed that there was some intervention.

Nog, with his arm, had knocked away the large tongue hitting it in the air, and as for Quinn's attack, he had lifted his arm to block it. The fist had hit, but Nog hadn't moved from his place. However, he found himself gritting his teeth as his arm shook slightly.

By this time, Quinn had quickly put his fist away.

"Oh, this guy can withstand that? I guess the staff is pretty strong after all. Although I held back a lot of my strength." Quinn thought. He knew his raw strength alone was enough to defeat most people.

"The staff are to protect everyone on board this ship!" Nog shouted.

"Mr Tom, you will now be put on watch during your stay here, and if you are seen trying to harm any of the other guests, then we will have no choice but to deal with you."

The fishman looked annoyed as he sucked his tongue back into his mouth, but he knew he could not go against this man, so he had decided to just walk off in the end.

"I'm sorry that this occurred on your first day here." Nog bowed towards Quinn and added, "Unfortunately, I must go and report this matter."

"I will return soon, and if you need me, you know where to find me."

With that, Nog took his leave, and so did most of the crowd, but Quinn still had a certain someone who was clinging onto his arm.

"Thank you so much for helping me back there." The woman said, still holding on. "I know the two of us are strangers, but if I could reward you in any way."

"It's okay," Quinn said, gently moving her arm off his. "I'm afraid, due to your beauty, if I were to hang around with you, I would only bring myself more trouble."

With those words, Quinn walked away and met up with Sil. Without waiting for their order, the two took their leave to discuss what to do next, while the girl couldn't help but stare at his back in a stupor.

"Sis, are you interested in him?" Another young blue-haired girl asked, with a few shiny blue scales on her face.

"I thought you said you only liked strong guys. He didn't look so strong. He couldn't even beat a fishman. I think that spiked draconic guy is better."

Although it was all true, carefully watching the man act made her wonder. She thought she had seen the young man's eyes glow red for a moment before they quickly disappeared. Without a doubt, in her mind, she knew he was holding back. The question was, how much?

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The front of the ship was quite a distance away from where Nog was before, but there was a reason why he had to quickly travel through the multiple doors to head this way, and it was because he was heading to the command centre to meet a certain individual.

Standing there, looking out into the space, was a man in a bright white outfit and donning a captain's hat. He was tall, around 8 feet in height, and had a similar single horn sticking out from his head like Nog.

"So, how are our two new guests then?" The captain asked.

"They have been getting on well, and as you expected, their intention didn't seem to be originally joining the Cruise." Nog reported.

"Which means the two of them must be after something else." The captain licked his lips.

"I trust you, Nog, and you have done a good job, but we have to be extra careful this time."

The captain glanced behind him and noticed Nog holding onto his forearm.

"Looks like you got hurt. It is a rarity. Someone made a mess?"

"Well... This was actually from one of the new ones. But it wasn't them who started the confrontation, but I stepped in to stop the attack. One thing is for sure, our two new guests are strong. So I understand why you are suspicious." Nog replied.

"On top of that, they seem more wealthy than I initially expected. One can even do some magic to access his crystals."

"He handed me the demigod crystal, just to talk about nothing. " Nog explained. "I suspect they have more as well."

"Based on the strength of the other, I can only assume that the black-haired man is a type of bodyguard for the blonde one."

Finally the captain turned around, and a smile appeared on his face.

"We lack crystals for this trip. So we must get as much as we can. And the solution is in front of us."

"Go split the two up and get the crystals from the weak blonde guy. I trust that you know what to do." The captain ordered.

Chapter 1815: A hurt man.

After the strange confrontation, Quinn and Sil had gone to relax at the bar. If there was one thing that seemed to be plenty off no matter where they went, it was alcohol. Sil had ordered a type of whisky.

Its smell was so potent to Quinn; it felt like he could taste it in his mouth without needing to take a sip. As for Quinn himself, he was struggling to decide what he wanted since he couldn't seem to see any blood.

"Can I have that?" Quinn said, pointing to a square bottle that had a large x on the front. Although Quinn had no clue what it was, he had seen the shape of the bottle before. Lifting the glass up, he took a sniff.

It still smelt a bit too strong for him, but closing his eyes and holding his nose, he took it down in one complete gulp.

From the look on his face, one could tell that Quinn didn't enjoy the drink, not one bit.

"It's so strange, I mean, it's been 1000 years, and I think this is the first time the two of us have had a drink together." Sil commented as he took a sip.

"But then, when I think about it, that makes sense. You have never had a drink. Not during your whole time you were a student, and not while you were asleep."

"That has to be so strange. Why did you order that anyway?"

A strange feeling was coming over Quinn. It had upset his stomach somewhat and burned his throat. He remembered that Alcohol was a strange substance, something that vampires could still enjoy the taste of. Especially if they had enjoyed the drink as a human, it would taste the same as a vampire.

"A particular person used to drink this drink. I thought I would give it a shot. I'm surprised to see it in a place like this."

"They really do have something for everyone and something from everywhere." Quinn commented.

It had been a long time, but judging by the tone of Quinn's voice, Sil knew that he was most likely only talking about one of three people. Richard Eno, Vincent Eno, or Arthur.

"You still get upset about it. You know I might understand." Sil said, taking another gulp.

"I mean, remember I had a father that made me fight against my own siblings and then tried to kill me for some reason."

"So I understand that I have an asshole father. Sorry, I mean 'asshole father' figure."

Hearing this, Quinn didn't reply and instead ordered another glass, and he had done the same again, knocking it back in one gulp. He had yet to feel any effect, but it was perhaps due to him drinking them a bit too fast. That's when he went to order a third one, but a hand reached out and grabbed him.

"Hey, stop."

"I know a lot has happened, and it's not all good news, and we're in the middle of nowhere, but I don't want to see you drunk, I have never seen you drunk in my life."

"Although I think after a 1000 years it might be entertaining, with your powers, it could be a frightening thing."

The words for his best friend helped him settle himself a bit, but to be honest he was somewhat just trying to understand why people liked alcohol so much. He never got to experience those days of parties and such. A whole life had been missed out, and if he was to get drunk, he should at least experience it once.

The thing was, after around 10 minutes, Quinn was starting to feel it going to his head. "I thought because of the shaking factor of vampires. They couldn't really get drunk. What is happening to me?"

His face was feeling hot, and his head started to move about a bit as if it was hard to keep it still.

"Are you serious?" Sil asked. "How would anyone believe that you're some type of god when you can't even hold your drink?"

"Look, you just stay here and drink some water. You don't have to worry about anything. You've had too much on your shoulders for a long time."

"When that Nog returns, ask if you can meet the captain and ask him about Earth. There's no rush."

With that Sil left his friend at the counter of the bar. Honestly, Sil didn't feel he would have to worry, Quinn was a gentle soul, a harmless person in the first place, and if someone did start something on him, if he wanted to, he could probably take the whole ship down.

"As for me, I'm going to find that Dalki and find out what he knows and why he's here." Sil thought as he went to the last place the Dalki was seen. What he didn't know, was Nog had long since returned but had yet to approach or be seen by the others. "This is great, I was thinking of a way of splitting the two of them, but they have done so themselves. Let's see."

"We need to figure out where he stores the crystals, so we can't be too rough on him." Nog thought.

While thinking about it, there was an upset look on his face, but he soon shook his head. "We need those crystals."

*** **

Sil had quickly gone up to the second floor, he didn't use any of his abilities as he didn't wish to startle anyone, but there were some abilities he could use that didn't require others to see. For one, there was X-ray vision.

The second floor was hotter than the first and, on one half of the ship, everything was made of a type of rocky terrain. It was a strange area. There were just people lying on the ground, or on the rock made sunbeds taking in the heat.

Still, it didn't take him long with his x-ray vision to spot where the Dalki was. There was a giant curved rock in the large open space, which was strange to see on a ship. It looked like half of a moon was sticking out.

Reaching the other side, Sil had approached the Dalki, who looked relaxed and lying on his back with both arms behind its head. Now getting a better look at it compared to before, it was without a doubt a Dalki.

"Can I help you?" The Dalki asked.

Sil was wondering how to approach this. He had been wondering for a while and what to say his whole walk here.

"Do you recognise my type, my kind? Do you know about earth?" Sil asked.

The Dalki had somewhat of a reaction, he opened one of his eyes wide and looked at the person in front of him. Stared him up and down before eventually giving an answer.

"I have heard the name, but I don't really know anything about it," The Dalki replied.

For sure, Sil thought that the Dalki had to be lying. There wouldn't be a single one that didn't know about earth. They were the enemy, the place where they were trying to fight and take over.

"That can't be. You're a Dalki, How are you still alive?" Sil asked.

Now the Dalki was really interested as he was no longer lying down and had lifted his upper body up. Suddenly, the Dalki's eyes widened.

"Move!" The Dalki yelled.

"What?"

"I said Move!" The Dalki shouted, and both of its eyes lit up. Sil did as the Dalki said, moving out of the way, and red lasers came out of the Dalki's eyes. It had hit what looked like a person that was dressed in all-black light armour.

He was sent flying away and started to skid across the floor. He used his tools to defuse the energy and looked to be okay, the next second, four more of the same black figures appeared by the person's side.

"What the? Did that Dalki just save me?" Sil thought. "And what was that crap coming out from his eyes? Don't tell me..." Sil had recognised this power before. He had seen it used many times, which made him think.

"Does this Dalki have an ability, a real ability?"

Chapter 1816: Drunken God.

It was a strange feeling for Quinn and he didn't know how to get rid of it. His head was pressed against the cold surface of the marble-like bar, but it seemed like the more he kept his head still, the more it would spin.

Still, his ears were working well, perhaps too well, as the echo sound of high heels against the floor were resounding in his head.

"Please, could someone just turn that off." Quinn mumbled.

For some reason, since there was already a third drink in front of him and because he didn't want to waste it, he had gulped that down as well, which only made his situation go from bad to worse.

"Oh, I thought you would be more of a gentleman. I didn't realise you were so rude." The voice said.

From the corner of his eye. Quinn could see the shiny light-red hair he had seen before. It was the female that had latched onto him, and almost gotten him eaten by that giant fish.

"I would have stopped in if he tried to eat you." The voice said.

"Huh, can you read my thoughts?" Quinn said, lifting his head, and his eyes were a little bloodshot. The alcohol was extremely strong and for someone like Quinn who had never had it before, it was affecting him more than it would have done others.

He was wondering why his resistance to substance's and poisons like this weren't working at all. Then again, the creator of the system wasn't the most ethical person.

"Don't be silly." The girl laughed.

"You were speaking out loud. It looks to me like someone can't handle his drink. Why don't I look after you for the day? Aas a thank you for helping me out from before. The name is Wince."

"Quinn." Quinn replied back putting his arm out but missed slightly so the two just didn't end up shaking hands.

"You know, speaking about earlier, I picked you because I thought you could win, you know." Wince explained as she ordered a bright light blue drink in a Champagne glass filled with bubbles.

"You had this look in your eyes, while everyone else was afraid of what could happen or was going to happen, you just stood there like it was no big deal."

"You must be strong right, I was just wondering how strong you are?"

When asking this question, Wince had grabbed both hands of Quinn and held them together, and she started to slowly move up one arm, massaging it gently as she asked.

"Me?" Quinn said slurred. "I am very strong. I saved my planet before and now I need to do it again."

Wince didn't know what to make of Quinn's answer. It was clear he was a bit more open and loose lipped due to the drinks, but saving a planet could just mean she was speaking to a soldier.

"How about beasts, have you defeated beasts before?" Wince asked, propping a bit further.

"Beasts, lots of beasts, crabs, trees. Some demon tiers here and there, like I said I'm quite strong." Quinn admitted not shying away from the truth and somewhat bragging. He was proud of his achievements but there was never anyone for him to really share them with, In the state he was in, he was saying what was on his mind.

"Demon tiers huh, is this guy just trying to brag to impress me. He's just telling me lies." Wince thought.

"I thought since he wasn't swayed by my looks he wouldn't lie to me like that, but maybe he beat them with a group or something. There is still hope."

Standing up, Wince moved her seat closer to Quinn and ordered two more drinks. She pushed over the strange blue liquid to Quinn, who looked at it for a second.

"It should help with your headache." Wince said. Taking a sip of the drink, it was a lot sweeter compared to the whisky he was drinking before, and he had consumed it on the spot. The only thing was, Wince had lied. It made his headache and stomach worse because there was indeed alcohol inside.

"Maybe you can tell me more about yourself. You said you saved your planet, so what are you, what type of powers do you have?" Wince asked.

"What... what... what... am I?" Quinn replied. "I guess, the easiest way to explain it... at the moment, I am a god."

Hearing this answer, Wince wanted to slap her own cheek for believing that this guy must have been something. Her blue-haired sister, sitting alone at the other table, couldn't help but laugh at what was happening. She never believed that this man was anything at all. At least not someone who would pull them out of the position they were in right now.

"You don't believe me, do you?" Quinn asked. "I never wanted to be a god, but I received the title, Ruler of Blood."

Quinn's speech was still slow and all over the place, but when speaking Wince noticed something else, everything he said, there was a slight sadness in his voice.

"Ruler of blood, it sounds quite romantic if you ask me." Wince replied, now trying to just play along. She decided to just find out about the man instead of the man's strength and enjoy talking to this person, who for once didn't just look at her as something to win or get for themselves.

"I mean all life, has blood in their body, correct? Doesn't that mean in a way you are a ruler of everything that is living?"

Quinn chuckled at this comment.

"Being a god is not as great as you think, and if what you said was true, then why have some of my good friends died in front of me."

A troubled past, that was for sure, but on this cruise there were plenty of people out there that had a troubled past.

It was then that Wince herself took a big gulp of her drink, finishing it in one go. "Perhaps, if you had more strength you would have been able to save them, maybe you weren't strong enough." Wince mumbled.

She said these words out loud, but they weren't really directed towards Quinn.

"Not strong enough." Quinn said standing up from his seat, he was a little wobbly on his legs that Wince thought she would have to catch him.

"I wish that was the case. More like it was making bad decisions and not being able to be in the right place at the right time."

"It's so annoying!" Quinn gestured in a loud voice looking around at everyone.

"That I have the power to make everyone in this room kneel on the floor. but I can't even go back to my home planet and help them. What type of shet god is that."

Since Quinn was speaking loud at the moment, the others not too far could hear him loud and clear. Then one that couldn't help herself, and bursted out laughing. It was the smaller sister with the bright blue hair.

"Haha, I'm sorry, but you should be careful about what you say. Although making everyone kneel is quite unrealistic, there will still be some people that will take offence to that." She said.

"You're right... but it doesn't matter because it's true." Quinn said, as he turned around and looked at Wince. He then gave a posh bow, lifting his other hand like in the movies, as if he was in some type of play before walking to the centre of the room.

All eyes were on him, but most thought he was just a drunk guest. Even Nog was now looking at what was happening along with several workers.

"You asked me, what my powers were, well this is just one of many." Quinn's eyes started to glow red, and from the system, something was activated. "Everyone... KNEEL!" Quinn ordered.

The next second, all of those that were looking at Quinn, felt something strange enter their body as they were compelled to go on the floor and kneel. Everyone who was in the area had been affected. Some had resisted a bit, but eventually they were all on the ground, or on their seats all kneeling towards this person.

Quinn turned around with a smile on his face as he looked at Wince, and walked past her sitting back down in his seat.

Chapter 1817: Begging a God.

There were many strong individuals on board the Marpo Cruise. They were well travelled and at times needed to protect themselves. On top of that, even the wealthy individuals that could pay the admission fee usually wouldn't enter on their own and would have a guard of some sort with them.

The guards weren't weak either, and everyone on the cruise would know this about the others as well. That was why it came as a surprise for everyone in the bar, that there was someone who could force them to kneel suddenly, and it was clear who was the one behind it all.

"This is embarrassing, but my body, no matter how hard I try to lift it, my legs and arms won't listen to me. What kind of power is this!" One of them thought.

They all were forced to watch Quinn walk back to his seat, and when he had done, the effect seemed to wear off. They jumped to their feet, feeling free, but a few fell back from the exhaustion they felt from fighting against the skill.

"Can I have another one of these bubbly blue things? They were quite nice." Quinn requested.

Wasting no time, unlike before, the bartender rushed to make the drink. He ignored the other orders he was preparing beforehand and quickly offered the drink to Quinn that the latter had asked for.

Not far from the bar area, one of the managers, Nog, was observing everything. He wasn't affected by the strange powers, but he knew well what type of strength one would possess to achieve something like that.

"I've seen many people visit this cruise ship, and there have been those with similar powers, but I have never seen anyone have such a powerful effect on other people."

"Just what is he? What is his race and background?" Staring heavily at the back of Quinn, he couldn't figure out anything. It did remind him of something though, an order he had passed not too long ago.

"His punches are strong. He's fast and has some strange powers. If he's the guard of the other one, then trying to steal the crystals from such a person might not be good."

"It could affect the whole cruise!" Nog thought.

This time, Quinn had drunk the drink a little slower than last because he could tell that he was getting worse by the second, but he was reassured, knowing he had Sil to protect him. As for his new friend, she was still stunned.

"Wait a second, was what he was saying before all the truth? About defeating all of those beasts? Could he really not be lying? Is he really some god?" Wince felt the last question was too far-fetched, but it didn't matter to her.

She had found what she was looking for: someone who was strong. Walking toward Quinn, she soon sensed something coming towards her from the back, and in the next instant, a foot-long spike went past her.

Turning her head, she saw quite a few angry faces staring in her direction, at Quinn, to be more specific. She somewhat understood what had happened. One of them had sent out an attack.

It was fast, and in the state Quinn was in, she wasn't sure he could handle it until she saw him raise his hand and grab the spike with two fingers, before it hit him in the back of the head. This scene shocked everyone like it was something out of an action movie.

Spinning on his bar stool, Quinn looked towards the angry mob.

"You tried to attack me. I can hear it going through the air." Quinn hiccupped in between.

"Qi, aura, shadow, weapons, I have so many ways I could have stopped this, but I chose to catch it to show the difference between you and me."

Using the strength of his two fingers, he crushed the strange spike, causing it to fall to the floor. That was when a strange hedgehog-looking creature's jaw nearly dropped to the floor. Since it had come from him, he knew how strong the spikes were. So without any hesitation, he decided quickly to turn away and get away from this strange person.

After seeing this short interaction, no one else wanted to try it on with him. On the other hand, Wince was now more sure than before and took the seat next to Quinn.

"Wow, you really are strong. Although I somewhat believed you earlier, I honestly felt you were exaggerating too much." Wince had excitement in her voice, but when she saw that Quinn was taking another drink, she couldn't help but recall what Quinn had said earlier.

Such a strong individual had a complicated past.

"Maybe we can help each other? There has to be a reason why you're here. Everyone who is on a ship has their reason."

"Escaping from the troubles on their planet, business deals, or simply a vacation, I'm sure you also have your reasons. So I want to ask for a favour. If you can help me, I will do everything in my power to help you."

Although Quinn's vision was getting a little blurry, he noticed a few things from the young lady beside him. One was the serious look on her face, her hands clenched together, and her tensed muscles. She was nervous, but she was serious as well.

"I'm sorry. I have a million problems of my own to solve. I have to worry about my people first. After all, I'm not some charity or god that goes around doing good."

"In fact, I'm quite a selfish person. Unless you have some way to take me back to Earth, then I can't even be bothered by any of your troubles." Quinn replied.

His mood was beginning to get a little sour as these words reminded him of all the things constantly bugging him, so he thought it might be time for him to leave this place, but when he was about to get up, Wince pulled the corner of his sleeve.

"Please, I'm begging you. I'll give you all the crystals you want! We even have Nest-Crystals that you could use!" Wince bowed her head, and Quinn noticed droplets of tears drip on the floor.

"My entire kingdom is in trouble, and I can't save them. I have no strength to save them."

"My last hope was the Marpo Cruise, and you're the only one I have found to have the capability to help me in my troubles."

It would be a lie if Quinn didn't feel some compassion and pity for the young woman and even felt an urge to help them, but as he had said earlier, he wasn't in a position to get involved in other people's business. What happened on Planet Amra was a different story. It was only because he thought it would help him get back to Earth that he got involved.

Just as he shrugged her off, Quinn soon saw a blue haired female standing before him.

"She was the one with the other woman." Quinn thought.

"Please help us." The other sister cried.

"My sister would never beg anyone for help. She was so proud before, and now... and now we have to do this... it's not fair! What did we ever do to deserve this?!"

Quinn had never been good with women in the first place, but now seeing the crying women, he didn't know what to do and could only let out a big sigh.

"I'm not promising to help... it is very, very unlikely that I will help, but I will at least listen to your story, and maybe when I'm done with my troubles, I'll consider helping you."

The two sisters felt hope as their faces lit up.

"Thank you! Thank you so much! In return, the two of us will give you our flowers!" Wince replied. Her eyes had turned red from the tears, but instead of helplessness, there was hope in them.

"Flowers? What does that mean?" Quinn thought, visibly confused, but the bartender behind who had heard everything felt embarrassed, and he had to walk away.

Both of them sat beside Quinn. This time, instead of another alcoholic beverage, he decided to go for the water to sober himself up to hear their story better. That was until everyone suddenly felt a jerk and the waiter, who had just given a glass of water to Quinn, suddenly fell face first over the counter.

"Is the ship shaking?" Wince asked in confusion.

Quinn looked down and noticed the water in his glass move, and the bar suddenly began to shake. Then suddenly, the whole ship shook violently, causing people to fall from their seats.

Moving his hands, Quinn quickly grabbed onto both girls, for the blue-haired one he had grabbed from by her elbow, while Wince screamed as she felt a hand latch onto her chest.

"It's too soft, I need to hold onto something else!" Quinn, still tipsy, shouted in annoyance and grabbed her waist this time, not realising the others around him had heard his words clearly. But before anyone could react, a ship-wide announcement suddenly shocked everyone.

[All staff members are to be on guard! We are being attacked. I repeat, staff members are to be on guard! The Marpo Cruise is under attack!]

Chapter 1818: Side by Side.

In the strange desert-like area of the ship, Sil was trying to figure out two things. One was who these people were that had just tried to attack them right now, and the second was whether or not the Dalki had used an ability.

The Dalki were already powerful beings, and those with more spikes on their back would get stronger the more they fought and got injured. However, Sil also knew they would discover an inherent ability unique to themselves after their fifth spike.

One Horn was able to change the size of his body. Slicer had a tail that was fast and could regenerate, and then there were even those that shared similar traits to the clones they were made out of. The only thing was when these inherent traits were actually an extension of their body rather than an ability.

This time, however, Sil was sure it was an ability because of two things. One, the type of energy felt when being used, and two, the fact that it was one of Sil's many abilities in his book.

"I think we should concentrate on the ones trying to get rid of us!" the Dalki shouted, emitting a red beam from his eyes towards one of those dressed in black, but just like before, this one had stopped the attack with his axe weapon.

However, the next moment, Dalki was already in front of them and caught the axe with his bare hand and, before the enemy could react, he knocked him to the ground and, using his laser eyes, shot at the attacker, sending him far into the distance.

Quickly another tried to attack with a dagger, but when it hit the Dalki's hard scales, it did nothing, and the weapon merely bounced off.

Turning around, he had whacked the attacker off in the distance. When the Dalki went to look at the others, he could see that the human with him had managed to deal with the intruders on his own and was standing there with all the enemies knocked out and on the ground.

"You seem quite strong. I was told that many humans were weak compared to us." The Dalki said.

"Well, clearly, you haven't been to Earth. There are plenty of strong guys there... I believe." Sil replied, realising he hadn't been there in a long time. "Besides, if we were that weak, we would have lost the war against you. But did we?"

Since it was unlikely that the Dalki would straight up answer Sil's questions, he was going for another approach: by angering him and making him slip up. Perhaps this way, he could get the answers he sought and know the information the Dalki had.

"Ah yes, but most of it could be credited to just one person, and he's no longer with you. So if another war happens, do you really think we would lose?" The Dalki asked.

The question did pop up in Sil's mind. If it was the past Earth, then probably not, but with him and others, they were much stronger than before. They would be able to have done something, but then there was one more thing he had to take note of.

What if all the Dalki that had attacked last time had an ability like this one? Would they have stood a chance then? The images of chaos and battlefields from the Great War flashed in Sil's mind again. It was something he didn't want to see again. They already had enough worry about the Celestials, Dhampirs and vampires, and now Dalki, an old enemy they had defeated, had also entered the picture.

"How did you get that ability of yours? I'm hoping for an answer. Otherwise..." Sil lifted his hand, and it started to spark blue. A five-spiked Dalki would have been a problem before, but even with an ability, Sil was sure he could deal with him, even without using any of his Demon-tier weapons.

But at that moment, the floor beneath them started to tremble, and the whole area was rumbling. Then, the next moment, they heard the noise of the above artificial ceiling breaking down.

"What's going on? What is that!" The other guests started to point.

Some had noticed the fighting and gathered, but not everyone was interested, and the fight lasted only a few seconds. But this was frightening as more of the ceiling started to break, and giant shards crashed onto the floor.

Soon, they knew why and what was the reason behind this abrupt chaos as several humanoid figures came through. They were covered in dark blue armour from head to toe and had a helmet covering their face. What was most noticeable though, was what was in their hands because it looked like a gun.

They had jets on their back that allowed them to hover in the air, and like an army of flying ants, they had covered the whole ceiling.

[All staff members are to be on guard! We are being attacked. I repeat, staff members are to be on guard! The Marpo Cruise is under attack!]

The announcement reverberated throughout the ship, but it was too late.

"Fire!" One of the attackers shouted.

Immediately lasers came out one after another toward the crowds of people. The guards did their best to protect their employers. They were able to block a few shots here or there but were eventually

getting hit. The laser attacks went through their armour like a sharp arrow, leaving a deep wound from which blood would ooze out.

The ship staff quickly arrived at the scene. They instructed the people to stand back and those willing to fight to help them.

As for Sil and the Dalki, the laser had hit him, but Sil had hardened his skin in the right place, making the laser attacks useless against him. And when they hit the Dalki, the attack had grazed his skin, drawing a small amount of green blood.

Then, some of them landed on the ground and started to pull out what looked like swords made of energy. It reminded Sil a bit of what Logan used to have, but the power this time seemed more stable and stronger, and judging by the energy blasts, it was far more potent than anything they could come up with back on Earth.

"I will deal with these on the ground. You deal with the ones in the air. That's fair, right? And I think we should save the people on board as well." The Dalki said and ran off towards the enemies who had landed on the floor.

Sil couldn't believe what was happening. Right now, of all things and people, he was about to fight side by side with an actual Dalki. This was something he had never imagined. Nevertheless, he did as the other requested. Sil then put his hand on the floor to create a giant wall of Earth.

The wall instantly appeared, casting a shadow over the others, but unfortunately, the attacks still got through, but that didn't matter. Sil ran up to the top in an instant, and everyone could see him. But the most noticeable thing was his hands which were electrified and covered in sparks.

"Just like bugs." Sil smiled as he let out several lightning strikes from his hand.

As soon as it hit the first armoured intruders, his body started to shake wildly, and in the next second, the lightning passed from one to the next and then to the next, creating a web of lightning.

It lasted five seconds before Sil stopped his attack, and all of them dropped from the sky like flies. Now with the job done, Sil slapped his hands together and put away the Earth wall.

"Wow... did you see that they dealt with the intruders so easily!" One of the guests exclaimed. "You're amazing!"

When Sil heard the word they, he looked behind him and saw that the Dalki was also done. He had dealt with them all incredibly quickly.

"Even if he is a five spiked Dalki, how was he able to... is it because of the ability?"

More and more started to congratulate them both, even offering them beast crystals as payment to be their new bodyguards or to come back with them, but Sil didn't have time to get bothered with this because of the new announcement.

[Attention all Marpo Cruise staff, please head to Section Three of the ship. The largest enemy force is centred at this position. Get ready to defend the ship!]

After hearing this, a thought crossed Sil's mind.

"Section 3... wait a second, isn't that where Quinn is?"

Chapter 1819: Act like one. (Part 1)

Section three of the ship was one of the most significant sections and was one of the few zones from which one could head to any area because it was at the centre of the whole spaceship.

It was also where most of the different races would gather as they relaxed, socialised with each other, and made connections. Meaning it had the most number of people that were on board in one place, and that included Quinn, who was at one of the bars.

After everyone heard the announcement that the ship was under attack, the two sisters stood up from their seats. They were concerned as sweat trickled down the side of their faces.

"What should we do, sis? Do you think this is because of us?" The blue-haired young woman asked. Her voice trembled as she spoke, and she felt words get stuck in her throat due to the fear.

"Don't worry, Ceril." Wince replied.

"The pirates frequently attack this ship. The staff here are some of the strongest in the galaxy."

"At the same time, there are people from all over, many of them were more important personnel than us, so it's highly unlikely the enemy is here for us."

"This is probably one of the safest places we could be right now."

"Besides, we have a backup plan," Wince turned around, but she soon found herself slapping her head, seeing Quinn lying flat on the table, snoring away. He had fallen asleep somehow, even with all the rumbling.

As Wince went over to wake him up, the whole ship started to shake violently again, and an explosion was heard from one of the areas within section three. It was so powerful that everyone in the bar stumbled on their feet.

A large amount of smoke was coming from the casino area of the ship. The attackers had created a hole which reached five levels. Storming through that hole were around two hundred troops of men, all holding either Lazer guns of some sort or swords made of pure energy.

And leading all of them was what one could only assume as their leader. He was the only one with a different weapon in his hands. The weapon was a golden-blue trident.

At the same time, unlike the others, he wasn't wearing a mask, and everyone had a clear view of his face. His hair was tangled up and dangling down to his shoulders, and he had a muscular face with a few visibly shining scales over his cheekbones.

"Kill them all!" The man hollered and stomped his trident onto the floor, creating a small whirlpool around him. It was the signal for chaos to commence throughout the ship.

Immediately, the guards behind him started to fire their laser guns at everyone with no specific target. They hit the guests, and the staff, whoever came within the line of fire, was getting mauled down. Some of the staff members had also started to move, and there were around twenty in the room alone.

One of the staff swung his arm out, and it started to transform mid-way into a large hammer, hitting the enemy guards in the special suits. It looked like it would be a one-sided match, but those in the suits were able to use their strength to counter it as they barraged against the attack.

Then drawing out their weapons, they started to hack and slash at the hammer. Seeing this, it was clear to everyone that this was no normal pirate attack. The enemies were quickly taking out the powerful cruise staff.

It didn't take long for the guests to understand that they would also need to participate if they wanted to survive. So a full-scale battle began inside the cruise ship, and some of the customers fared better than the workers.

Tom, the huge fat fish from before, used his giant tongue to bind one of the attackers up and gobble him up. The enemy remained in his mouth for a while before his belly expanded, and he spat the armoured foe with great force.

Tom spat the attacker into another one of his own and continued to attack. At the same time, the infiltrators were starting to spread out. They cut or sliced the guests until the latter could no longer move. Even the customers who weren't fighting and had surrendered were shot in their legs, so they could not move.

One of the guests was being chased through the casino slot machine area. He ducked and weaved between the machines as they got hit by the incoming stage and exploded, causing hundreds of coins to drop onto the ground.

And just as the guest passed through the machines, he found an enemy guard waiting for him on the other side. Seeing the mask, the man lost all the courage in his head and, with no other way to escape, fell to his knees, clasped both hands together and started to beg.

"Please, I beg you. I have money! I can give you lots of money! Spare me and come back to my planet. I can make it worth your while!" The man said.

Not caring about what the guests had to say, the enemy guard swung the sword, ready to kill or hurt him like the rest, but just before it could reach him, a hand grabbed the blade.

"This is the Marpo-Cruise, and we will protect those on board!" The person was none other than Nog. He held onto the energy blade with his bare hand. It pierced through his skin as his hand around the blade turned red, and blood began to drip out, but the good news was he had managed to stop the attack.

"This is just like a normal sword!" Nog grunted and snapped it in half before punching the attacker in the chest, sending him right into the ship's wall to another section.

"We have protected this ship for decades, and we will also protect the ship today!" Nog proclaimed as he went on to help and deal with the rest.

The staff was putting up a good fight even though they were heavily outnumbered. And things got even more challenging when the attackers decided to spread out a bit. When paying close attention, it looked as if they were checking on each person they attacked since not all of them were being outright killed on the spot.

However, despite the defence they were putting up, they were slowly losing out. Some of the attackers with guns were on the second floor, and one of the staff members was fighting three with blades and was doing quite well with his flexible limbs.

Suddenly, they stopped attacking and jumped out of the way, and in the next instant, a rain of bullets came down on the staff member. Even though it wouldn't go through his body, it drew blood, making him weaker when he was already tired, and eventually, he fell face first on the floor.

The same happened with even the best guards and fighters. The enemies shot at Tom's giant tongue so many times that his mouth would fill up with blood as soon as he retracted it, and eventually, even he collapsed with his tongue rolled out onto the floor.

"These guys... show no respect." He muttered.

Nog seeing all of this, was shaking. Back up had yet to arrive from the other areas. Even though he had sent out a message to them before joining the fight, which meant this was a much larger scale attack than he thought.

He knew the enemies weren't pirates, and in fact, it was almost as if someone had sent out somewhat of a whole army to get them.

"If I can't get in contact with the captain, I'll need to get in contact with the Marpo Base. They'll get rid of these guys if they hear of this!" Nog thought as he took a step forward but suddenly heard the cries and screams. If he wasted time heading to the control room, more lives would be lost.

"I must keep fighting and hope the captain makes it in time to teach all these guys a lesson!"

Chapter 1820: Act like one. (Part 2)

The chaos ensued in section three, but eventually, things were starting to die down because the remaining guests had decided to hide. It was a large ship with plenty of room, and equipment among other things. Since surrendering wasn't an option, they kept quiet, not making a noise and revealing themselves.

The enemies had now dealt with most of the noisy guests that had continued to fight back, but they didn't leave because they had yet to find who they were actually looking for.

The attackers soon stepped inside the large bar area. There was a group of ten of them. The three in front held swords while the others had guns ready to give them back up when needed.

One of the gunmen suddenly saw a person move from under the table and immediately shot them, and the others followed and put several holes in the tables, instantly killing most of the guests hiding under them.

"We aren't to kill them unless we confirm who they are first!" One at the front said aloud.

Just as they were being told off from the side, two females in black dresses appeared in front of them. One of them kicked the weapon out of the enemy's hand, while the other hit the hand away before using her palm to strike the chin of another. The movements were quick, and the main goal was to get the weapons the enemy was using.

Both of the girls, Wince and Ceril had no hesitation as they slashed the bodies in front of them. Then holding thier bodies in place, they charged towards the gunmen using them as shields. When getting close, they pushed the bodies, throwing them on top of the others.

Before they could recover and get off the ground, both of the females slashed their necks, drawing a strange bluish blood killing them on the spot.

"This is our fault." Ceril started huffing and panting.

The two girls had cut off part of thier dress and covered their faces. They looked towards the chaos that was continuing, but it looked like it was coming to an end.

The attackers with their guns had quickly been able to subdue to a room full of people. The only one left fighting was Nog, who was up against the trident user. Nog had done well, he was fast strong and powerful and had taken on a group of ten before running into this man.

Still, there was no match between the two.

"You are still standing, but can't you see, we have already taken over the ship. I thought the Marpo ship was meant to be impossible to take over?" The man asked, with his hands raised.

He then shoved the trident forward and three jets of water started to wrap around each other hitting Nog straight in the stomach and sending him flying back and crashing into the several tables in the bar area until he had eventually stopped.

Everyone who had been captured, injured and still alive were watching, thinking that this was the end of thier lives.

"You have no idea what you are doing." Nog said getting up and coughing blood. His clothes had been ripped off, and his whole body was bruised full of broken bones. "If the captain was here, he would have beaten you all."

"And even if you don't believe that. Now that you have touched this place, the real owner of the Marpo-Cruise will come for you no matter where you are!" Nog smiled.

The words he spoke were his truth, he was satisfied to know after death all of these people would be dealt with, he was just upset that he wouldn't be there to see it.

Around fifty of the attackers in strange masks had been defeated and the rest had gathered behind the man with the trident. There was no longer any need for them to search the rest of the area, as everywhere apart from one had been searched.

The one with the trident had placed his hand next to his ear, to report this to the other teams. There was a response from a couple of them, but from one there was no word what so ever.

"That's strange. Is there really someone on this ship that could have wiped them out. Perhaps this captain this guy spoke of. Although I find it unlikely... but I guess we still haven't found her." He mumbled to himself.

He and the others walked forward, entering the large bar area that covered an entire hall. It was the last place that they had yet to check and where the last of the resistance currently was at.

"You are in quite the situation to use such words when you can't even stand. They will come after us. Very well, then let them come after us. I am willing to take that gamble!" The man said, pointing his trident towards Nog once more.

Water could be seen gathering at the tip, and it was unsure even for Nog himself if he could take another hit.

"Wait!" The pink-haired female ran out and stood in front of the trident. "It's me you want." She said taking off her make-shift mask and revealing herself.

"Now. This would have been far easier wouldn't it?" The man asked.

"If you had just come out from the beginning, then everything would have been fine. Did you really think that you were protected and safe here?"

Wince didn't say anything, she just clenched her fists while a large vein on her forehead could be seen. Her teeth were grinding back and forth but she knew there was nothing that she could do.

Two men held her by her arms as they went to take her away.

"NOOO!" Ceril shouted, revealing herself from her hiding spot, just behind one of the flipped tables. "Please, someone help her!"

Her eyes were full of tears, but she herself didn't act because she knew she couldn't do it alone. She couldn't fight them all on her own. All she could do, was continue to scream and ask for help.

The other attackers were searching the place, to see if there was anyone else that might still be hiding, when one of them had come across a certain individual lying on the table sleeping, the sound of snoring could be heard so it was clear he was alive.

"Sir, what should we do with the guests on board, including this one?" The attacker asked.

"Get rid of them all." The leader replied.

"WAIT NOO!" Wince shouted. "I came with you, you got what you want, why are you doing this, You don't have to do this! Please!"

No amount of begging would work, she now realised this as the soldiers got ready to use their guns, but that's when her sights went to the one who had a gun held right to his head.

"YOU!" Wince shouted. "You're a god right! You proved it to me. You told me about all those things you did."

"So do them now! I saw how much pain you were in, you were in so much pain because you said you couldn't save your old friends, right? Right!" She continued to scream.

"Please, help us, help us... You can help people, you can do something this time, to help others!! So please... wake the Fu#k up!" The last words were screamed at the top of her lungs the sound resounded in the entire place, almost echoing but there seemed to be no response.

The sound of the guns in the room were heard charging up, and one was pointed directly to the man head on the table. Wince looked to him, her last hope, his life was going to end like that, until she saw the man's hand on the gun.

She hadn't seen him move, she just saw that the person on the table was now holding onto the gun. The attacker tried to pull away, he used his whole strength but it couldn't move no matter what.

"So much screaming, it's really starting to hurt my head." A voice was heard from the table.

That's when the attacker noticed that the man's nose on the table started to twitch.

"I smell blood."