GOLDEN BLUE

Tales of Kana

CHAPTER 2

Song of the Waves

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Song of the Waves

As Halgo and Volgan solidified their bond, their connection deepened through a heartfelt contract, witnessed by the entire crew of Halgo's ship. Volgan, now officially the youngest member of the esteemed Oi-Froisto Trades, felt a sense of belonging like never before. Welcomed with open arms by the entire crew, Halgo took it upon himself to introduce Volgan to each member individually, ensuring he would feel at home among them.

One particular introduction stood out from the rest—Kjonir, the ship's co-captain and Halgo's right-hand man. Halgo beckoned Volgan towards Kjonir, emphasizing the importance of their relationship. "*Volgan, meet Kjonir, my right hand*," Halgo introduced with pride. Kjonir, a seasoned seafarer, extended a warm greeting to Volgan, his voice reflecting the wisdom and experience he had acquired over the years. "*Ahoi there, Volgan. I am Kjonir. Welcome to the family.*" Volgan's heart swelled with joy as he realized the genuine acceptance and camaraderie that awaited him.

In that moment, as Volgan stood among the crew, he felt compelled to share his story, to let them see beyond his name and into the depths of his being. With a voice filled with determination, he introduced himself to the attentive crew. Each word resonated with authenticity, revealing his aspirations, dreams, and the journey that had led him to this

very moment. The crew listened intently, recognizing the courage it took for Volgan to bare his soul, and a sense of respect and admiration filled the air.

With the introductions complete, Halgo, the pillar of strength and guidance, entrusted Volgan to the care of Kjonir. Halgo's words carried both a profound sense of pride and a heartfelt call to responsibility. "*Volgan!*" he called out, his voice tinged with affection and expectation. "*I hope you feel the depth of our welcome here. You are now officially one of my sons. I trust in your abilities to fulfill your role and serve our family, just as I have served you.*" These words, laden with a paternal love, resonated deep within Volgan's being.

As Halgo slowly walked away, his figure gradually fading into the distance, Volgan stood on the quarter deck of the ship, a mixture of emotions swirling within him. He watched Halgo with a mix of gratitude and determination, fully embracing the weight of his new role. The quarter deck, now imbued with significance, became a symbol of Volgan's journey, where he would embark on his own path of growth, discovery, and service to his newfound family.

Kjonir's touch on Volgan's shoulder carried a weight that went beyond a mere inquiry about professions. It delved into the core of Volgan's identity, seeking to uncover who he truly was. Volgan, sincerely acknowledging his past as a slave from Volp-gard and his lack of defined professions,

responded honestly. However, Kjonir, with his wisdom and compassion, understood the deeper meaning behind his question. Placing his hand gently on Volgan's head, Kjonir clarified his intention. "*My dear child,*" Kjonir began, his voice filled with warmth. "*I'm not asking about your personal professions. I want to know who you are at your core.*" Volgan's eyes widened, realizing the profound nature of the question. He responded with equal sincerity, "*I am who you are.*"

Kjonir smirked, recognizing the depth in Volgan's answer. He handed Volgan his dagger and telescope, signifying his trust and inviting him to join his ranks. "*From now on, you'll work with me,*" Kjonir declared. "*You'll be my eyes and my compass. crow's nest is yours.*"

Volgan's smile widened, seeing Kjonir as his inspiration. Tears of gratitude filled his eyes as he said, "*I will serve our family until the end of my days.*"

In that moment, a profound connection was forged between them. Volgan had found his place among the crew, inspired by Kjonir's guidance. With unwavering dedication, he embraced his newfound role, ready to serve the Oi-Froisto Trades and his newfound family.

As Kjonir gently wiped away Volgan's tears, the fabric's friction revealed a hint of blue fur on Volgan's cheeks. Panic surged through Volgan, but he quickly regained his

composure, discreetly covering the exposed fur to ensure Kjonir wouldn't notice. "*Don't cry, lad,*" Kjonir reassured him, unaware of the subtle revelation. Volgan's heart raced as he realized that his secret remained hidden. A mix of relief and apprehension washed over him, realizing the importance of concealing his true nature.

Sensing Volgan's inner turmoil, Kjonir decided to offer guidance. "*You should go and meet Gaho,*" he suggested, pointing toward the stairs leading below the main deck. "*You can find him there. I've already informed him about you.*"

In that moment, as he made his way below deck, Volgan grappled with the weight of his hidden truth. The revelation of his blue fur, even if accidental, reminded him of the uniqueness that set him apart from others. It was a reminder of the complexities he carried within, and the delicate balance he had to maintain between revealing his true self and conforming to societal expectations.

With each step he took, Volgan's resolve strengthened. He knew that meeting Gaho would bring him closer to understanding his place within the Oi-Froisto Trades. It was an opportunity to forge connections, share experiences, and perhaps find solace in the acceptance of his true self.

As he descended further into the depths of the ship, Volgan carried with him a mixture of trepidation and hope.

He was determined to navigate the challenges that lay ahead, cherishing the bond he had formed with Kjonir while safeguarding the essence of who he truly was.

"*Ahoi there, lad! You must be Volgan?*" greeted the stranger. Volgan nodded, confirming his identity. "*Allow me to introduce myself to you. I am Gaho, a member of the maintenance staff and a gun expert,*" Gaho explained. Volgan couldn't help but feel a sense of awe at Gaho's reputation and skills.

"*Please follow me. I'll show you your room,*" Gaho offered. Volgan obediently followed, observing Gaho's confident stride as they made their way to Volgan's new quarters. As they arrived at the bedroom, Gaho gestured towards the space. "*This is your bedroom, lad. Make yourself at home,*" he said warmly. Volgan bowed his head respectfully and expressed his gratitude, "*Thank you so much, Sir Gaho.*" Gaho placed his hands on Volgan's head, a gesture filled with both reassurance and camaraderie. "*No need to say thank you, lad. We're all brothers here, and helping each other is a responsibility we all share,*" Gaho emphasized. A genuine smile formed on Volgan's face as he absorbed the depth of Gaho's words. With gratitude in his heart, Volgan entered his new room.

Gaho's parting words lingered in the air as he began to walk away. "*Sleep well, lad. Tomorrow marks your first contribution to the family, so be sure to eat your breakfast before you begin your duties. We're in for challenging times ahead. Goodbye.*" Gaho's departing

figure slowly faded from view, leaving Volgan alone in his room.

In that solitary moment, Volgan contemplated the significance of his new role within the family of Oi-Froisto Trades. The words of Gaho echoed in his mind, reminding him that they were all interconnected, bound by a shared purpose and responsibility. With a mixture of anticipation and determination, Volgan prepared himself for the challenges that awaited him, knowing that he was not alone. The embrace of his newfound family and their united strength would guide him through the rough waters that lay ahead.

"*Captain Halgo, are we certain that we should proceed tomorrow? Volp-gardians and The Swamps securities are out of service. They can't escort us safely through the Tropical Savanna. We would be putting our ship in great danger,*" expressed Knojir, his concern evident in his voice. Halgo paused, acknowledging the validity of Knojir's apprehension. "*Yes, you are right. But we cannot simply let Hyondam village starve. They rely on our goods, especially since Volp-gard reasserted its territorial sovereignty against neighboring lands,*" Halgo responded, a weight of responsibility in his words. Knojir nodded, accepting the plan that Halgo had devised.

Knojir's gaze remained lowered, disappointment and worry etched upon his face. Sensing his unease, Halgo gently lifted Knojir's chin, meeting his eyes. "*Raise your head, my son.*

I understand your disappointment with my decision, and I know you are concerned for your brothers. But remember, everything we do is for the sake of freedom. While tomorrow may bring danger, shall we simply surrender without fighting for what is right?" Halgo imparted his wisdom to his loyal companion.

In response, Knojir found his voice, expressing his heartfelt thoughts. "*Father, you may be a good man, but sometimes you need to consider your own well-being. Your decision may place you in even greater peril. My strength has its limits, and I cannot protect you indefinitely,*" Knojir revealed his innermost worries. Halgo's response was resolute, carrying the weight of a father's love and determination. "*Protecting me is not your duty, my son. As your father, it is I who must protect all of you. If danger befalls us tomorrow, my sword will be the shield for you and your brothers,*" Halgo declared with unwavering conviction.

Without warning, a black bird perched silently on the window ledge of the captain's cabin, eavesdropping on Halgo and Knojir's conversation. Unbeknownst to the crew, the bird had become a clandestine observer, gathering crucial information about the Oi-Froisto Trades ship and its intended destinations. With a single flap of its wings, the bird took flight, carrying its stolen knowledge to unseen ears.

Meanwhile, in the solitude of his bedroom, Volgan found solace in the act of observing the night sky through his

telescope, yearning for a glimpse of a falling star. As he scanned the darkness, his sharp eyes caught sight of the black bird soaring away from the captain's cabin. Despite the shroud of night obscuring its details, Volgan's keen focus discerned something peculiar—something tied to the bird's feet, a small red object. A rush of memories flooded his mind as he recalled a story once told by his father.

"In the realm of red, where demons dance with glee, Blood-stained echoes summon a macabre symphony, Beware the scarlet shroud, for it conceals dread, In crimson depths, the wicked find their unholy thread."

The bird continued its silent journey, gracefully gliding over the peaceful, undisturbed waves of the sea. Volgan's curiosity piqued as he observed its flight, wondering about its purpose and the secrets it carried with it. Suddenly, the serene night was pierced by a deep, rumbling voice that seemed to emerge from the depths of the darkness. The monstrous voice echoed ominously, sending a shiver down Volgan's spine. It was as if an ancient, otherworldly presence had awoken, filling the air with an unsettling energy.