

“Gold Heart” Riyeon: I

Chapter One

Hano, the often overlooked land of serenity: filled with rolling green plains, abundant forests, and snow capped mountains. The people may have been poor, but they were content. The bountiful earth, clear rivers, and the grand ocean provided the people of Hano all they needed for a living. From the farming communities of the south to the magnificent capital of Kaesang, the nation thrived under the benevolent rule of the Gojong Dynasty. The Gojong rulers established order and security in the nation hundreds of years ago, ending an era of fragmentation and warfare. The unified Hano country even made negotiations with the mighty World Government, opening their ports and harbors to the Marine forces patrolling the seas. This was an act much appreciated by the Marines, who were able to rest and re-supply themselves in Hano dockyards: important because the other major landmass in the region was none other than the isolationist Wano country, notorious for its closed borders. It was not uncommon for Marines to be spotted in Hano, and the local residents did not even mind their occasional presence. Thanks to this, the waters around the country of Hano were relatively pirate-free.

That is why many are shocked to find out that a notorious pirate actually came and grew up from this small, humble country.

“Ah, I’m back. I brought some leftover noodles, if you’re hungry,” said Jeon Riyeon before he plopped down onto his dormitory bed, exhaling and reveling in the comfort of his pillow. He reached into a pouch and took out a small green bamboo stalk, and began to munch on it like any snack. Across the small, yet cozy, room, was his roommate Jaehyun. “Really?! Thanks, I actually am pretty hungry,” he happily admitted as he went straight to work on the box of half-finished noodles.

“How was class?” Jaehyun asked, his mouth half stuffed, speaking between bites.

“Bahh.. tiring!” Riyeon exclaimed right before he forced himself up and off of his bed. He threw his sandals off of his feet and started punching the air, acting as if there were a punching bag in front of him. His slightly long and unkempt dark brown hair bounced up and down as he assaulted the imaginary target. Wearing a dark blue colored robe, he continued his daily routine as a few beads of sweat began to run down the side of his fair cheek.

“You say you’re tired, yet you swing at the air like it just called you a loser,” his roommate criticized. Riyeon went dead silent, one of his eyes twitching ever so slightly. The next second, he was punching at Jaehyun instead of the air. The two roommates were soon roaring with laughter as Riyeon fell back down onto his bed.

Riyeon was 22 years old at the time. He lived in a dormitory building with his roommate and best friend Jaehyun, in the town of Halsan in the north of Hano country. However, he wasn't born there. His mother lived in the rolling countryside, a single mother running a team of local farmers. He had never met his father; according to his mother, he was a pirate who had to return to his life on the high seas. Riyeon was an only child. He grew up helping his mother around the farm and caring for the livestock. When he turned 20 however, she sent him to Halsan to get an education and hopefully be able to carve out a better life for himself.

As expected, a newcomer from the uncivilized countryside was not well received by the majority of the students in Halsan. Riyeon faced bullying, discrimination, and endured many teases and remarks from the other students because of his background, as well as his uncultured accent. To make matters worse, he had dark rings around his eyes and loved to include bamboo in all of his meals: this caused the other students to mock him and call him a human panda. Jaehyun, however, was the first one to stand up for him and actually lend a helping hand. This was the beginning of their friendship, and how they came to become roommates in the dormitories.

"All right, enough, enough! I've got good news," Jaehyun said, stopping the play-fight between the two roommates. Riyeon backed up a little bit, surprised. "Good news? Please tell me you've bought like a box full of liquor," he half-joked. Jaehyun chuckled a bit, but promptly replied: "Well, not quite.. But you can get your own box of liquor... in the capital!" he excitedly said as he suddenly pulled two bright green pieces of paper. Riyeon squinted as he tried to make sense of what he was looking at. They were thin strips of paper with colorful green and yellow art on them, depicting lanterns and an oriental dragon. They also featured the words in bold; "GREEN LIGHTS FESTIVAL."

Riyeon's eyes widened with shock and realization. "No way.. Jaehyun-ssi, how much did you spend on these?!" he asked. The Green Lights Festival was an annual celebration held in the capital city of Kaesang. Riyeon had never been; but he had heard from his mother before he left home, about a grand night of festivities in which the city was lit up with lanterns glowing with majestic green light, illuminating the city as people sang, danced, ate, drank, and so forth. The green color was to symbolize the prosperity and growth of the nation, and the health of the masses of the serene Hano country.

"Just enough," Jaehyun answered. "I know you've never gone, and a trip to the *real* city would do good for a country bum like you," he joked. "You think Halsan is big, but it pales in comparison to the capital. Think of like ten times the population of Halsan, all parading and partying in the green lights of a gigantic city! You're going to LOVE it."

Poor Riyeon could barely contain his excitement. It was true; not only had he never been to the festival, but he had also never gone to the capital, in general. It was definitely something on his bucket list, and what better timing than to do so in the most celebrated and revered holiday across all of the nation?! He ran into Jaehyun and gave him a bear hug, eliciting a “Stop it! Stop it!” from the latter. The rest of the day was spent packing and preparing for the trip down to the capital. Unfortunately, partying and celebrating was not what was awaiting young Riyeon in the city.

Chapter Two

Halsan was reasonably far away from the capital, but the two cities were connected by the great Woryu River. The great thing about the tickets to the festival was that they also gave access to a state-sponsored escort cruise down the river. Riyeon could barely believe his eyes when he first laid them upon the sight of the ferry ship that sailed right into the river docks of Halsan. It was a beautiful wooden vessel, ornately decorated and proudly carrying the red-and-blue banner of the Gojong Dynasty. Riyeon and Jaehyun boarded the ship along with a number of other Halsan residents on their way to the capital. Holding his ticket in his hand, Riyeon looked to the soldier at the entrance of the ship. He couldn’t help but think about how awesome the guard looked. He had a full set of black and gold armor, complete with a helmet and an equally inspiring spear. It had been one of Riyeon’s childhood ambitions to become a soldier and join the army.

“Ticket,” the soldier lazily demanded. The excited country boy held his hand up and presented the green piece of paper, and was admitted entry. He nearly stumbled as he finally stepped foot onto the deck of the vessel. He wasn’t used to the feeling of being a large floating boat; he’d been on a few trips in small rowboats up and down the river, but never on an actual vessel. When Jaehyun got onboard as well, the two roommates took a few moments to take in their surroundings. The crystal clear Woryu River, wide and vast as ever, stretched to even the horizon pointing in the direction of the capital. Soon enough, the boat was moving and they were on their way to Kaesang!

“I can’t believe this is really happening,” Riyeon remarked, almost teary-eyed. He looked at Jaehyun, who only smirked in response. “Am I the best friend ever or what? Think of all the delicious food and stunning girls waiting for us in Kaesang! They say girls from the capital are feisty, but gorgeous,” he grinned. Riyeon laughed, but he too was excited not only for the food and festivities but also at the prospect of meeting someone. His eyes went down to his hand: he had taken with him a very valuable accessory. Snug on his ring finger was a gleaming golden ring, simple and circular in design. It was a gift, or rather a family heirloom given to him by his mother before he left their small country farm for the town of Halsan. His mother was pretty poor by all measurable standards, but she did have this solid gold ring to boast about: the fruit of years of honest labor, symbolized by one simple yet beautiful accessory. He had put it on in

hopes of catching the attention of some maiden. He was basically locked in a trance, daydreaming about falling in love with a beautiful Kaesang lady, when he suddenly became aware of a conversation a few other passengers were having not too far behind him.

“Pretty terrible stuff, but they were put down quickly! They lasted what, two days?” the male voice said. Riyeon slyly turned around, pretending to look at the river as the ship continued sailing down towards the capital. In truth however, he was eavesdropping on the couple, the man smoking a cigarette as, presumably his wife, looked at him and spoke with a hint of worry in her voice.

“Don’t you think that’s suspicious? A rebellion in the western provinces being put down just in two days? It’d take at least three for forces from Kaesang to reach the west coast!” she sighed. It appeared that they were speaking about an uprising?! Riyeon was now very interested in this conversation.

“Oi Riyeon look at those leaping fish! Holy crap, how can they go so high up into the air?!” Jaehyun’s voice suddenly rang out, as he excitedly pointed at a group of rare fish leaping out of the river water. Riyeon stuck his palm into his roommate’s face to quiet him, as he was still trying to hear more from the couple’s conversation.

“You’re worrying about nothing. Nothin’ more than a couple upstarts in the west, probably dropped their weapons as soon as they heard the military was comin,” he replied as he took another drag from his cigarette. He exhaled and a puff of smoke flew out into the air, dissipating rather quickly as the boat was moving pretty fast.

“I.. I heard rumors that the rebels are actually being funded by powerful individuals from Wano Country!” his wife said, rather quietly though Riyeon was still able to pick up on it. Her husband burst out into laughter, taking his cigarette away from his mouth as his laughing turned into a bit of coughing from the intensity. “HAH! The isolationists themselves, funding a foreign rebellion? You’re off your rocker! Go sit down and stop bothering me with these crazy fantasies. I’ll jump into the Woryu if I’ve got to endure you spewing your conspiracies for the rest of this boat ride!” he spat. His wife made an angry face and exhaled, turning around to presumably sit down somewhere. Riyeon didn’t know what to think of this.

He had retracted his hand from Jaehyun’s face. His roommate was used to these actions, however, and instead of asking him why he had done it, Jaehyun had just gone straight back to admiring the fish as well as the scenery. Riyeon joined him once again, absolutely loving the serene feeling of being on the open river water. He had thoughts about the couple’s conversation in the back of his head, but decided it was probably nothing. Soon, his thoughts were filled once

more with the grand festival awaiting them in the city! He practically drooled at the thought of all the amazing food that they would be sure to find at the stands.

“Attention!” roared out the captain’s voice. He was speaking into a speaker Den Den Mushi that amplified his voice across the ferry. “We will be arriving in Kaesang in roughly three hours! The favorable weather and the upcoming fast currents in the river will allow us to get to the capital much earlier than anticipated. Please sit tight for the next few hours until we arrive for the Green Lights Festival!” he announced. The captain’s notice was met with a brief round of applause and cheers. Riyeon clapped his hands as well, even more excited for the trip ahead of them.

He and Jaehyun continued to talk for the rest of the trip. The sun had begun to set when the captain announced that they were approaching the city.

Kaesang was a large, booming metropolis located almost in the heart of the Hano country. Situated right by the great Woryu River, outside of the capital city’s walls was a vast stretch of forest. There was a large, well maintained route called the Royal Road that led in and out of the city, connecting it with the other large and important cities of Hano. Other than that however, it was all forest: swathes of tall, overbearing trees casting their shadows upon the earth. It was for this reason that Riyeon was unable to see the lights coming from the capital even though the ferry was quickly approaching the city.

“All right! We’re almost there! Are you ready, Ri-” Jaehyun was suddenly cut off. In just one instant, Riyeon’s entire world was suddenly bright light and flame. The beautiful, breathtaking view of the bronze sunset contrasted with the dark woods on the bank of the gleaming river was drowned out with a whirlwind of fire and smoke. Riyeon’s ears were nearly blasted in from the sound of the explosion. The grenades that had been lobbed onto the deck of the vessel exploded with such a force that Riyeon was knocked into the air, along with bits and pieces of wood that used to constitute the ship. Any screaming that the passengers let out was also drowned out by the overwhelming crash and burst of the firebombs.

Riyeon felt his body enter the cold water. He tried to swim back up to the surface, but debris from the wrecked ferry was getting in his way. He concentrated all of his energy into swimming his way to the river shore, grabbing onto a wooden plank to help lift himself up to the surface of the water. When he finally was able to do so, he gasped loudly, inhaling as much air as he could. His now-wet hair was covering his eyes, but even through that he could see the remains of the ship he had been standing on just moments before. It was now a burning ruin, and as the ringing in his ears began to subside, Riyeon could instead hear the screams of the passengers and the burning sound of the flames. His head was spinning; he knew his top priority was to quickly get to land. Grimacing from the pain of being literally knocked into the river by an explosion, he

endured it and swam towards the riverbank. When he finally did so, all the remaining strength in his body was only enough to afford him crawling to a few bushes by the forest before he passed out. The world went black.

Chapter Three

Riyeon groaned, mustering up the strength to open his eyes and lift himself out of the bushes. He rubbed his eyes several times, and looked around. Instinctually, his first reaction was to look for Jaehyun.

“Jae?” he called out. “Jae! Jaehyun!” Riyeon shouted at the top of his lungs, into the dark blue river. He wasn’t able to spot a soul, amidst the floating wreckage of the ship. He didn’t know how long he had passed out for, and was really worried about his roommate, no, his best friend. He shouted once more, but to no avail.

“Urghh.. what even..” Riyeon mumbled to himself, and turned around to scan the forest. His eyes widened however, when he was greeted by the sight of smoke and the orange light of burning flames coming from down the river. He couldn’t see clearly because of the trees, but he knew exactly what was waiting for him not too far away. “Kaesang.. the capital,” he gasped.

Without even thinking, Riyeon’s body naturally broke into a sprint. He ran as fast as his legs could afford to go, sparing no effort in trying to get to the city as soon as possible. Could Jaehyun be there? The city was supposed to be emanating green light from the festival, but instead it appeared to be aflame!

When he finally made it to the outskirts of the capital, Riyeon was absolutely horrified. Embers danced in the air, illuminating his face as he sank to his knees. Green lanterns were strewn about the streets, laying on the floor instead of hanging from rooftops. Instead, several parts of the city were ablaze, sending great billowing towers of dark smoke rising up into the night sky. Riyeon winced as an explosion went off, absolutely demolishing a tower in the distance. Screams and the sound of people fighting could be heard coming from the interior of the city; so it was an ongoing conflict. That’s when it clicked. The rebels, the ones that the couple had been bickering about on the ferry! They were responsible for this violent uprising in the capital, and they were responsible for attacking the state-sponsored transport ship!

“Jaehyun..” Riyeon whispered to himself. He *had* to be in there. He was tons stronger and more physically fit than Riyeon was, so if he was able to make it out of the wreckage, then Jae had to be okay, too! Without a hint of hesitation, Riyeon lifted himself up, off the dirt, and ran straight into the capital. He didn’t have a care in the world for how dangerous it would be: he absolutely had to find his friend.

“RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!” a man shrieked, running out of the city just as Riyeon entered. The air smelled of smoke and blood, and the scattered flames were making the air almost unbearably hot and difficult to breathe in. Still, there was no way he was going to be stopped by these minor setbacks. “JAEHYUUUN!” Riyeon called as loud as he could, only to be drowned out by the noise of a building collapsing onto the floor.

He ran out of the way of the falling debris, vision temporarily impaired by a cloud of smoke, dust, and embers flying into the air. When he made it to the other side, he saw two men fighting each other. One wore armor similar to the guard from the ferry. The other one wore armor too, but something about it was... different, foreign almost. That one suddenly raised his sword, shouting “DEATH to the Gojong Dynasty! Glory to the Hano country!” as he sank his blade deep into the soldier’s chest, almost instantly killing him. This display confirmed Riyeon’s suspicions about the rebellion. Suddenly, the rebel finally noticed Riyeon and glared straight at the young country boy.

“Glory, glory.. death to the insolent Gojong,” he murmured, slowly walking towards Riyeon. As he did so, the young man was able to get a better look at his eyes: they were frantic, possessing a certain wild, almost feral appearance. The man had clearly gone mad. He suddenly broke into a run, charging at Riyeon with his blade in the air.

“AHH!” Riyeon screamed as he rolled away, dodging the attack. “What are you, CRAZY!?” he yelled, but his only answer was yet another lunge of the blade. Dodging this once more, Riyeon found himself beside the corpse of the soldier that had been killed just minutes ago. He grimaced as he grabbed the dead man’s spear: the only viable weapon in sight that he could defend himself with. The third time that the rebel charged at him became the last, as Riyeon sidestepped the attack and lodged his spear into his opponent’s body.

“D-death, d-death to the Go.. Goj...” he weakly murmured as Riyeon lowered his body onto the floor. He looked in shock, shock from killing a person for the first time. Yet, adrenaline coursed through him, knowing that he was in the middle of a massive, violent uprising. He tightened his grip on the spear and continued running into the city, still determined to find Jaehyun.

After running a bit more, he found himself standing before a rather large battle happening in the center of the city. A large group of armed soldiers were fighting an equally large formation of rebels, the two forces going at it while arrows flew through the air and grenades were being lobbed in all directions. Explosions were going off left and right. Riyeon watched, in horror, as several men died gruesome deaths: one by being beheaded by another soldier, and another having his face blasted off by the detonation of a grenade. He closed his eyes and ran the other way, looking for an alternative path.

Chapter Four

“This, this is definitely not the summer vacation to the city that I was expecting,” Riyeon thought to himself as he continued running blindly around the capital, not knowing where the hell he was by virtue of never having visited Kaesang before. The disorienting explosions and battle noises, coupled with the buildings falling apart here and there, did not help matters at all. He was on the verge of deciding to just get out of the city when he stumbled upon what appeared to be a marketplace. Or at least, it was a marketplace before all the fighting had started. Carts and stands had been flipped over in the streets, and there were dead bodies flung about here and there. Riyeon was suddenly alerted to the sound of a man pleading for mercy.

“Pl-please! I’m just a merchant,” he cried, literally tears streaming down from his eyes. He was on his knees, hands clasped together and begging before a rebel soldier. “I have nothing to do with the Gojong Dynasty,” he wept. The rebel retracted his blade, and responded.

“Very well. Then we shall take this cart of yours. It shall help our righteous cause of retaking this country!” he said, placing a hand on the yet-untouched wooden cart of goods and merchandise next to the kneeling merchant.

“N-NO! You can’t do that, this is my livelihood! This is all I have in my name!” he begged once more, this time holding onto the rebel’s shoe. This act apparently angered him, as he raised his sword once more.

“You ask for too much! I was going to spare your life, but your greed and cowardice is too much for me to handle!” the rebel spat, before driving his sword into the merchant and killing him, eliciting a bloodcurdling scream. Riyeon grimaced out of anger, walking towards the murderer. He was too busy to notice Riyeon coming, as he bent down to examine the now-deceased merchant’s wares.

He dug through fine jewelry, artifacts, and other goods, seemingly not particularly interested in any of them. The rebel’s face lit up however, when he took out something that Riyeon was only able to see as some kind of golden colored object. Getting closer now, Riyeon was able to see that it appeared to be some sort of fruit, a [brilliant golden fruit with strange swirl patterns adorning it.](#)

“I-impossible! This.. could it be?!” the rebel asked to himself, still unaware of Riyeon’s growing presence. His eyes practically shone while looking at the curious fruit, baffling the young man.

“A-HHEHM!” Riyeon cleared his throat, finally making his presence known as he pointed a spear at the still-kneeling rebel. He looked up in shock, and blurted out, “Who the hell are you!?!?”

“I saw what you did to that innocent man! You guys are just a bunch of thugs, a bunch of murderers!” Riyeon accused, anger showing in his eyes. The rebel stood up, brandishing his blood stained blade in one hand and the fruit in the other. “Watch your fucking mouth, you countryside peasant,” he snarled, picking up on Riyeon’s accent.

“You’re in the presence of a soon-to-be god. A legend,” he grinned, a sinister look in his eyes. The two combatants were now slowly circling each other, neither one prepared to make a move quite yet.

“Huh? What are you talking about?” Riyeon asked, genuinely thinking all of the rebels were just off their rockers. But he was responded to by a laugh from the murderer, a guttural laugh that actually made Riyeon’s skin crawl.

“You dumb farmboy. This here is a Devil Fruit: it’s going to grant me extraordinary power, the strength and power of a demon! And by the look of it, this.. this is the coveted Gol Gol no Mi, the fruit of controlling *gold* itself!” he said, shifting his gaze back to the beautiful fruit in his palm.

“And how do you know all of this?” Riyeon asked, incredulous.

“Heh,” the rebel chuckled. “We.. we are very experienced with the outside world. There is so much outside of this tiny country.. but it’s too bad you shall never know what it’s like. I’m going to kill you right here like the peasant you are!” he abruptly began charging at Riyeon, both sword and fruit still in his hands as he aimed to cut Riyeon down before eating the Devil Fruit.

“Gold..” Riyeon mumbled to himself as he took a step forward and sent his spear jutting out, blocking the man’s sword attack. “Urghh!” he grunted as the two pushed against each other with their weapons. Unexpectedly, however, Riyeon’s opponent pushed his sword upwards with a sudden burst of strength as both weapons went flying up into the smoke-filled air. He took a step forward and curled his hand into a fist, sending it flying at Riyeon.

“AAAHHHH!” Riyeon shouted, putting his palm up as an act of defense, desperate. He closed his eyes and looked away, preparing to be punched straight into the dirt. Instead, a flash of green flew out of his hand, illuminating the vicinity as green sparks struck the rebel in the face.

He screamed, being flung away by the sudden discharge of electricity. The Gol Gol no Mi flew out of his hand and landed on the ground in front of Riyeon as the man rolled across the

floor, coughing and sputtering. He quickly got back up, his face both furious and confused. “What the.. impossible!” he shouted, absolutely furious. “You possess Electro?!” he asked, angry and disbelieving.

Riyeon looked at his palm, just as confused. “I have superpowers?!” he mumbled to himself, unaware of any abilities that he possessed. But there was no denying it, his hand had released a sudden jolt of brightly green colored electricity, strong enough to send his opponent flying away.

Both parties abruptly looked down at the golden fruit on the floor, which was practically right at Riyeon’s feet. The rebel soldier got up and screamed, eyes wide. He ran forward, trying to grab the fruit back, all while screaming “NO! S-STOP!!”

“A fruit that lets you control gold?” Riyeon thought to himself. Time seemed to slow down as he bent down and grabbed it. He brought it to his lips and took a bite out of the fruit. His adversary’s scream filled the air as Riyeon munched on the Gol Gol no Mi, eyes going wide at the unbelievably bitter, disgusting taste of the fruit.

“Blech!” he spat, having half a mind that he had eaten poison. But, there was no denying that he did feel something stirring in his body. Riyeon looked down at his finger: the golden ring that he had taken with him on this cursed trip to the capital. He inhaled, and pointed his ring finger at the rebel, who was still charging at him. “Here goes nothing,” Riyeon whispered.

PEW! To Riyeon’s great shock, as well as joy, the golden ring flew out of his finger like a bullet, and hit his incoming enemy right in the forehead, causing him to nearly fall over. Capitalizing on this opportunity, he ran forth and sent his palm right into the man’s chest, focusing on the feeling of desperation that he had felt before when he first used what was called Electro.

And it worked. Again, a torrent of green sparks flew out of his palm and shocked the rebel, causing him to scream in pain as he was blasted away into a pile of wooden debris and rubble. Riyeon clapped his hands together, not believing his very eyes. At that moment, yet another fiery explosion rocked the capital as suddenly, a horde of rebel soldiers came flooding into the former marketplace. “Oh, shit,” Riyeon gasped. He put his hand up, focusing very intensely. A moment later, his mother’s gold ring flew back to him, settling itself on his ring finger once more. He grinned to himself, and ran away as the rebels, screaming and brandishing their weapons, filled the area. A couple came to the aide of the man that Riyeon had just sent flying back.

“That peasant... that insolent brat..” he snarled, then looked at the rest of his companions. “What the hell are you doing? GO GET HIM! RUN HIM DOWN!” he shouted, and Riyeon found himself being pursued by a mob of the rebels. He tried his best to retrace his steps, and made several turns through the burning streets and alleys of the city.

“Oh goodness,” he sighed to himself, momentarily pausing to catch his breath. He turned his head back wearily, only to see that there were still a number of rebels chasing after him. Riyeon’s eyes nearly popped out of his sockets as he began to run again, fleeing the burning capital. By some miracle, he was soon able to find himself back where he had first entered the city, by the river. Looking at the water, he spotted what appeared to be cargo ship just about to leave. Riyeon mustered up all the strength remaining in his body and ran over, jumping onto the vessel, realizing that it was a rather small boat with just one old man and a bunch of crates.

“DON’T KILL ME! PLEASE!” the old merchant shouted. “I just barely made it out of the city, please, I don’t work for the Gojon-” he begged. Riyeon looked at him, exasperated, and then turned around to see that the rebels were STILL chasing him, even to the boat!

Riyeon bent down and put his hands onto the man’s shoulders, and looked him dead in the eye. “LISTEN, I’M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU, but if you cry on your knees any longer WE WILL BOTH DIE,” he screamed and pointed at the incoming group of rebels hell-bent on getting him. Riyeon and the merchant both screamed, looked at each other, and screamed some more.

“GO! JUST GO, GO ALREADY!!” Riyeon shouted at the very top of his lungs, his voice strained as the merchant scrambled to unfurl the sails. The boat left the river-dock, and within a few moments it was out in the water of the Woryu River. The rebels stopped at the edge of the dock, none of them armed with any ranged weapons to continue their pursuit.

Riyeon sank to the floor and sighed a breath of relief. “Thank god,” he said, taking a moment to catch his breath. “Mister, do you think you could take me back to Halsan? I-” he began to request, but Riyeon was cut off.

“HALSAN? I’m getting out of this cursed country! You think I’m going to stay here with all those crazy rebels claiming the country?!?” the merchant yelled, and Riyeon got up, noticing that they were not going north up the river but even more south, on the way out of Hano country and towards the ocean!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAT?!?!?!?” Riyeon screamed.

It would be a rather long time until Riyeon returned to his home country, leaving Hano behind because of the rebel threat. And it was in this, unplanned and spontaneous way, that the pirate “Gold Heart” Riyeon would begin his journey on the high seas.