

Naira stood on the platform. It looked exceptionally well. It was slightly slippery from water that spilled from the waves and fell from the sky. However, she didn't slip and was able to move around the place without much trouble.

She immediately noticed that the locals were side-eyeing her. She wasn't sure if it was because she wasn't native to the island or because her appearance and her clothing, which was different from what one might find on the island.

However, she didn't pay too much attention to that and started looking at the land she landed on. Her friend was right - Solitan didn't look like a friendly island. Even before she set foot on that land, the island looked very grim.

Quite a few of the local buildings were not in exceptionally good condition. It looked like the buildings there were made of shipwrecks that could have landed in the nearby shallows or even on the nearby shore.

In the distance, however, the woman could see that most of the buildings were erected in a normal manner that was similar to what she had seen even at her own place. Still, they looked slightly ominous to her.

The synth left the port and started walking toward the lighthouse. She noticed that the roof of this building was red, although the color there was clearly faded. The base itself was in dark shades, which matched the mood of that faction.

With each step she took toward the building, she could see that this lighthouse was in better condition than her first impression indicated. This interested her even more, so she started walking faster in that direction.

The constant rain didn't bother Naira. She couldn't get cold, even if she was wearing skimpy clothing, contrasting with the Solitan fashion. She had a completely synthetic body. And this attracted the attention of some locals, who mostly looked at her unfavorably.

Eventually, she managed to reach the area around the lighthouse. Not far from this very tall building, there were a few locals. One of them was a bar, where she guessed that sailors of all subspecies gathered.

The building was quite large. On top of that, it was quite well-kept. It was not in perfect condition, but one could see that it was not made of various shipwrecks. It was an establishment erected by normal means.

As she approached the entrance, the woman noticed a man sitting in a rocking chair that was set in motion. It seemed slightly odd to her that someone would want to be outside instead of sitting inside.

From the figure's silhouette, it appeared to her that it was a man. He was covered by a dark ragged cloth. The hood revealed only his muzzle. The man looked ominous, but he didn't look like someone who could cause her problems. She approached him slowly.

"Excuse me?", Naira spoke up.

"Yes?", the man replied in a harsh tone.

"May I enter this place?"

"Sure."

"Really?"

"Yes, but I don't guarantee you'll get out of it", Acrador on a chair chuckled.

"I can take care of myself", the synth folded her arms on her chest.

"Can you? Because of your outfit, I think otherwise. You look like you got out of Korvex."

"Is that a problem?"

"Other than the fact that you dressed like a street whore."

"Insult me again and I swear I'll cut off your tongue", the woman said in a sharp tone, pointing her finger at him.

"I didn't insult you", the man bared his teeth. "I stated a fact. Did I say you were a street whore? I said you're dressed that way. That's quite a difference."

"Oh, I think I already know who I'm dealing with..."

"No, you don't. I can tell you that a stronger breeze can lift your bra and you'll be running around with your breasts exposed", the veiled Acrador laughed.

"Perv...", Naira growled.

"You should have dressed more appropriately for the weather here. Does that offend you too? Will it also make you want to cut off my tongue? Don't hastily make such an oath. I can't stand oathbreakers."

"It would be better if you told me something interesting", she said.

"Then ask away."

"What do you know about the Sirens?", the synth asked.

"It's a broad subject", the man shrugged. "What exactly do you want to know?"

"Do you know any Sirens?"

"Sure. I was born here, after all. Are you asking about someone specific?"

"Do you know a Siren named Radsul?"

"Ah... an apostate."

"What?", Naira was clearly puzzled.

"That's how the locals refer to Sirens who are not part of the group."

"Radsul is dead."

"Interesting... that's what almost everyone says."

"'Almost everyone'?", the woman became interested.

"There are those who say he survived", a veiled Acrador replied.

"And what do you think?"

"I am a pessimist. If he survived then you can say that his ancestors took pity on him. Or he's just a tough son of a bitch."

"Yeah..."

"Did you know him?", the man asked.

"Mhm", the synth nodded. "He was able to get out of the worst troubles. He was kind, helped me, gave me gifts and told me interesting stories. Well, and he knew how to have a good time."

"Sounds like Radsul."

"It's hard to believe that he became... I think you said he became an apostate."

"Apparently, he did it to support Solitan. Because of this, many people hate him, as well as many admire him."

"And which side are you on?", Naira asked.

"I think he did what he thought was right", Acrador on a chair sighed. "And that's it. It's not for me to judge whether he did right or wrong."

"I understand."

"Maybe he'll come back from the dead..."

"I think I'll go to the bar."

"And if you go out, can you come with me? You have a really interesting body."

"Fuck off, you...", the woman paused for a moment. "I don't even know how to call you."

"You can call me "Comrade"", the man chuckled.

"Fuck off, Comrade."

"Have a nice stay. Not that it will change anything."

The synth sighed and went inside the building. The design was extremely dark. The Acradors that sat inside did not look at the woman very favorably. Nevertheless, she approached the counter slowly and sat on a stool.

"Yeah?", Karz asked with an indifferent tone.

"Give me something to drink", Naira replied in a serious tone.

"Something weaker?"

"Give me some rum."

"A stranger, yet you know some customs", the bartender chuckled.

"Here's your payment", the synth put the coins on the counter.

The bartender took the money and nodded, then wandered straight to the shelves. He took the bottle, which he deftly opened and began pouring the beverage into a previously prepared glass. After doing so, the man placed the vessel on the counter.

The woman immediately grabbed the glass and took a sip. It tasted better to her than the rum she drank with her friend at Korvex. She might have expected such a beverage to be treated better in Solitan.

As she continued drinking, she noticed that several Acradors had left the bar. They looked in the direction of the synthetic woman, but it was not a pleasant look. The synthetic woman turned to them and growled.

As they left that room, Naira continued consuming her drink. She took another look around the interior and practically everyone was focused on each other. The bartender turned toward her. He was wiping his mug at that moment.

"Why do you hate newcomers so much?", the synth asked with a negative tone.

"You come here as if you were going on vacation", the man replied indifferently. "And this is one of the most dangerous places on the planet. On top of that, you often don't respect our established customs."

"And if someone doesn't know your customs?"

"That's understandable. It's one thing not to know them and another not to respect them. And the latter happens much more often."

"I came here because I was curious about what my friend's homeland was like". Naira sighed.

"Grim and ugly, right?", the bartender asked.

"I've seen more beautiful buildings, but the ones here aren't bad. I've seen gloomier places and here, you are able to live and stay in harmony."

"Who is your friend?"

"That's not important, because according to you, he's dead."

"Let Meridian bring his soul back to his ancestors", he said.

"We will bring her soul out for sure."

The woman turned around to find the source of the unpleasant voices. The men weren't well-dressed and their smells were not among the most pleasant. It was also evident from them that they were not entirely sober.

"Leave her alone, gentlemen."

Another voice spoke up. This one happened to belong to a short woman. Naira immediately recognized that she was a Zud. Interestingly, she was dressed in dark-colored armor. The helmet had four eyeholes.

"Forgive us, Siren", the men replied.

"You should get out of here", the short woman said.

The not-so-sober men began to leave the establishment. The synth began to look at the woman. She had seen similar armor before, when she was on a mission with her friend. It had warned her not to engage in combat with them.

"Are you okay?", the Siren asked.

"I should leave this place", Naira replied, while sipping on her beverage.

"I know the value of international relations. However, I am only one person."

"I think I'll get out of here..."

"I'll walk with you."

The woman with holographic horns thought about refusing to her. However, she thought that such a company might be interesting. She got up from her stool and started to leave the bar. However, she stopped next to a man in a rocking chair.

"I guess it wasn't pleasant...", the man chuckled.

"Are you going to bother her too?", Siren asked harshly.

"No, ma'am", Comrade bared his teeth. "I am a polite and decent citizen of Solitan..."

"You should help her, if you are so decent."

"But you helped her."

"Because I help everyone, unlike you."

"You helped Radsul when he was sentenced to death?"

The Siren grabbed the sword hanging on her back and wanted to cut the man with it. Comrade, however, quickly got up from his rocking chair and grabbed the armored woman by her wrists. They wrestled for a while until they stopped.

"I won't file a complaint to the temple that you wanted to attack me", the man growled. "You should, however, return to your duties."

"Don't you dare say that name in front of me again", the Siren said harshly, getting out of the grapple.

"Have a nice day, Siren."

While the shorter woman began to move away, the taller woman stayed by Comrade's side. She wanted to talk to him some more, but she also wanted to explore the island a bit. So she left the man without uttering a word.

She was curious about the other buildings standing in the area. It looked like a small settlement. It did not look as good as the bar she had recently left. However, she still wanted to explore as many places on the island as possible.

She found herself quickly in that place. When she wanted to look around, she quickly noticed that four men wanted to surround her. The synth was cautious, but still ready to attack them in case of an accident.

"Well, well...", the tallest of them said. "Are you lost?"

"Back off", Naira replied, while exposing her teeth,

"And we wanted to get to know you closely... really closely."

"I told you to back off", the woman slid the blades out of her forearms.

"You are tough... However, you're not tough enough for us. In a little while, you'll find out what kind of balls a real man has."

"In a little while, you may not have balls at all."

They all turned toward the source of that voice. Near them stood Acrador covered with a sheet. He began to move slowly toward the Acradors. All of them were surprised because of his sudden arrival, but the feeling quickly passed.

"Get out of here, freak", the tall man spoke up.

"And what will you do to me if I don't leave?", Comrade asked.

"I'll kill you."

"I don't know if I have anything to be afraid of, since you had to gather a few men to attack one woman."

The tall Acrador and his closest companion began charging at the man, who was covered with a sheet. When they were close to him, the man grabbed the two by their necks and made them bang their heads together, putting them out of the fight.

Meanwhile, the others rushed at Naira. The synth sheathed her blades and waited for the opponents to approach her. She kicked one with a knee to the abdomen and then to the head, while she knocked out the other with a quick blow.

The fight began as quickly as it ended. She saw that the Acrador from the bar was approaching her. She didn't want to show that she could knock him out as well, but she still wasn't sure she could fully trust him.

"Shall we go in there?", the man pointed to the nearest building.

The woman nodded. She started walking toward the building, and the veiled Acrador was right behind her. She pressed the handle, and the door was open, which surprised her. She closed it when they were both inside.

She asked who he was. The man grabbed the edge of the hood and slowly uncovered it. The first thing she noticed was his completely black eyes. Then she took a closer look at his face. She recognized who he was and rushed toward him to hug him.

"Radsul...", Naira said with relief. "But you shouldn't be here..."

"You too, looking at how the locals greeted you", the man replied calmly, stepping out of the embrace. "I wanted to see how my friends were doing without informing them about my arrival."

"Good to see you..."

"Good to see you too. We should spend this time in a more pleasant way. Would you like to explore the island?"

"Sure."

Naira and Radsul left the building. The man, however, had previously put his hood back on, so that no one from Solitan would recognize him. He began to show his friend around the island, telling her about interesting places.