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This Story contains sexual content not suitable for those who don't like fun. Which is a shame. And if you are one of the people under the age to read this, you know the drill. You have to close this file down, replace your retinas and erase the memory of reading this from your brain... Hey, I don't make the rules. But other than that, enjoy the smut, my Fellow Connoisseur of Culture!

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Story by Paul Michaels

I Got Isekai'd! Well Shyt!

Chapter 131 The Duke's Friends

Alaric just finished scolding his son and sent him off before heading back to the party.

He looked around and noticed that many of the nobles were looking at him.

"Have you had your fill?" Alaric asked everyone that was watching him and his family.

He knew why they were staring and knew that there were going to be many whispering behind his back about his and his son's conduct. So he needed to confront those who dared to speak ill about him and his family.

When confronted by the Duke, the nobles couldn't help but feel nervous and turned away acting like they didn't see anything. They didn't dare to come near him and risk upsetting the Duke.

"That's what I thought..." Said Alaric as he turned on his heels and walked away from the nobles. What he needed was some wine and his allies. So he went in search of some wine first.

When he was out of the crowd's view he just stopped and sighed and leaned against the wall.

"He's going to be trouble, isn't he?" A familiar voice asked Duke Alaric as he turned to see Viscount William Lysander walking towards him.

"He is but a child. But yes he's going to be trouble... My son lacks tact and seems to be stubborn," Alaric said as he took a glass of red wine from a waiter who was walking by.

"Well, he better be ready for when the time comes... I always have faith in you Duke Alaric. You are the rightful heir to the throne," Viscount William whispered with a serious tone.

Alaric nodded, "Thank you. But I would be a fool to take the throne from my brother. That is why we must get Marcus his rightful birthright back and get him on the throne. As I have stated

before we can not let Duval ruin this country. That fool will do everything in his power to avoid conflicts at every cost. Even if that means the surrender of our lands."

"Tell me about it... Did you hear that the Divine Three contacted him... It seems those fanatics want to marry off one of their female objects to him as soon as they can," Viscount William said as he drank from his glass of wine.

"I didn't know but it isn't unexpected. I would be surprised if they didn't contact him sooner or later... Especially since Duval is the most well-liked noble in the kingdom," Alaric said as he took a drink of his wine.

"He's only liked by most of the major lords... And you are wise to get the minor lords on your side... Get the mob on your side and the kingdom is yours... They are loyal to house Revelia... That being said, do you have a plan? For you know who?" Viscount William asked with a serious look.

Alaric took a sip of his wine and then looked at the Viscount.

"I don't know what you are talking about," Alaric said as he looked away.

Viscount William looked at the Duke and smiled. He knew that meant he had a plan and didn't need to be involved. Which was fine by him.

"Very well... We should look for Baron Alistair before he makes a fool of himself in front of the entire kingdom. I'll be going," Viscount William said as he took his leave from the Duke.

The Duke nodded and watched the Viscount leave the room before going off in search of Baron Alistair.

'That assassin better come through. Otherwise, I will have to deal with the consequences...'

The Duke thought as he looked around and spotted Baron Alistair.

Alaric smiled as he went in the direction of the Baron.

"So, Alistair. I hear that you've had quite an adventure recently. Care to tell me about it?" Alaric asked the Baron.

Baron Alistair smiled, "Duke Alaric! I wouldn't know where to start! My journey was long and filled with perilous challenges that I faced along the way... But I must tell you. I've never felt so alive, since my youth!"

"I see, so what exactly did you encounter in this perilous adventure of yours?" Alaric asked with a smile on his face.

"Well... We were in the middle of our trek across the Maldura plains when I felt something was wrong with the sky. Everything seemed normal but everything was quiet and that's when I

noticed there wasn't a bird in the sky... So, I decided to scout out ahead... And that's when I saw it!" Alistair said with an excited voice.

Alaric smirked, "Saw what, Baron?"

Before Alistair could answer the question two of the minor lords sighed and shook their heads.

"You shouldn't encourage this type of behavior, my lord," said Lord Meriwell as he shook his head at the Baron.

Lord Clifton nodded and frowned at the Baron.

The Baron was flabbergasted by his friends' remarks and turned to look at Alaric for help.

"Your Lordship. My colleagues think I'm under some type of delusion when I say that I saw a Griffin flying around the Maldura plains!" Alistair said with a serious tone.

"You see my Lordship. A Griffin... There's no way a Griffin was flying in the Maldura plains. It's impossible! They nest on the Southern tip of the continent where the Beastkin tribes are. Like I said full of delusions and grandeur," Lord Meriwell said with a sigh.

"I bloody saw one in the plains you twit! It attacked me and I was able to defeat it all by myself! And it was big! I've never seen anything like it!" Alistair said as he looked at Meriwell with a frown.

"Baron Alistair... I'm not trying to upset you but have you thought about why a Griffin would be flying in the middle of the Maldura plains? And why a Griffin would attack you? They are not known to attack humanoids unless they are provoked. I think you're just seeing things my friend," Lord Clifton said with a sigh.

"And if the Baron did defeat this Griffin like he says he did, then why doesn't he have the beak or a talon? Hell, even a feather would do for a trophy and it shows you speak the truth," Lord Meriwell said as he looked at the Baron.

Baron Alistair's smile faded as he sighed.

"That's not fair Meriwell! I did fight it off and it was real. Not some made-up story just to get attention like my Mentikor fib... I said that in jest to shut the both of you up about my hunting prowess... But this time I'm telling you the truth," Alistair said with a frown.

The two lords looked at each other before looking back at the Baron.

Alaric sighed as he listened to his nobles discuss Alistair's story and chimed in.

"So you fought it off and didn't slay it, Alistair? That doesn't inspire confidence in your claims."

The Baron shook his head, "Of course, I defeated it! It was only a Griffin! I know how to kill them!"

Alaric shook his head, "I thought you were the best hunter in the kingdom, Baron Alistair. How are we supposed to slay a dragon if you keep telling stories about your accomplishments, aye?" said the Duke in a teasing tone.

The Baron sighed in defeat, "It seems I have no one else to blame but myself."

"Indeed you don't. And for the love of the goddess tell the truth about this Griffin you saw," Lord Clifton said with a sigh.

"That wasn't a lie Clifton... You just need to trust my word this time. If you don't want to believe me then fine! I'll show you that Griffin is real if you decide to visit my territory sometime this month. Unless you are too afraid," Baron Alistair said as he looked at his friends.

They looked at the Baron and sighed as they shook their heads.

"Baron... Even if the Griffin is really there in the plains. We have more important things to deal with. Like helping secure the minor lords' support for the Duke's campaign. I have a bad feeling about the heir. I thought it was impossible for the Queen to give birth. But now with the heir and this rumor about the Divine Three offering an arranged marriage. Marcus might have lost his chance to become the next heir. We may be facing an uphill battle. We need to come up with a plan," Lord Meriwell said as he looked at his allies.

The Baron frowned as he looked at his friends.

"Please... unexpected things happen all the time. The boy might not make it to age 10 when the trials to go into the labyrinths and prove his adulthood to the court... I find being patient is the best course of action my Lordship... Besides, we still have 11 years to get more nobles on our side and get your son as strong as possible before we should make our move," Baron Alistair said as he tried to reason with his friends.

"Alistair... The fates have never been kind to me... I'm a patient man, but I will not rely on the fates to aid me when they never had... I have a plan for the boy... Hopefully, I will see the results in due time, gentlemen." Alaric said as he took a sip of his wine.

"I must agree with Duke Alaric on this one. I don't think we should make any sudden moves that could endanger Marcus or any of us." Lord Meriwell said with a frown.

"I trust your plan my Lordship. But do we have a backup strategy if things fall through?" Lord Clifton asked with a concerned look on his face.

"All I can say is I'm playing this one close to my vest, gentlemen... That is all I shall say on the matter," The Duke said with a smirk on his face.

The other nobles just looked at him with worried looks. They knew what the Duke meant by that statement. They all assumed he hired an assassin and it made them nervous if word got out that the Duke was the one to order the prince's death.

Alaric looked at his friends' worried faces and nodded, "You all need to enjoy the rest of the party and give my regards to the King and Queen.... Afterward, we will go to our territories and gather support from the lesser nobles... That will be all, gentlemen."

The three nobles bowed as they took their leave from the Duke.

Once the men left Alaric finished his wine and went to go find the rest of his family. He wasn't going to be staying that much longer and wanted to make sure his son was fine before he left.

'I wonder how things are going to play out when the time comes... Hopefully, I will have the backing of the minor nobles, and the nobles who don't support Marcus will fall in line...' Alaric thought as he walked into the main ballroom and looked around for his duchess.

He then saw her with his son and three daughters. The girls were staring at the dancing while Marcus was sulking. The Duke walked over to them with a smile on his face.

"We should get ready to leave in a half hour or so... We have a busy day tomorrow morning," The Duke said as he kissed his wife.

"Yes, of course, dear. I just need to make sure Marcus doesn't make a fool of himself again," The Duchess said as she kissed her husband.

And after 30 minutes the Revelia's left the party that went on into midnight. The guests were shocked when they saw the Duke and Duchess leave the party. And many of the guests started to whisper among themselves about House Revelia's sudden departure from the party.

They all thought it was strange and didn't know what could have happened to make the Duke leave so soon.