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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 139 Call for an Emergency Meeting

Once the events of the interrogation were over. The men standing in the secret knights' room were in shock that the Queen was able to get some of the loyalists to confess. They were General Kane, Earl Nathaniel, Lord Brice, Lord Gawain, and a distraught King Cyndre who couldn't take his eyes off the magical observation artifact that caught every moment.

"This is quite the mess, Your Majesty. How do we intend to fix this?" Lord Brice asked.

"I don't know..." King Cyndre said as he held his head in his hands.

The Earl saw his friend in despair and tried to comfort him, "Your Majesty. You couldn't have seen this coming. And your brother played us for fools. None of us could've seen his true colors."

King Cyndre stood up and turned around to look at his council.

"No... All of you tried to tell me in some way or another that something was wrong with my brother. I just didn't want to believe it... But I was too blinded by my love and trust to see that Alaric wanted power so badly that he was willing to murder my son... All so he could take the throne for his son," King Cyndre said with tears in his eyes.

The King was first plagued by sadness but the more he thought about it the more anger started to build up in his heart.

"Does he think I chose to be the King?... It wasn't my fault that I was born with my father's eyes! It wasn't my fault that I was born second... I didn't go to the higher nobles of the Fiafyr Kingdom and ask them to declare me as the next heir! That was Father's council's doing! I tried to do everything to make things right with my brother and what did I get? An attempt on my son's life! Undermining my authority! NO! No more!" King Cyndre shouted.

"Your Majesty. We understand your anger, but we need you to have a level head. If not then the Marquess will think you're trying to claim more power over the other Nobles," Lord Brice said.

"I am aware. Forgive me for my outburst," King Cyndre said as he recomposed himself.

"What should we do about this, Your Majesty?" Lord Gawain asked.

"Haa... we need to have an emergency with the Thirteen Great Noble Houses. This cannot be allowed to continue. We need a solution. My brother is a threat to my family's line of succession and the throne. He is a threat to my child. A threat to my people," King Cyndre said.

"I agree. But if your brother is punished and kicked out of the Thirteen Great Noble Houses. Then his two allies will join him and that will cause a rift between the Nobles. Which can be catastrophic for the future of our Kingdom. If the Nobles are fighting each other then there is no telling what the neighboring Kingdoms will do," Lord Brice said.

"That is why we need this meeting as soon as possible. Even if Baron Coldforge can't make it. I want the other eleven Nobles to see the evidence and the truth. So that the Duke will be shamed and cast out of the Nobility. And maybe if we're lucky then his allies will distance themselves from him," King Cyndre said.

"Shall we send for them now?" Lord Gawain asked.

"Yes. And the sooner the better. But we need to create a false emergency to summon the other Nobles to the palace. If my brother and his allies get one whiff that we are on to them. Then I don't know what they will do. I trust you two to come up with a good cover story," King Cyndre said.

Gawain and Brice both bowed, "As you command."

They left the room while Cyndre, Nathaniel, and Kane all stared at the artifact.

"That fool wasn't satisfied with being a Duke?... Now, he's made things even worse for himself," Nathaniel said.

"Indeed. And he's probably thinking he'll be able to get away with everything. But now I have enough evidence to get him kicked out of the Nobility and possibly have him executed. But he won't go down without a fight," General Kane said.

"Enough... I wish not to talk about my brother in this way... I'm furious with him... But how can I order his death?" King Cyndre said.

Nathaniel and Kane looked at each other.

"Your Majesty. There are times when a king needs to do the hard thing and sometimes that involves executing the people closest to them... We will support you no matter what decision you make," General Kane said.

"But for now, let's hope the evidence we have will be enough to shame my brother into exile," King Cyndre said.

The twin moons were high in the night sky, and the city streets were mostly empty. The only sounds were the howls of the wind and the clattering of armor from the Night's Watch.

There were five Knights of the Crown walking through the streets of Tairal. And they were making their way to the Divalo Manor. The task was to give an important letter to the Duke and escort him to the palace on foot. Order by General Kane himself.

"What's with all the commotion?" Knight Harlowe asked.

"The King has called for a emergency meeting with the Great Noble houses. We have to provide an escort for the Duke. That's all we know," Knight Phelan said.

"I wonder what the big deal is then," Knight Harlowe asked.

"We'll find out sooner or later... I'm just glad we aren't heading out across the kingdom to their domains. It would have taken days to get all of them to the palace," Knight Phelan said.

"Yeah, we lucked out that they all came to the city for the prince's party," Knight Harlowe said.

"I know... Let's make this quick so we can go back to our boring patrols. I'd much rather do that than stand guard outside a Noble's room," Knight Phelan said.

"Aye." The other four knights agreed.

The group arrived at the gate of the manor.

"State your business, Sir Knights!" The Guard at the gate said.

Knight Phelan stepped forward, "We have been ordered to escort the Duke to the Palace for an emergency meeting. Open the gate!"

"Yes, sir!" The guard said.

The Guards opened the gate, and the Knights went into the courtyard.

The Knights reached the end of the courtyard where the main door to the manor was and they waited for a few minutes until a butler came hurrying out of the door.

"Hello, sir knights. May I ask why you have come here to his lordship's home at this time of night," asked Belial.

"We are here to deliver a message to the Duke. The King has ordered an emergency meeting of the Thirteen Great Noble Houses." Phelan said.

"An emergency meeting? Do you know what it's for? His lordship has retired for the night." Belial asked with a raised brow.

"We are only to deliver the message and to be the escort for the Duke," Phelan said as Harlowe handed the butler a scroll with the Royal Seal.

Belial looked at the seal and opened it up. He read the message and frowned.

The knights were curious about what was in the message but it wasn't their place to ask.

Belial looked at the Knights, "I'll tell his Lordship the news."

The Butler hurried inside while the Knights were left waiting in the cold.

Harlowe looked at Phelan and the other knights with a look of "What the hell is his problem?"

"Friendly guy, huh?" Harlowe said with a sarcastic tone.

"Who the hell is that anyway?" Phelan asked.

"The Duke's personal butler... I think his name is, Belial?" Knight Derrick said.

"I don't like him, but it's not my place to question the Nobility. As long as they pay my salary and give me a title, then I'll be a happy knight," Phelan said.

The others nodded as they waited for the Duke.

Belial was hurrying through the manor to the Duke's study. He knocked on the door.

"My lord! The Knights of the Crown have come to the Manor," Belial said.

Alaric was sitting at his desk reading a book when he heard the knocking.

"What are they here for?" Alaric asked.

"My Lord, the King has called for an emergency meeting of the Thirteen Great Noble Houses."

The Duke's face darkened as he closed his book and looked at the door where Belial was waiting for permission to enter.

"Come," Alaric said as he put his book down and stood up from his couch.

The Duke was in his nightgown as Belial walked into the room and handed him the scroll with the royal seal already broken.

Alaric took the scroll with the broken seal and looked at Belial with a raised brow.

"I was making sure it wasn't a forgery, my Lord," Belial said.

Alaric looked at the scroll and read the message.

"Strange? I thought we had a couple of decades before the labyrinth stampede was supposed to happen." Alaric said.

"I can't say, My Lord. But it seems the Dwarf can't handle it," Belial said.

"Baron Coldforge is a fool... But maybe this is a blessing in disguise. We could rid those damn dwarves from this kingdom forever." Alaric said with a sinister grin.

"Yes, my Lord. Shall I get you ready?" Belial asked.

"Yes. Bring me my best clothes," Alaric said.

"And the other items, My Lord?" Belial asked.

"No, my proper attire will be more than enough," Alaric said as he tossed the message into the fireplace and watched the note burn.

Belial nodded and went into the Duke's bedroom.

Alaric was left alone in the study, "So, I just need to find a way to delay their aid and wait for the labyrinth's monster stampede to crush those dwarves... Too bad there are human civilians living in the city of Ironside but there is nothing that can be done about that."

Alaric looked up to the ceiling with a wicked smile on his face.

"I guess it will be the Great Twelve Houses of Fiafyr in due time." Alaric chuckled.

"Now I need to find a way to weaken Duval's hold on the six of the Great Houses. I hate how that bastard has the majority to push out his agenda with very little consequence... Soon I will be Prime Minister and secure my son's rightful place once that boy has been taken care of."

It didn't take long for Belial to come back with a fine suit of clothes and a small bag. And in no time the Duke was ready to meet his escort.

"Let's not keep the King waiting," Alaric said.

"Of course, My Lord. I'll summon the carriage," Belial said.

The five knights and the assistant butler waited in the courtyard of the Manor for the Duke to come out.

It didn't take long, and the Duke exited the Manor with his Butler at his side.

The knights bowed, and the Duke didn't even acknowledge them.

"This better not be a joke, gentlemen. I don't appreciate being disturbed during the night." The Duke said with an annoyed tone.

"It is no joke, Duke Revelia. Please allow us to escort you to the palace," Phelan said as he bowed.

"Well, I'm taking my carriage... Try and keep up," Alaric said with a smirk.

Belial got a carriage from the stables.

"My Lord, we are ready," Belial said.

The Knights were getting a little tired of the attitude that the Duke was showing them as he got in the horse-drawn carriage.

"Good. Let's go, and hurry," the Duke said.

"Yes, My Lord."

And with that, they sped off leaving the five knights behind.

"Haa... Why were we ordered not to take the horses again?..." Harlowe said.

"It was the General's order... But, I don't like it either." Phelan said.

"Did we do something to piss the General off? I mean all the other knights had horses," Derrick said.

"The fuck if I know. Let's just get this shit over with," Phelan said.

Phelan looked at his men and they all nodded.

"Alright, let's try and catch up to the carriage. I don't want to get yelled at by the General," Phelan said.

The Knights jogged down the streets after the carriage, hoping to arrive at the palace before it. Feeling like idiots as the Duke was no longer in sight once it made a turn.

Duke Alaric's carriage was flying through the streets of Tairal. Thanks to them being empty there was no problem.

The driver was a skilled one and knew how to push the horses and carriage.

But the only problem was that it was a little bumpy going at these speeds on cobblestone roads.

Alaric wasn't complaining though. In fact, he was grinning.

'I need to play my cards right and I will rid myself of one less nuisance... Arathar Coldforge will be nothing but a forgotten note in history,' Alaric thought.

As the Duke's carriage was nearing the palace gates. Alaric noticed eleven other carriages of the other Noble Great Houses.

"Seems that we're the last ones to arrive. Hopefully, the King isn't angry," Belial said from the driver's seat.

"Pfft! My brother wouldn't dare do anything. He knows he needs me more than I need him," Alaric said.

They were allowed in the gates and the guards told the Duke to report to the main throne room.

"It seems you will have an audience, my Lord," Belial said with a small chuckle.

"Like always... Rest the horses... It might be a long night," Alaric said.

The Belial stopped the carriage at the stables.

"Shall I wait here with the carriage?"

"Yes. Wait for me and I'll send for the carriage when I'm done. I will call upon you if I need your help," Alaric said.

"As you command, My Lord," Belial said as he bowed.

'Belial is the best butler a noble could have... And he is a very good actor. But he's acting too independent lately. I need to correct that behavior before it's too late,' Alaric thought as he left the carriage.

He walked up to the palace and the guards immediately opened the doors for him.