

\*\*\*Disclaimer for Mature Audiences (18 Years+)\*\*\*

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!

(And if you enjoy my work please become a Patreon at [patreon.com/PaulMichaels](https://patreon.com/PaulMichaels))

---

Story by Paul Michaels

## **I Got Isekai'd! Well Shyt!**

### **Chapter 169 This is Farewell, For Now**

Quinus said his goodbyes to Thomas and Geralt before he parted ways with them. It took them three days before they arrived at Tairal. The capital city was buzzing as usual, especially when news of the prince's success came through the grapevine. The king and queen were relieved and welcomed their son back with open arms. Wina and Mathew asked for a private audience with the King and Queen. They agreed to this and the four of them went into the King's study.

"I am very pleased with the results, Mathew. You did well," Cyndre said.

"Your son did all the work, my liege. He's grown into a fine man," Mathew said.

"He is, indeed. However, why after all this time has the Assassin's Society come after you, Lady Wina." Cyndre asked.

Mathew and Wina knew the King was forgiving of his brother, but they didn't expect him to be this ignorant about who was the main culprit. King Cyndre was trying to use some strange mental gymnastics to try to avoid the truth. While Queen Rianna wasn't having any of it.

"STOP PLAYING A FOOL! YOUR BROTHER WAS ATTEMPTING TO HAVE YOUR SON KILLED!" Rianna yelled at her husband.

Cyndre jumped out of his chair, "I am not a fool, Rianna! My brother would never-"

"AGAIN! Don't try and play a fool, Cyndre! You are no fool, but you are a fool for thinking that your brother hasn't been scheming against us for decades!... All of a sudden the Assassin's Society has finally come out of the woodwork after all these years. Right after Alaric served his ten-year punishment."

"Alaric would never do such a thing, Rianna! He told me he wasn't going after our son!" Cyndre said.

"THEN WHAT ARE YOU CALLING THIS, CYNDRE!... We both know that it's Alaric who ordered the hit on Wina. He was probably hoping that Quinus was caught in the crossfire. And you seem fine with that."

Cyndre stood silent.

Mathew felt uncomfortable watching his King and Queen argue. But he sat silently, hoping for it to pass. Wina on the other hand decided to give Cyndre another blow to his fragile mind.

"My Liege. If I may..."

Cyndre didn't respond. He didn't even look at her.

"I believe your brother is truthful about not actively going after, the prince—"

"See, Rianna! I told you-," Cyndre was interrupted.

"—But your nephew. Hasn't stopped undermining your son... Prince Quinus didn't want to tell you, but I will... Marcus used his power to force a ten-year-old child into an assassination attempt."

"W-What?!" Cyndre gasped as he was hit with a truth that he was trying to avoid. "Surely, you must be mistaken. Mathew, tell me what truly happened."

Mathew knew that Wina was correct about everything. And he didn't like that he was being put in a hard place between his wife and his king.

"She's not mistaken, my Liege. And after further investigation from the Queen... We have a strong belief that the boy who tried to gift the Crystal Python. He was told by Marcus to give the monster to the Prince."

"That can't be... H-Hold on. You said you 'believe', instead of 'sure', correct," Cyndre asked while grasping at straws.

"We highly believe it was your nephew who orchestrated the plan to give your son the Crystal Python."

"But the boy gave his confession. He said he bought it from a merchant! Bring him from the western wall. Right now!"

Mathew grimaced before he answered, "He was found dead after giving us his confession a few days earlier... There was poison found in his stomach."

"N-No, no, no... Alaric wouldn't allow his son to do such a thing."

"CYNDRE!... Face it! Your brother is a snake who has been using us for his own gain," Rianna yelled.

"There has to be some reason, some explanation. They would never do such a thing," Cyndre said while his mind was racing.

Wina chimed in, "I believe Duke Alaric isn't actively aiming for the Prince. But after working for him, I know he is cunning and has a lot of patience. I wouldn't put it past him if he's willing to wait decades before his revenge is served. And he believes that the throne belongs to his son... I wouldn't bet against him for supporting his son again. He thinks it's his rightful birthright."

"So, he wants the throne, through his son?"

"Yes. That's why we believe Marcus is the one who's been trying to kill the prince. And at some point, I believe Duke Alaric will become more proactive in helping Marcus..."

Rianna then said, "And you refused to listen to your council when they said Marcus was gaining traction with most of the minor nobles. While Alaric is weakening Duval! Your inaction has put your only son in danger. You can't keep protecting him like this, Cyndre. You know that he's planning on using the people to take the throne from Quinus if they can't kill him! We've been sitting here playing pretend with you, when you've known all along what your brother was up to."

Cyndre fell into his chair and rubbed his face, "What do you suggest I do, Rianna?"

"You have a choice, Cyndre. Your brother or your son," Rianna declared.

"But I can't just execute my nephew or brother. Not without a reason for the court to accept."

"And that's your failure to our son, Cyndre. Because he's now been attacked three times we know about. And all those times, the perpetrators were supported by your brother and his son!"

"Haah... I've made a mess, haven't I, Rianna?"

"And it took you until now to realize this. Yes, you have. I'm not going to stand by any longer and watch our son get murdered because of your incompetence. You have a decision to make, and if you choose your brother-"

"I KNOW!... I'm not choosing my brother, Rianna... I'll admit it, but... I don't know how to move forward."

Wina came up with an idea that she knew the King wouldn't like, "May I have a word, my King."

"Yes, what is it?"

"If I may be so bold, I have a suggestion that can help the prince and you."

"I have no reason not to hear you out... What is it?" Cyndre said in a defeated voice.

"Back when I had a couple of missions that required me to destabilize a kingdom, I would always go for the citizens. I would make their life miserable and make it look like it was the

Royal family's fault. Because it's the people at the bottom that make the Kingdom, your Majesty."

Cyndre looked at Wina with a puzzled look and asked, "So, are you saying to make my citizens' lives miserable?"

"No... What I'm saying is, you should build a relationship with the people... And you should do that, by letting your son do more."

"Do more? I don't understand. Our son is still too young. I want to give him a few more years before he starts learning about the real world. Let him grow up first, then when he's older, he'll start taking his responsibility."

"No. I'm saying you should let him build the aqueducts, the windmills, and his plan for a kingdom school to help educate the people... His ideas are ingenious. They are nothing I have ever seen before. I do not doubt in my mind that this will undermine the minor lords' influence. As well as some of the major lords who oppose the crown... Because they see the citizens as nothing more than surfs."

Cyndre had a pained look on his face. He tried to discourage his son's interest in engineering. But Quinus had the heart of a tinkerer. Cyndre couldn't change his son's passion.

"My King, I'm not telling you this as a Queen, but as a mother who knows her son's potential and is willing to die for his dream. I know you want him to be a gallant knight who dreams of adventuring. But let our son have this. It will change Fiafyr. I promise you," Rianna said.

Cyndre slouched into his chair and let out a long breath, "Alright, I'll talk to the council and see how much it will cost and then have a meeting with my son to tell him the news... He'll be happy, and that's all that matters..."

Rianna finally smiled at her husband for the first time in a long time. She had hoped this was the push he needed to make a change.

"Thank you, my lov-"

\*Knock! Knock! Knock!\*

Cyndre sat up in his chair while staring at his wife's smiling face, "Yes?"

Lord Brice opened the door and peeked his head through, "Oh? I didn't know you were in a meeting."

"What is it, Lord Brice," Cyndre asked as he turned his attention to his advisor.

"The baby shower for the fifth daughter of House Revelia is going to start in two hours... You asked me to remind you, Your Majesty," Lord Brice said.

Queen Rianna frowned, "We are not going to be attending. Send our congratulations and our regards."

"My Queen?" Lord Brice questioned.

Cyndre cut in, "What she means to say is my son and my wife won't be a part of the party. But I'll be attending."

"Cyndre?" Rianna asked.

"It's fine, my dear. I know I've been a fool all these years... But I need to see how my brother and his son respond to me. When I question them."

Rianna relaxed, "Very well. Just don't disappoint me or your son."

"I won't," Cyndre said.

"I'm not sure I'm following what's been happening, Your Majesty," Lord Brice asked in confusion.

"It's alright, Lord Brice. I'll brief you later," Cyndre said as he dismissed him.

Lord Brice nodded and left.

"I'll go ahead and start writing the proposal for the construction project. My son is going to be the happiest boy alive," Rianna said with excitement.

"Indeed... Mathew," The King stood up from his chair and extended his hand out to him.

"Yes, my King," Mathew asked as he shook his hand.

"I hate to lose one of my best knights... But I know it will be for a noble cause... Lady Wina."

"Yes, Your Majesty," Wina answered.

"Please, don't die on Mathew... I fear he'll destroy half the continent if you're not around."

Wina chuckled, "I don't believe that. But I promise, Your Majesty."

"Good. I'll pray to the Goddess to give you the strength and courage you need... May the goddess bless you both," The King blessed them before they left the room.

Rianna stood up from her chair and hugged Wina.

"You can always come back to us if you need help."

"Thank you, my Queen. But I'm not going alone and this is something we need to do to free me."

"Very well... Then let me know if I can do anything to help. I'll be looking out for your son."

"Thank you, my Queen."

"Now, off you go," Rianna said as she shooed them away.

Mathew and Wina bowed their heads before they left the room. They walked down the hall to the exit of the palace.

"Let's go and talk to Percy... I'm not sure how he's going to handle taking the news."

Wina sighed, "Yeah... I hope he understands that we can't stay here."

"I'm sure he'll understand. He's a smart boy. Just like his mother."

Wina smirked, "You're a charmer, aren't you?"

"Maybe," Mathew chuckled.

The two of them walked out of the palace and made their way to the training grounds where Quinus and Percy were practicing with Lady Nelumbo and Sir George.

"HA! You're getting faster, My Lord," Sir George praised him.

"Or maybe you're getting slower? Either way, I'm winning!" Quinus boasted.

Percy was panting while holding a short spear after sparring with Lady Nelumbo. He had a wide grin on his face while watching the prince fight his retainer.

Lady Nelumbo was shaking her head, "This isn't a tournament, My Lord. So, stop teasing your opponent."

"Aww, come on! I'm just trying to have some fun. I feel like we all deserve some after going through everything." Quinus said with a smile on his face.

Sir George laughed, "It's nice to see you having fun, My Lord. But you do need to take things more seriously. Or?... Do I have to show you how a real man fights."

"You can try," Quinus teased.

Sir George smirked, "That's it, My Lord. That's the spirit."

Sir George raised his shield as it started to glow with mana and charged at Quinus. The prince didn't waste any time channeling his mana into the Sun's Fury as he swung his legendary longsword towards Sir George and clashed with his shield. This caused the ground around them

to shake. Quinus and Sir George kept trading blows with their swords. Both were trying to push their opponent, but neither was gaining ground.

"That's the spirit, My Lord," Sir George praised as he continued his attack.

'Damn! I think the Cyclops' mana has strengthened me more than I realized.' Quinus thought as he easily parried all of Sir George's strikes.

"Is that all you got? I thought the Shield Champion was supposed to be better than this," Quinus taunted.

"You've become a lot stronger, my Lord. It's been a long time since someone was able to push me this far. HA!"

Percy was amazed at how much faster Quinus had become since the last time they trained.

"He's gotten a lot better," Wina said.

"Yes, he has," Mathew said.

"He'll be a great ruler if his father will just let him be."

"Don't worry, Wina. His mother will see to that."

Quinus was in the middle of performing an unorthodox horizontal swing with his sword, but he stopped when Sir George pounded his shield with his gauntlet causing a shockwave to stun him. Quinus was knocked on his ass and his Sun's Fury fell out of his hands.

"Not bad... But you still have some ways to go, My Lord... Because of that, I win," Sir George declared.

Quinus chuckled, "Well, I would be disappointed. If my retainer couldn't handle a ten-year-old... You seem to be sweating more than usual. Did I really push you that much, after one bout?"

Sir George laughed, "My Lord is quite sharp. But you're still not strong enough to defeat me."

"It will be only a matter of time before I put you on your ass, you'll see..."

"Your technique is getting sloppy! Try not to do that in the real battle, Prince Quinus," Lady Nelumbo warned.

"Haah... Yes ma'am."

Lady Nelumbo nodded her head. She turned around and saw Wina and Mathew, "Lady Wina, Sir Mathew. You two are early. Is everything alright?"

"Yes, I just need a moment with my son. That's all." Sir Mathew answered.

Lady Nelumbo understood what was going on and she nodded her head.

"I understand. Come on, Prince Quinus. We're done for today. We'll resume your training tomorrow," Lady Nelumbo instructed the Prince.

"Huh? Um... Okay," Quinus agreed.

Quinus went over and picked up his sword and sheathed it. Sir George stowed his shield and followed Quinus. Lady Nelumbo looked at Percy and grabbed his spear before walking away. Percy was the last one to leave the training field and he asked, "Mother, what's going on?"

"Come here," Wina instructed.

Percy ran over to his mother and looked up at her.

"What is it?"

Wina squatted down and hugged him tightly.

"Mom?"

"Percy, your mother and I are going away for a little while. And we're not sure how long it will take for us to return," Mathew explained.

Percy pulled away from his mother and looked her in the eyes, "Where are you going? Why can't I go with you?"

Wina smiled and brushed his hair out of the way of his eyes, "I never told you but I'm an assassin who betrayed the Society... They won't rest until they kill me... So, we're going to hunt them down. That's why you can't come with us."

"I can fight! I can-"

"Percy, it's dangerous and you're needed by the Prince's side... He would have died if you weren't there to aid him. I trained you to be his shadow and I expect you to protect him, understood?"

Percy had a look of disappointment in his eyes. He lowered his head and said, "I understand, Mother."

"Hey, hey. What's with that look?... You're not going to cry, are you?"

"I'm not going to cry... I'm just going to miss you, Mom."

"I know, Percy. And I'll miss you too..." Wina hugged him as he started to cry in her arms.

"Don't worry. If I ever need your aid I will send you a message."



"You will?" Percy asked.

"Yes. But it will be hard for you to get here. So, I want you to focus on helping the Prince and getting stronger, okay."

"Okay," Percy said as he nodded his head.

"That's my boy. Now, give your father a hug," Wina instructed him.

"I'm not a b-"

"Hug," Wina instructed him.

"Yea, Dad," Percy said as he hugged his father.

Mathew patted him on the head. He was proud of his son and would miss him dearly.

"Percy, I have a gift for you," Mathew said.

"You do?"

"Yes. And it's something you're going to use often. Close your eyes."

Percy closed his eyes. Mathew took out a short sword and placed it in his son's hands.

"Open them," Mathew instructed.

"Whoa! A sword," Percy said.

"It's a magical short sword, so be careful. I got it for you."

"Thank you," Percy said as he hugged his father's legs.

"Alright, go play. We'll be leaving the palace in two hours," Mathew said as he pointed towards Quinus and Sir George.

Percy nodded his head and ran towards the Prince. Wina watched him as he left.

"I'm going to miss that boy."

"We'll see him sooner than we'll think," Mathew reassured her.

Wina took a deep breath and stood up.

"Well, let's get ready to go."

Mathew nodded his head and the two of them headed to their room to pack. When they were getting ready to leave they were met by the New General Douglas, Queen Rianna, Quinus, Sir George, Lady Nelumbo, Miss Rose, Percy, and a lot of the staff and guards.

"Are you sure you don't need a couple of knights with you, Lady Wina?" Queen Rianna asked.

"I'm sure, Your Highness. Sir Mathew and I will be just fine."

"If you say so. Well, then. Let us pray."

They all kneeled down and joined the Queen in prayer. Afterward, Queen Rianna blessed the two and wished them luck. They all said their goodbyes before leaving. They went north in search of the Assassin's Society. It's a journey that was filled with many dangers and surprises. But Wina and Mathew were prepared for anything.