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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 183 Twilight Dancer

Dalia, Nieren, Percy, George, and Quinus were witnessing Rya having an existential crisis. She had six of her golems who brought out six large cases filled with clothes alone. Rya didn't realize how many dresses she accumulated over the past month.

'H-How have I been able to wear so many dresses in one month? Oh god, I'm turning into a princess, and I didn't know it!' Rya was mentally freaking out.

"Wow, Alpha! You have a lot of stuff," the wolfkin stated the obvious.

"I know..." Rya responded, "But how the hell did I accumulate this much crap?... Quin? Did you know I had this many dresses and shoes?..."

"Um, well, yes... I tried to warn you, but you looked so beautiful in those dresses that I didn't want to say anything," Quinus confessed.

Rya frowned, 'Why does he have to say something so sweet and make me feel bad...'

"Quin... If I ever complain about wanting a new dress, or a new pair of shoes, you have permission to slap me across the face," Rya said with a straight face.

Quinus shook his head, "How about I just tell you that you have too many, and maybe we can donate some of them."

"NO!... Oh god... I've become a spoiled princess..." Rya cried out.

'I thought I was in control of my feminine side! I thought I had more self-control! Where did I go wrong?!'

Rya looked back at the dresses, then at the case filled with her laboratory equipment. Then the case full of her potions and magical tomes came into view.

'Okay, the lab equipment and the tomes are a must... B-But that blue dress does bring out my eyes. A-And this yellow dress matches my hair. I-I guess the shoes are necessary, and the accessories will add a pop to my outfits... Get ahold of yourself Rya! Don't succumb to the girly temptations!'

"Uh, Rya... are you alright?" Nieren asked as she was concerned for her friend.

"I'm struggling to let go of the dresses... I need to be strong. I'm not the type of girl who worries about fashion," Rya muttered.

"You know it's fine if you want to bring the dresses, right? And I'm pretty sure his highness would get you a whole new wardrobe, if you asked him," Nieren replied.

Dalia chimed in, "Plus, these things just get in the way of fighting! You should focus on practical gear that won't limit your movements."

"No... That would be wasteful... 3C... 7B... R-Return those crates back into the palace storage... I-I think I can manage with... with only having two crates of my clothes... Yeah..." Rya ordered the two clones while using every ounce of her willpower to keep herself from bringing all of her dresses.

"Understood, Mistress," 7B responded.

"As, commanded," 3C replied.

Rya looked like she was about to cry as the four crates of dresses went back into the palace. Rya turned away and walked straight up to Quinus. She put her forehead into his chest and sobbed quietly.

"Hey, hey, hey... If you want them. I can order to have another carriage brought in," Quinus said as he hugged her.

Rya sniffled, "No, I need to be stronger than this. I can't fall into the temptations. It's only a few... dozen... dresses... I-I can live without it. I don't want to be a burden."

Quinus, Nieren, and Percy smiled at the dark elf's words. While Dalia looked confused, and Sir George thought Rya was being ridiculous.

Quinus looked over at Douglas, "Can't we allow her to bring more than two crates of her things? Is it really a bother if she brings all of her dresses? They're just clothes."

Douglas scowled, "Your Highness, I would have thought that you would have had a more level head-"

"Douglas! You've always been a good soldier, but you become an ass over the years. And now I find that a stick is crammed up your ass," Arathar shouted while coming out of the palace.

Everyone looked over and saw Arathar, Zellin, and Yuliana making their way to Rya.

"Arathar!?!... You're still alive? And not dead in a forge somewhere?" Douglas asked with a dumbfounded face.

"Hmph, talk your crap... I'm going to outlive you. Especially, if you keep defying the Prince," the dwarf shot back.

"I am acting within the authority of the King and Queen. I would have thought you would have realized that, old man."

"Douglas... You've been trying to be better than Kane for years and you've yet to be his equal. He was able to adapt to any situation. That's what made him one of the best tacticians the kingdom has seen. You've always been stuck in the past. So, you've failed to advance," Zellin added.

Douglas wanted to retort but he saw the prince's angry face and decided to stay quiet.

"Fine... If you are willing to offer another carriage to carry her Lady's things, then I will allow her to have more than two crates," the man replied bitterly.

The Royal Knights have never seen Douglas back down from any argument. Most of the knights started to see Zellin and Arathar as people whom they should keep on their good sides.

"He's not an ordinary dwarf," one of the Royal Knights whispered to another.

"I heard that he was the former Barron. I guess the title never left his body," the other replied.

Arathar and Zellin walked up to Rya who was hiding her face in Quinus' chest.

'God! I've made a mess of myself... Why did I have to cry over clothes!? I've been a woman for a month and already I'm acting like a stereotypical woman,' Rya groaned to herself.

"Oi, you can stop your crying, girl. I'm not letting you leave without giving you a proper sword," the dwarf announced.

"I'm not crying!" Rya yelled, but her voice was muffled in Quinus' chest.

Quinus couldn't help but smile at her and started patting her head. Rya felt her ears and hair being patted and she couldn't help but feel a shiver run down her spine.

'He's doing it again... That's cheating! He's taking advantage of my weaknesses... Ughh, I need to be stronger than this.'

"Ahem," Arathar cleared his throat, "Rya, stop molesting the Prince's chest with your face. I finished your sword. Now stop acting like a child and let me see your face."

'This short little asshole. It's Quin who's patting my head! Grr! He's ruining my moment with my boyfriend... Fine! I'll look at the sword.'

Rya slowly removed her face from Quinus' chest and looked down at the dwarf.

Arathar was holding the sword sheathed in a scabbard made out of some kind of leather and wood. There was an elaborate pattern on the scabbard that had some dwarven runes engraved into it. Rya could see that there was some kind of red stone set into the middle of the guard. The length and shape of the sword were similar to a Roman Mainz Gladius, but there were subtle differences.

'Damn... I wonder what the blade looks like... The grip and pommel look good. Huh, I see some runes on the side of the guard and some tiny ones are on the metal rings.'

Rya walked up to Arathar and knelt down so that she was at eye level with him. She could see that the dwarf was proud of the weapon.

"I have never forged a weapon as fine as this. It was a pleasure to create such a masterpiece," the dwarf praised.

"Well, I hope I'm worthy of your masterpiece, Master Smith," Rya replied.

"Here, take it," Arathar handed her the scabbard.

Rya carefully accepted the weapon and took a moment to inspect it. She stood up and grabbed the handle and pulled the sword out of the scabbard.

As soon as the sword was out of the sheath, the runes on the black blade started to glow red. Rya was mesmerized by the beautiful sword and her eyes sparkled with curiosity. She couldn't help but smile brightly.

"Wow... I have never seen such a beautiful blade. This is a work of art," Rya said with awe.

She saw a few runes and recognized them as the runes for heat, durability, sharpness, and fire.

"Aye... I made sure that the anti-magic enchantment was added to the blade. I also was proud of adding a special ability to it. Channel a little bit of your mana into it and then try it out," Arathar instructed.

Rya nodded her head and channeled a little bit of mana into the sword. Her eyes widened when the runes stopped glowing and the blade suddenly turned into a bladed whip.

'Holy shit! It's like the sword from an old video game I played. What was it again?... SoulCalibur?... Yeah, it's similar to Ivy's sword.'

"That's a neat trick," Rya remarked as she was swinging the bladed whip around.

"Heh, aye... I needed to create a blade that could survive the stress of your Earthly Dark Blade technique. So, I created a blade that can change its shape based on your will and mana. And with the runes on the blade, I made sure it was as durable as possible," Arathar stated proudly.

Rya looked impressed and continued to play around with the whip. The blade didn't weigh much and was easy to manipulate.

'Alright! Let's try out my Earthly Dark Blade.'

She channeled a lot of mana into the blade and the bladed whip became rigid. She looked across the courtyard and spotted a large rock about 25 feet away.

"Earthly Dark Blade!"

A pitch-black blade extended out into its whip form as the tip of the blade looked like it was shot out of a gun. The blade flew through the air and slammed into the large rock, shattering it into thousands of pebbles.

The Royal Knights watching were shocked at how much power Rya's sword had and they had never seen an attack like that before. Rya retracted the blade back to its normal form. At the same time, Arathar's grin was as wide as possible. He was extremely pleased with the results of his work.

"HA!... A fine demonstration... But there's one more thing it can do. If you channel more mana and focus it on the handle, it can create multiple whip blades. But you won't have the same range as the single-bladed whip."

Rya was curious and decided to give it a try. She focused a lot of her mana into the handle. She was able to feel something happening to the sword.

'Is this what he means?'

"Multi Whip!" Rya roared as she held the sword over her head.

Suddenly, a bunch of whips shot out of the end of the sword, each one about ten feet in length. The tips were also razor sharp. She could control where all twenty of the blades went and they were extremely agile.

'Holy shit! I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end of this sword.' Rya thought to herself as she admired the weapon.

She focused her mind and the blades quickly retracted and the sword became the normal shape of a gladius as the runes began to glow.

"I don't know what to say... Thank you, Arathar... Hopefully, I don't need to use it much. But I will cherish this weapon. This sword will never leave my side," Rya said sincerely.

Arathar's grin grew even bigger.

"HA! Use it as much as you want. I need my name to spread far and wide. If the sword does well then everyone will be clamoring for weapons made by me. And you are a fine warrior. You will be a fine champion of this sword."

Rya couldn't help but smile back and sheathed the sword into its scabbard.

"You won't regret it," she replied.

"I'm glad that you like it... But what's the name of it?"

Rya looked at the Dwarf in confusion, "The name of it?"

"Aye... All swords have a name. The blade needs to have a name," Arathar answered.

'Huh?... But shouldn't he name the sword? I mean he created the thing. Why do I need to come up with a name? Ugh! Damn, I'm not good at naming things.'

Rya's brows furrowed as she was in thought.

'But wait, the sword can change its shape, and I can control the shape of the blade. But Arathar's name is similar to the old legendary tales of King Arthur. But Quinus is the only one who could out me for being unoriginal. He wouldn't do that, right? Hmm, I'm going to give it a shot.'

"How about, Excalibur," Rya answered.

Arathar looked at the weapon and shook his head.

"That's a fine name for a man's sword, but you're not a man. So, what's the name of your sword?"

"R-Really? Okay? I'll come up with something else," Rya said as she couldn't believe Arathar shot down the first name.

'Yeah... I guess that's what I get for taking the easy way... Alright, time to be serious. What would a good name be?'

Rya thought for a moment before she had another idea. "How about... Twilight... Dancer," Rya offered.

"Hmmm... Twilight Dancer... Not bad," Arathar thought about the name for a few seconds before nodding his head, "Twilight Dancer it is. It's a good name for such a fine weapon. I like it."

Everyone around Rya was nodding their heads. The name fit the sword.

"Thanks again, Arathar. I'm grateful for this sword," Rya thanked the old dwarf.

"Aye, no problem," Arathar replied.

Quinus came up next to Arathar. He looked like he was waiting to get something from him. The dwarf looked at the prince with a smirk on his face.

"What... You think I have your gauntlets done? HA! You need to be patient. You will get them once I'm satisfied with them," Arathar scolded the prince.

Quinus didn't know how to respond at first, "You know... You could have said they weren't ready yet."

"HA!... What's the fun in that," the dwarf cackled.

Quinus just sighed and shook his head.

"Ah!... You need to learn a sense of humor, boy... Whatever! Go back to your mother. I'm sure she's getting worried," Arathar suggested.

"When do you think you'll finish the gauntlets?" Quinus asked.

"Maybe in two weeks if I don't get interrupted by people. I'll send them to the Royal Palace when they are complete," Arathar promised.

"Very well... I look forward to seeing your work, Lord Arathar," Quinus stated and nodded his head.

"Aye, aye," Arathar replied and then waved him off while walking back into the keep.

Quinus turned to Zellin who summoned his servant to get the second carriage for Rya's group.

Zellin walked up to Rya, "I wish you luck. Be careful in the human city. I'm sure there will be people who will unfairly label you as evil because of your race. Be mindful of your surroundings."

"Don't worry. I won't let anything happen. Plus, Quinus will have my back," Rya answered.

Hajdah, Laika, and the others from the Mage's Guild came up next.

"Oh, crap! I should return those tomes," Rya said with an apologetic tone.

"No worries, First Mage Rya. You can keep them. It's the least we can do after you helped us translate all of those ancient tomes for us. Plus, you've helped us enhance our methods of

casting magic... Just don't be flashing around the demonic tome in front of everyone," Hajdah chuckled.

'Yeah. Everyone who doesn't know me will jump to the conclusion that I'm "evil" just by having, the Demon Sage, Lord Grazon's book. The last thing I need is to have some religious Zealots on my ass.'

"Yeah... I'll make sure to find them a safe place. Thanks again for lending them to me," Rya expressed.

"You're welcome. We hope you come back and visit. We have much to discuss," Laika stated.

"Yeah. We can't have another powerful mage in the world and not have them on our side. So, if you ever need help, come here. The Mage's Guild will welcome you," Hajdah promised.

"You got it," Rya smiled.

Baron Zellin spoke up again, "Take care. If you need any help, you have the full support of Ironside behind you."

"Thanks, Lord Zellin. It's been a pleasure being your guest. And thanks for lending us another carriage... I'm a little embarrassed about all the things I have accumulated over the month," Rya thanked the Baron and blushed slightly in embarrassment.

"HA! No worries, Lady Rya. Take care, and hopefully, we meet again," Zellin smiled.

Rya nodded her head and heard the new carriage coming around the corner. It was being driven by two dwarven knights. The Royal Knights guided them towards the other carriage. Once they came to a stop, Rya's golems started loading her stuff into the carriage, as well as Yuliana's, Quinus', and Nieren's luggage. Which was nowhere near the amount that Rya had.

Once everything was loaded, Rya's golems turned back into dirt and rocks. The knights opened the door to the main carriage and helped all the VIPs in. Sir George was the only one who hopped on a mount with the other knights.

Rya waved her goodbyes, and the carriage began to move. The gates of the Ironside Castle opened up, and the royal knights rode their mounts and escorted the carriages through the city.