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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 164 Strangers in the Shadows

Night has fallen onto the camps outside of the Labyrinth of Lost Souls. Most of the Knights were still up, and the other three groups of bodyguards kept to themselves. Two of the groups only had two guards each. In contrast, Johnathan Bluewood brought five bodyguards.

And of the five, two of them were new hires. They were both twenty-year-olds from a foreign land north of the kingdom. The other three were older, and they had experience working as private guards for nobles throughout the kingdom.

"Oye? Are you two going to stare at those women all day, or are you going to get some sleep?" the commander of the bodyguards asked.

"We're only looking at the one woman, Master Ronin," one of the young bodyguards replied in a cold voice.

Ronin was a forty-three-year-old mercenary turned bodyguard that has been a soldier for the past twenty years. He served a noble house for the first fifteen years, then worked as a Royal Guard for the Kingdom of Fiafyr. He was a seasoned warrior and knew his way around a battlefield.

"Just keep your distance from the Prince's people... Oye! Nikolai. Zephyr. Are you listening to me?" Ronin yelled.

"Yes, Master Ronin... We heard you..." Zephyr said as he was studying all the Knights' patterns and routines.

"We'll take the first shift if you don't mind, Master," Nikolai said.

Ronin didn't know what to make of these two. They weren't all that talkative, and they seemed cold. Like they were murderers, and his master hired them without his input. But it wasn't his place to question his employer.

"Fine... Just don't bother anyone. Especially the Prince's party. We aren't on good terms with them, and we are outnumbered," Ronin replied.

"Yes, sir," the two replied.

Ronin just turned around and went to their tent. Once inside, he spots the other two guards sitting there on the ground, playing a card game.

"So, are those two taking the first shift again?" Rylan asked his commander.

"Yeah... Those two are a strange pair," Ronin replied.

"Why did the Lord hire those two freaks as his bodyguards? It's like-

"There killers, Rylan," Ronin interrupted.

"I see," Rylan replied.

Dante jumped into the conversation, "Do you know why they would hire killers to be our Lord's bodyguards? They aren't even from the kingdom. Their accents are very different."

"I don't know... Sometimes it's better not to know," Ronin said.

"Maybe they want us to fail," Dante muttered.

"I wouldn't worry about that. The Young Lord is a mage and is well-trained. He can protect himself... What I'm more worried about is how those two keep staring at the woman... The one that's dressed as a maid." Ronin said.

"Haha! Well, I can see two reasons why they are staring at her," Dante smirked as he played a card from his hand.

"Pff! Only two reasons? I count more than that," Rylan replied.

"You have a dirty mind, Rylan," Dante commented.

"I know," Rylan smiled.

Ronin sighed as he sat down in the chair, "Those two are not our concern. But I do worry that they are going to try something and we might need to throw them to the wolves. And that Knight Captain-

"Sir Mathew?" Rylan interrupted.

"Yes... Sir Mathew and the others aren't going to accept excuses. It's best if we just keep them away from the group, and if they disobey... We'll offer them up as a sacrifice," Ronin replied.

The other two didn't like that option, but it was a probable outcome.

"Understood," the two replied.

"Anyway, go get some sleep. Hopefully, we will be here for two more nights before the young lord finishes his trial. The faster we get out of here, the better," Ronin said.

"Understood, sir," the two replied.

They all got up and went to their bedrolls to go to sleep.

Zephyr and Nikolai were standing there watching the prince's camp for a few more hours as the twin moons moved across the sky.

"It's been a while since we were able to take our time, eh Zephyr?" Nikolai asked.

"Hmmm, this is nice. But it seems we aren't the only ones here..." Zephyr commented.

"I only noticed Soren's group. Did you spot another?" Nikolai asked.

Zephyr nodded his head.

"Yes, Zane's group is here too," Zephyr said.

"Hmmm... That makes things difficult. But it's not unexpected... As long as we can get the head of that traitor," Nikolai muttered.

"Yeah, it's not every day that an Umbralis assassin betrays their client and the Society," Zephyr said.

"Yes... I can already see us moving up the ranks already," Nikolai smiled.

"So can I. Once we return, the Society will have to promote us to Mortis rank," Zephyr said.

The two nodded their heads before they heard someone approaching from behind.

"Well, you two are bold. I didn't know you two liked to be bodyguards for a ten-year-old brat," a woman said.

Nikolai and Zephyr turned around to see a woman in her mid-thirties. She had a dark complexion, brown eyes, and short brown hair.

"Xenovia," Zephyr said.

"I see you haven't forgotten about me," Xenovia smirked.

"So, where are your other two friends?" Nikolai asked.

"They are dealing with the other two groups of bodyguards. We don't need to have them interfering," Xenovia replied.

"Leaving your marks on the dead is unwise. It will cause too many questions," Nikolai commented.

"True, but we are taking on an Umbralis assassin. The fewer variables the better. And it's not like we will be around this kingdom for a long time after this mission. So we'll just have to take care of any loose ends before we start. And speaking of loose ends. Are you going to take care of those three sleeping in the tent? Or have you grown soft?" Xenovia asked.

"Why dirty our blades when the Galebane Fumes can do the dirty work," Zephyr smirked.

"Hoh? I see... And we are downwind from the camp full of knights... Maybe I should give you two a little more credit," Xenovia commented.

"How flattering, I just don't know if you're planning to backstab us once we get the head of the traitor," Nikolai replied.

Xenovia smiled, "No... We'll let everyone else get their shot at taking down the traitor."

"What do you mean?" Nikolai asked.

"You've never seen an Umbralis assassin in the field before? Well me and my friends might lend you a hand if you haven't done anything to weaken her. I like to live for another job and we can't have traitors running free," Xenovia said.

Nikolai and Zephyr looked at each other with a puzzled look before looking back at Xenovia. They were about to speak when two of Xenovia's comrades joined her.

"Xenovia... Everything is taken care of... Hmm? So you two are here. That makes twelve assassins in total," one of the two men said as they came out of the shadows.

"Looks like it's going to be a bloodbath," the other man said.

"Yeah, just let the others engage her first. I don't know how good she is, and I don't want any surprises," Xenovia said.

"Why have you divulged so much information to us?" Nikolai asked.

"Because she is a traitor. And it's more important to kill her than get the promotion... And I like having five of us going after her simultaneously... The others will be our cannon fodder, and hopefully, they will wear her out before we act," Xenovia smiled.

"And we will take the glory and get promoted," Zephyr smirked.

"Exactly," the three said.

"Well, let's get the Galebane Fumes ready. I'm sure our other companions will join us soon enough. Once they see the smoke," Nikolai said.

Zephyr pulled out two vials filled with a green-tinted liquid.

"It will be a few minutes before the effects of the gas start. Let's remind her why you can never hide in the shadows with us," Zephyr said.

"Agreed," Xenovia smiled.

Zephyr walked towards the fire and threw the two vials. Once the vials were broken open the green gas started to pour out.

The night seemed so peaceful as Wina was sitting next to Lady Nelumbo. The bonfire was keeping them warm from the cool, crisp, night air, while the knights were either cleaning up or practicing a little swordsmanship.

"Hmmm... Seems like everything is fine," Lady Nelumbo commented.

"Indeed, I always enjoyed nights like tonight... But I fear I won't have too many more of these peaceful nights," Wina said.

"Hmm? Why's that, Lady Wina? Is it because Mathew wants you to have a second child," Lady Nelumbo grinned.

"No... It's something that the Eternal told me yesterday... I've been thinking about it, and I think I should leave the group once I've finished my mission here," Wina replied.

"Hmmm... That's a surprise... What is it that you must do? Are you going back to your old profession?" Lady Nelumbo asked in a quiet tone.

"Sort of... But it's different... I think I need to destroy the Assassins Society... There is no room for both me and them," Wina replied.

Lady Nelumbo looked over at Wina in shock, "You're planning on doing it alone! But what about Mathew? And what about your son? How will they react when you leave them?"

Wina had a concerned look written on her face. "I'll ask Mathew to join me. But I'll understand if he doesn't. But if he does, I would like you to watch over my son. I won't be gone forever, but I'll need you to watch him until I return or if he becomes a man," Wina smiled.

"But I can't... I can't watch a child! I have no experience in raising children." Nelumbo started to panic.

Wina laughed a little, "Hahaha, relax. It's not like you'll have to raise him by yourself. There will be others that can help you. Like-

"Sir George, Sir Richard, and the others... Hmm. I guess they can help out." Nelumbo replied.

Wina grimaced when Lady Nelumbo brought up Sir George.

"Listen, you've trained my son. He trusts you, and he's already eight years old. He's closer to becoming a good man... As long as Sir George doesn't try to teach my son how to pick up women with his terrible 'Love Sage' advice," Wina said.

Lady Nelumbo grimaced to, "Well, maybe the Queen can talk you out of this idea. You know the Assassin Society has a lot of members. How are you going to take them all on?"

"I don't know... All I can say is—" Wina stopped talking once she smelled something familiar in the air.

"Lady Wina? Is everything alright?" Nelumbo asked.

"Galebane Fumes..." Wina said as she stood up and hurried to her tent.

Lady Nelumbo was confused, but she followed after her.

Mathew was watching Sir George sparring with Richard, who was one of the younger knights in the group.

"Haha! I'm impressed by how fast you are, Sir George," Richard laughed.

"Well, when you survive what I've been through, you become a lot quicker and wiser. Well, most of the time," Sir George said.

Mathew smiled at the scene before him as Sir George was teaching Richard his special style of combat that utilized taking away one's space to corner them. Things seemed normal until he noticed Wina was staring off into the distance by the bonfire.

"I wonder what's on her mind?"

Soon he heard Sir Andrew and Sir Mitchell starting to cough a bit.

"What the hell is going on?" Mathew asked himself.

But then he smelled the stench of the Galebane Fumes.

"Assassins," Mathew growled.

Sir George was having too much fun sparring with the younger knight, so he didn't notice the green mist creeping closer to them. But he noticed Richard was struggling a bit to breathe and was about to lose consciousness.

"What the hell? Richard, are you oka-" Sir George was interrupted when he heard Mathew yelling.

"EVERYONE! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!"

As soon as Mathew shouted, Sir George saw the green mist and he smelled the foul stench that brought him back to the day when three assassins tried to kill the prince.

"Galebane Fumes... Shit!" Sir George growled.

"What the fuck is that?" Richard said in a hoarse voice.

"Richard, cover your mouth and hide. It's not safe," Sir George said.

"Understood sir," Richard replied before ducking into a tent.

Sir Mathew drew his sword and yelled, "Everyone to me! We have to defend ourselves. The enemy is using poison."

As soon as Mathew spoke, everyone drew their swords and surrounded the tents.

"Who's attacking us?!" Sir Andrew shouted.

"I don't know, but it's an attack," Mathew replied. But he knew who their target was. They were targeting his wife.

Sir George rushed over to Mathew, "I can't see Wina or Lady Nelumbo. We have to find them!"

"Agreed. Everyone, stick together and watch each other's backs. It's best if we stay in the open," Mathew said.

Everyone agreed and moved towards the middle of the camp with Mathew leading the way while George came up the rear with four knights in between. Luckily, Sir Mathew and Sir George have been exposed to Galebane Fumes in the past and their bodies have built up an immunity against the poisonous gas. But the rest of the knights in their party didn't, and they were struggling to breathe.

As Mathew was heading towards the bonfire where Wina and Lady Nelumbo were last seen, he didn't see them.

'I hope you know what you're doing, Win. If anything happens to you. I won't forgive them.'

Mathew was trying to look through the green mist but it was hard to make out anything.

"Sir, I don't see anything," Mitchell said.

"Stay close and follow my lead," Mathew ordered.

"Yes, sir," Mitchell replied.

It was at that moment Mathew and George started hearing footsteps coming from their right.

"Who goes there?! Identify yourselves!" Mathew shouted.

A silhouette appeared in the green mist, and then another two silhouettes appeared, and then another five more.

"Shit... Looks like the Society sent their assassins. We can't handle this many," George said.

"No! We stand our ground and fight them. If we lose, then we lose everything. For the sake of the kingdom," Mathew growled as he went into a defensive stance.

George drew his sword, "For the sake of the kingdom!"

"For the sake of the kingdom!" The four knights behind them shouted as they readied themselves.

The silhouettes were getting closer and then the sound of a whistle could be heard.

"I just hope they aren't vampires..." Sir George whispered to himself. Remembering how he almost got bitten by one, during the prince's assassination attempt.

The silhouettes came charging at them. Mathew was expecting a full-on assault, but the silhouettes split up. One went to the left, and the others went to the right, as they circled their party.

"Sir, what's going on?" yelled one of the knights.

"They want the poison to do the dirty work. But the poison can only kill us if we are exposed for a prolonged time. So it's going to be a battle of attrition. We will have to take care of the assassins as fast as we can, and then get the hell out of the camp," Sir Mathew yelled.

"I'll head right. You go left. It looks like the poison isn't going to dissipate any time soon. We won't have a lot of time," Sir George yelled.

"Let's get the bastards!" Mathew roared.

"FOR THE KINGDOM!" the five knights yelled as they charged at the silhouettes.

Soon the sound of blades clashing, echoed throughout the night.