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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 125 Dealing With Cruel Fates

The month has been uneventful for Quinus as he turned five months old. Besides finally being able to see colors as his eyes developed.

His face was still mostly the same as he continued to suck his thumb as his red-brown hair started growing out and his golden eyes stayed the same.

The other thing was his gums started to ache.

'Damn! Stupid teeth! Now I know why babies chew on everything they can,' Quinus thought as he rubbed his gums with his fingers

At the moment he was in his room with his wet nurse who was sitting on the bed watching him with a smile on her face. A royal knight standing in the corner and three maids moving around the room straightening things up after Quinus had a little play session.

"The young prince has a lot of energy. He's chewing on everything," Ariana said with a smile as she put away Quinus's toys.

'I'm sorry. My teeth just ache and it's really distracting me. I wish I could stop them,' Quinus thought as he rubbed his gums.

"You better watch out Miss Wina. His teeth will be coming in soon. I hear it's unpleasant to feed them when they come in," Ingrid said with a grim face.

Quinus gave a pitiful look at the mention of his teeth as he knew that Ingrid was right.

'Yeah, I'm not going to bite my mother or Wina when they give me their breasts. Well, at least I'm picking up some of their alphabet. Maybe I can find a book of magic or something to help me learn some spells,' Quinus thought as he continued to chew on his finger.

"I can handle a few bite marks, Ingrid. But it will make feeding him harder," Wina said with a serious face.

Quinus just gave her an irritated look. 'Have some faith in me!'

"Hahaha! That's the joys of motherhood," Ariana said as she looked at Quinus who was giving her an irritated look.

Ingrid then took Quinus's fingers out of his mouth and gave him a teething toy as she spoke, "It's not nice to give your us an irritated look, Prince Quinus."

Quinus made a pout face as he put the toy in his mouth and sucked on it.

'Yeah, I know. I wish I could have some ibuprofen or something. To dull this pain in my mouth,' Quinus thought as he continued to suck on the toy.

"I'm sure the Prince will grow out of it soon enough," Ariana said as she started to fill the bathtub with water.

"So, Sir Mathew. Have you gotten closer to breaking even with Miss Wina in chess? I've been seeing more and more people betting on you two," Ingrid asked as she went to the side to get a chair for Wina.

Sir Mathew was the royal knight in charge of guarding Quinus.

He had a pained look on his face as he spoke, "It seems Miss Wina is a master tactician at chess. I'm afraid I'll never break even in my lifetime. I'm glad that I can at least play a few matches with her."

"Hehe! But you have gotten better, Mathew. I fear someday you'll figure me out," Wina said as she looked at Mathew with a mischievous smile on her face.

"Hehe! That is the dream. To become able to predict your next move and beat you at chess," Mathew said with a smile on his face as he moved over to look at the prince.

Quinus watched the two interact and it was starting to become interesting. Wina was warming up to Mathew day by day. And they started flirting with each other when it was only the two of them in the room with Quinus.

The idea that they would eventually get married was becoming more and more probable.

Quinus started to suck his fingers again as he continued to think about the relationship between Wina and Mathew.

'I wonder if I get to choose who I want to marry one day... Or since I'm a prince it's most likely not in my hands anymore.' Quinus thought with a worried expression.

Quinus's eyes looked up to see Ariana giving him a warm smile as she spoke, "You two are getting bolder every day."

"We went a little too bold when we first met. I just needed to know if we can get along with each other," Mathew said as he looked at Wina with a smile.

Wina just laughed as she shook her head.

Quinus decided to focus back on his toy.

"Well, I hear that all the nobles in the Fiafyr Kingdom are coming to see the prince for the first time. It seems the Queen is organizing a feast to introduce you to the world," Ariana said as she poured some soap into the tub.

"Yeah. The King and Queen will show their adorable prince to all the nobles and royal family," Wina said as she smiled at the thought of the prince being showcased to the world. It was strange how she was becoming so attached to the boy in such a short amount of time.

Wina's will to complete her mission was in jeopardy the more time she spent with him. And she experienced something she has only heard about.

She had her first menstrual cycle. It was a shock to her as she felt the strange cramps before the bleeding.

It made her have mixed emotions. A part of her didn't like the idea of having this type of discomfort every month but the other part of her realized that she could have a child someday and it made her giddy.

She could no longer deny that she had changed not only physically, but emotionally as well. She didn't want to kill the prince and she now wanted to have a future. She didn't know what this future was yet, but she wanted to enjoy it.

Wina wanted to find a way out of this contract. But she didn't know how. And at some point, she will have to deal with the consequences of not fulfilling her obligation or fulfill it and try to start a new life elsewhere.

'Why must the fates challenge me so? Why must I be cursed with being raised as an assassin,' Wina thought as she looked at the prince.

She hoped the fates would give her a way out but she knew better than to hope for such a thing.

Quinus sucked his teething ring as he looked around the room and saw Mathew staring at Wina with a happy smile.

Quinus made a frown and sucked on the ring harder as he continued to watch the two.

'Those two need to get laid! I don't know what is up with Wina, but she needs to stop playing hard to get,' thought the prince.

A few days later at the Divalo Manor.

Duke Alaric Revelia was in the courtyard examining his son's progress with his wind magic training as there were three straw dummies set up in three different locations.

A small breeze started to form around the dummy that had a human shape to it as Duke Alaric observed his son who was standing with his eyes closed and arms outstretched.

"Wind bullet!" Yelled Marcus.

The gust of wind hit the dummy causing the dummy to blow apart.

'A decent attack. But that is the limit of his wind magic. It's just a light breeze to most monsters. My son may have been blessed to be a mage. But of course, he got a support element instead of a primordial element, like fire or water. Are the fates testing me and my family again,' Duke Alaric thought to himself as he continued to watch his son.

"That's good, Lord Marcus. With a bit more practice. We can venture out to the Bronze Catacombs to help grow your mana vein," said Marcus's tutor, Armitage.

"The Bronze Catacombs? But there's nothing but slimes in there! I can barely feel my veins grow, even after slaughtering over a hundred of those weaklings!" Complained the 9 years old Marcus Revelia.

He had his father's gray hair that he wore short and wore a red tunic with black pants.

"I'm sorry Lord Marcus. I know you wish to be an Elite or a Demi-God when it comes to mana growth, but you're lucky enough to be a Master level like your father. It's always wise to continue to grow your vein as much as possible. You need patience and dedication if you are to grow into a powerful wind mage," Armitage said as he tried to calm the young noble down.

"I-I know! But I need to learn Razor-phoon as soon as possible! I refuse to stay in my father's shadow any longer!" Marcus yelled as he crossed his arms over his chest.

"You're still young and you have to kill a few thousand of those slimes before the possibility of your mana vein growing strong enough for you to use a lesser version of Razor-phoon, Lord Marcus... Let's master the basics before we attempt using a novice spell," Said Armitage with a worried face.

Marcus just pouted.

Duke Alaric shook his head as he recalled the time when he was his son's age. And had a similar anger within him. Especially when his younger brother not only had his father's golden eyes but seemed to be an Elite and was able to catch up to him while defeating fewer monsters in the labyrinth.

It took Cyndre 5 years to surpass him when he turned 10 years old while Alaric was 17 and still regularly going to the labyrinths to try to stay ahead of his younger brother.

It was something that still bothered him. But now he had to worry about his son and he prayed that his last-ditch effort to kill his nephew wouldn't backfire on him.

'My boy might be cursed just like me. He may be the rightful heir but life can be cruel. That assassin better come through. So my boy can get his birthright back,' Duke Alaric thought to himself.

Marcus yelled out, "Wind Bullet!"

A gust of wind shot out and the dummy blew away.

"Yes! Another one hit! I can do this!" Marcus yelled as he pumped his fists.

Duke Alaric just nodded without showing any emotion.

Marcus looked at him and sighed before he calmed down.

"What is it, Father? Did I do something wrong?" Marcus asked with a worried face.

Duke Alaric shook his head, "No. Just do as Master Armitage says. Continue to kill those slimes and you will be able to cast higher level spells. We can't have you experience mana exhaustion."

Marcus looked down as he didn't say anything as his father just walked off leaving him behind.

"Lord Marcus, your father doesn't want you to go the way of many other young ambitious mages. It's what makes us dangerous and unstable when we push ourselves past our limits. I'm sorry that I can only offer you my assistance but I will continue to guide you the best I can," Armitage said as he put his hands on the 9-year-old shoulders.

Duke Alaric walked back inside the manor and was heading back to his study when he heard one of his Butlers hurrying towards him.

"Duke Alaric. There's a message for you from Belial. He's gotten word from one of our people inside the palace," said the duke's butler named Weint, as he stood at attention before his master.

Duke Alaric just stared at Weint before he spoke, "And what does this message say, Weint?"

"I-I don't know your Lordship. I was told to get you as soon as possible," Weint said as sweat started to drip down his forehead as he realized he must have made a mistake in delivering the message.

"Tell Belial to meet me in my study when he returns," Duke Alaric said as he continued to walk off without saying anything else to the butler.

Weint gave a sigh of relief before he started to bow and then hurried back to wait for Belial. Who was busy with some other work.

'Does Weint serve me or Belial? That fool should know better,' Duke Alaric thought as he arrived at his study and sat down at his desk.

After an hour passes Belial comes to the Duke's study with a report.

Duke Alaric sat at his desk as he looked at Belial.

"So, Weint said that you have some news for me," Duke Alaric asked.

"Yes, your Lordship. Our people finally got in contact with the... Freelancer. She thinks her earlier estimate of completing the task was incorrect but she has broken ground and is expecting to complete her task in five to six months," Belial spoke in code to his master.

"I see... Belial. You don't need to speak in code when you're in my study. I appreciate your caution, but your paranoia isn't needed in this room," Duke Alaric said as he pulled out a bottle of wine and two cups.

"Yes, my Duke. Forgive me, your Lordship," Belial said with a bow.

The Duke poured two cups of wine for the two of them.

"Is there anything else I should know? Has anyone been suspicious of me?" The duke asked.

"No one suspects a thing, your Lordship. But Grim seems to be worried about some rumors about the assassin falling for the royal knight, Sir Mathew," answered Belial as he declined to drink wine with his master.

Alaric took his wine glass and swirl the red liquid around to let it breathe while he turn his chair to look out the window before taking a sip of the dark red wine.

"Is Sir Mathew the head of security detail? It's not strange for the assassin to get close to the royal guards. She said that is her job after all," Duke Alaric said as he stared off into space.

Belial nodded and just stayed silent as he waited for his master to say more.

"If these rumors persist after five months, then we might need to reevaluate our little viper's contract. Send a message to Wina that she can take her time and that we will honor her request. But tell her, I'll give her an extra 15,000 gold if she completes her task in the next two months. The sooner Quinus is out of the picture the sooner my son can get the throne," Alaric said before taking another sip of his wine.

"As you wish, Duke Alaric. I'll send the message," Belial said as he got up and left.

Duke Alaric drank the rest of the wine before he looked out the window and he thought to himself.

'If this fails to get my son's birthright back. We may need to accept our cruel fate... I hope my boy can handle being a Duke for the rest of his life,' Alaric thought as he stared off into the distance.