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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 170 Cyndre's Ultimatum**

The sun was high in the sky and the birds were chirping throughout the capital city of Tairal. The people were out and about enjoying a spring-like day. Some were heading to the markets while others were heading to the taverns for lunch. People were working in the fields and the knights were patrolling the streets. The Maldura Royal Palace was no exception to the joyous atmosphere. It was buzzing with servants and guests coming and going. The knights were doing their rounds and the guards were at their posts.

The King's carriage looked like a motorcade with knights on horseback up in the front. As well as having an additional two dozen royal guards and a couple of servants coming up the rear. They were traveling towards the Divalo Manor for his sister-in-law's, Leandra Revelia, baby shower. Even with the beautiful day, King Cyndre's mood was dark. He was worried about his brother and nephew's loyalty. The King wasn't sure if they were involved with the newest attempt on Quinus' life. He didn't know if he could trust them and deep down he wanted to, but he was determined to find out one way or another.

"Your Majesty? Are you okay? You look stressed," Lord Brice asked.

King Cyndre looked at him and sighed, "I have too much on my mind... I'm sorry I didn't listen to you earlier, Brice. If only I paid attention, then we wouldn't have gotten ourselves into this mess."

"What do you mean, Your Majesty?"

"Your warnings about my brother and his son's behavior. I should've paid more attention, but I didn't. Now, my son has been attacked again."

Lord Brice's eyes widened, "He tried something recently?"

"His son did... At the Trials."

"How do you wish to proceed, My Liege? Do you want me to summon them and interrogate them? It will cause a scandal, but it will give us answers."

"No... Let me handle them... For now."

"Yes, Your Majesty," Lord Brice bowed his head.

Soon they reached the outskirts of the city. Lord Brice had something on his mind.

"So, you had a private audience with Lady Wina and Sir Mathew... If you don't mind me asking... What was the meeting about, your Majesty?"

"They were reporting the attempt on my son's life, as well as their own lives. It seems that my brother told the Assassin's Society about her failure to uphold their creed... So, she told us that she needed to go on the offensive with Sir Mathew by her side. That means we are without two of the kingdom's strongest protectors."

"The assassins are hunting her?... How many were sent after her?"

"Around twenty-five... Most were lower-ranked assassins. Lady Wina believes they'll send higher-ranked assassins the second time around. And if she's able to defeat the next wave, they'll just send more and more. Until they successfully kill her... It's a fate that I don't wish for anyone."

"Do they know that it was the Duke that sent them?"

"It's highly likely... But we don't have physical proof. And neither does Wina... If I had that evidence, then I would have him executed."

"You're the King. You don't need proof to execute him. He is a traitor to the throne. Even if it wasn't him who attacked the prince," Lord Brice advised.

"I gave him a soft punishment for his earlier crimes... I can't retroactively change that unless we want most of the nobility to turn against me."

"I see... You're too kind, Your Majesty."

King Cyndre chuckled, "Am I?"

"I think you are, Your Majesty."

King Cyndre shook his head.

'No... I made things worse for my son and the kingdom... I've made many mistakes...'

"I'm sorry, Your Majesty. I didn't mean to upset you."

"You didn't... I'm just lost in thought. That's all."

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It wasn't too long before they arrived at the manor. The servants were greeting and helping all the nobles who were just arriving in the foyer before the King. Once the King's carriage stopped his servants opened the door and helped the King out. Lord Brice followed him inside the manor and greeted the guests while the Royal Knights weren't too far behind. They were both wearing expensive clothing, but King Cyndre's were the most extravagant. He had a black suit with gold and red highlights. It had a long jacket and a pair of dark gray pants.

The two of them made their way towards the party where everyone was enjoying themselves.

Alaric was laughing and drinking wine with Viscount William Lysander and Baron Alistair Dravenhart. There was food and wine everywhere and there was music being played in the background.

"It's a wonderful party... How did he get enough money to pay for this," Lord Brice asked.

"That's a good question... But I doubt we'll get a straight answer... Let's wish Leandra and her daughter the best... Then I need to have a chat with my brother and nephew. Make sure you're within earshot," King Cyndre instructed.

Brice nodded his head. They continued to the top of the stairs and waited for The Lord Stewart to introduce the King.

"Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen. Please welcome the guest of this wonderful event, His Royal Majesty, King Cyndre Meredydd!" The Lord Stewart shouted.

Everyone looked to the King and bowed or curtsied. Cyndre walked down the long staircase greeting a few people here and there as he walked towards the Duchess and her baby girl. When he reached them he gave her a bow.

"Congratulations, Duchess. I hope all is well for you and your child," Cyndre said.

"Thank you, Your Majesty. And thank you for attending the party."

"Of course, of course. I would never miss an opportunity to celebrate with the family."

"I see you have made it, but I don't see your wife or son-"

"The Queen had something that came up. And my son is traveling, but they send their regards." Cyndre lied with a straight face.

"I see... Well, I hope they feel better soon," the Duchess said.

"Thank you, Duchess."

"Please, help yourself to the wine and food," the Duchess offered.

"I'm sure you do not want me to drink, Duchess. It might be bad for the baby," Cyndre joked.

"Oh, you're quite funny, Your Majesty." Leandra humored the King.

Cyndre chuckled, "Enjoy the rest of the day, Duchess. And again, congratulations."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," the Duchess bowed.

Cyndre turned his attention to his brother and nephew. One was drinking wine with his friends while the other looked bored standing in the corner with young nobles trying to talk to him.

'I guess I'll approach my nephew first... I'm sure my brother will come over once he realizes I'm talking to Marcus.'

The King approached the young Viscount and greeted him with a smile. Marcus was caught off guard when his uncle showed up. He put his wine glass down and greeted him with a bow. The younger nobles scurried off leaving the King and Viscount alone.

"Greetings, Uncle."

"Marcus... I haven't seen you of late... I hope you haven't been too busy," the King said.

"Not at all, Uncle... I've just been taking care of family business."

"Hmmm. Well, I guess you dodged the arrow with having another sister in the family."

"Arrow?" The nineteen-year-old asked.

'You can't play dumb with me, Marcus.' Cyndre thought as his gaze narrowed and the friendly persona disappeared.

"Yes... I know how jealous you would be. Because they would have been the next in line if anything bad were to happen to me or my son. I guess your sister is lucky as well."

Marcus wasn't used to this line of questioning from his uncle and it threw him off.

"Uh, right."

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Alaric couldn't pay attention to the conversation with William Lysander or Alistair Dravenhart. He noticed that his brother was talking to his son first. After all these years, his brother would never go out of his way to talk to his son alone. It made him nervous.

"Alaric, what's wrong?" William Lysander asked.

"Huh? Nothing, I'm sorry... But I need to go to my son. I'll be right back," Alaric said.

William and Alistar looked where Alaric was looking and they saw the King and Marcus. They looked at each other and realized the King was questioning him about something.

"Is there something we need to know," Alistar whispered.

"It's probably nothing... Don't worry," William said.

"I can't risk it," Alaric said as he finished his wine.

The Duke made his way towards the King and his son. He could tell that his son was uncomfortable with the King's questions. Once Alaric was within earshot he tried to listen at first, but he couldn't make out what they were saying. So he summoned a smile before coming in closer.

"Ah! Alaric... This is the first time I can remember that you came to me. Instead of me coming to you. To what do I owe this pleasure?" Cyndre said with an eerie smile written over his face.

"Brother... I notice you talking to my son... And you know how uncomfortable he gets around you. So, I thought I would come over and save him," Alaric explained while still holding his smile.

"Why would my favorite nephew feel uncomfortable? We were just catching up. Right, Marcus?"

"Yes, Uncle," Marcus agreed with an unsure tone.

"There you have it. Nothing out of the ordinary. Isn't that right, Brother?" Alaric asked with a glint in his eye.

"I'm not sure what you're referring to..."

Alaric has never seen his brother act like this before. It was unusual. He's always been the one to be the aggressor and now his brother was the aggressor. He could tell that his brother wanted to know more about something, but he didn't want to press the issue in front of his son.

"I heard Quinus left for the trials about a week back... I haven't heard any updates of late... But he seems like a boy who could pass it with minimal issues," Alaric was trying to change the subject.

"Yeah... I'm sure... He'll pass the trials unscathed," Marcus added as he smirked. It looked like he was imagining the Prince failing the trials and dying to the monster.

"Oh ho!... Well, I have good news, Brother."

"Oh?" Alaric questioned.

Marcus snapped back to reality and his face was filled with confusion for a brief moment.

"Yes. Quinus has passed the trials and has made it home. My son is incredible, is he not, brother?"

"Uh, yes. That's amazing," Alaric said with a bit of annoyance.

Marcus clenched his jaw and his hands balled up into a fist. He wasn't pleased to hear that the prince had survived the trials.

"It is, isn't it? But it wasn't all smooth sailing. Turns out that there was a monster that the adventurers missed. I probably should get some of my money back, but that's another problem for a different day." Cyndre said with a smug look.

"So he had to run away like a coward," Marcus hissed.

Alaric's eyes went wide while Cyndre turned to glare at his nephew. Marcus' eyes went wide and realized he said that out loud.

"So, nephew... You know what my son faced."

"I-I-I... Umm. A monster?"

"Haha... Of course, it was a monster. I just said that. But do you know what type of monster, nephew?"

"A... Um... A giant wolf?" Marcus tried to lie.

"That would be too easy. It turned out there was a full-grown adult cyclops." Cyndre said as his golden eyes started to glow with anger.

"Then it would make sense that he would run away," Alaric tried to cut in.

Cyndre smirked and shook his head, "No, brother... He slayed it with no weapons... It's like the fates are smiling down upon him like a true Malduran king..."

Marcus became angry while Alaric was starting to understand what was going on. His son had another plan to kill Quinus. And it failed... miserably. He was starting to worry about his family's safety. But he thought he could calm Cyndre down like he always did.

"A Cyclops?... He must be stronger now after slaying such a beast."

"Indeed, he is, brother... It's wonderful to know that no matter how many times someone tries to plot against my son... They will never succeed."

Alaric couldn't help but feel afraid at that moment. His normal stoic face was gone as he was sweating bullets. Marcus was starting to feel dread for the first time when he saw his uncle's eyes which were filled with malice and hate. And his face was full of contempt. Alaric wanted to try to smooth things over, but he didn't know if he could.

"Brother... Are you suggesting something? Because if you are, I think you're mistaken," Alaric said.

"Am I, Alaric? Am I mistaken?" Cyndre said as his golden eyes glowed with fury. He moved his face close enough to Alaric that he could feel his breath.

"Y-yes, brother... You're..." Alaric couldn't finish his sentence.

"So, you didn't lie to me? Because I remember you saying you would no longer plot against the throne... Do I have to worry about the people in this room plotting against me or my son? Do I have to worry about you killing anyone loyal to the throne?"

Alaric took the hint that Wina was attacked by the Assassin's Society. But he didn't know whether she was alive or not.

"I think you're getting the wrong idea, brother."

"No, Alaric... I believe I'm right! And I believe I might have been too soft on you... Ten years ago... When I gave you a chance to redeem yourself."

Alaric calmed himself while having a stare-down with his brother.

"So... Are you planning on sending the kingdom into chaos?"

"Oh! Believe me... I would love to rectify my mistakes, but I think it would be way more fun to make you watch the kingdom become stronger than it ever has been, with my son's rule and influence. Just to show you that it is our birthright, Alaric!"

Marcus and Alaric were at a loss for words. Alaric was trying to process everything that was going on. And Marcus was thinking about how he was going to get out of his father's fury. He didn't want to explain to him how he failed to kill Quinus.

"S-So you're saying that you don't have proof?"

"Oh... I have all the proof that I need. Nevertheless, why should I stop your son's plotting when everything he does benefits, Quinus... However, I will execute your son if Lord Bluewood's boy somehow dies mysteriously," Cyndre warned them.

Marcus's blood ran cold, and his face was pale.

"I-I'm sure there is a reason why Marcus would do such a thing," Alaric tried to defend his son.

"You mean like his hatred for my son?"

"..."

Cyndre's stare was starting to make Alaric break.

"Let this be my final warning to the both of you... If you defy me or my son one more time, then I hope you can handle the consequences... Is that clear?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," Alaric answered.

"Y-Yes, Uncle."

Cyndre glared at Marcus.

"I-I mean, your Majesty."

The stare-downs had been going on for so long that Leandra had to intervene.

"Is everything alright, Your Majesty?"

Cyndre stepped back and his searing glare changed to a gentle gaze.

"Everything is fine, Duchess. I was just telling my brother how lucky he is to have a woman like you in his life. That is all."

"Oh... Thank you, Your Majesty. I'm lucky to have him."

Alaric and Marcus stood there in a daze. They weren't able to comprehend what was happening.

"Well, would you like some dessert?" Leandra asked.

"Oh?... I wouldn't want to be a bother... Would you like some, Brother? Nephew?"

Marcus snapped out of his daze and shook his head.

"No... Thank you," Marcus said.

"I'm fine," Alaric muttered as he still had a look that was lost in thought.



Everyone around them didn't know what to make of this situation. They didn't want to get involved, but the nobles were whispering about the whole situation.

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Lord Brice had watched the whole thing. He had never seen his King that angry before. And once he noticed everyone was looking at the three. He knew he needed to act. He looked around before quickly thinking up an idea of how to get his King out of there. Without raising any more suspicion. So he walked over to King Cyndre and he started whispering in his ear.

"My liege, act like I'm telling you something important right now," Lord Brice whispered.

Cyndre's face turned serious, "I see."

"Yes, Your Majesty. Now nod your head... And do it again..."

Cyndre was following along with Brice's instructions and it seemed to have worked.

"That's unfortunate... Well, my duties call. My apologies, Duchess. It seems I'll have to grab some of your lovely desserts another time."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Your Majesty."

"Thank you, Duchess. And congratulations again. And please do enjoy the rest of your day."

"Thank you, Your Majesty."

Cyndre nodded his head to all the guests who were bowing and curtsying. He left the party and headed back to his carriage. Lord Brice followed him into the carriage before they took off to the royal palace.