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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 129 I'll Take Care of the Brat

King Cyndre was meeting with five men from his counsel about the affairs of the Fiafyr Kingdom. There were his top advisors and generals. Cyndre was hoping to get this meeting over quickly so he could get ready for his son's party.

"Your Majesty... We have all the royal guardsmen on standby for the party and the Monster Culling Request issued last week to the Adventure's Guild has cleared out quite a few monsters. The surrounding areas of the countryside should be safe for the Lords and Ladies that are coming to visit for your son's first party," Lord Brice said as he looked over the report in his hands.

"I understand that but what I'm more concerned with is the state of the soldiers on the western front. The labyrinth over there hasn't had an expedition in over a month. I'm concerned that a monster stampede is going to occur if we don't do something to mitigate it. The last time a stampede happened was over 60 years ago. I fear that it's due to become a problem," King Cyndre said.

"Your Majesty, you don't need to worry. The Shadow Tombs have a good amount of adventurers exploring it now. And we can handle this stampede. It will be dealt with as soon as it shows," Lord Brice said with a smile.

The King shook his head, "I was talking about the Tomb of the Horde that's southwest of Ironside. It's next to the frontier town of Kishin."

"Oh? What's so important about that tomb?" Lord Brice asked with a confused look on his face.

King Cyndre sighed and looked at his counsel, "So you are not familiar with the town of Kishin? General Kane, you're more familiar with that region, when dealing to the last stampede during my father's reign."

General Kane stepped forward as the 80-year-old man dressed in a black general's outfit bowed slightly and started talking. "Lord Brice, you must have heard about that town when you traveled to Ironside."

"I know where Kishin is located Sir Kane," Lord Brice replied with a sigh.

"The town of Kishin was a part of a small kingdom southwest of Ironside. The small kingdom was overrun, and the last surviving town was Kishin and they requested asylum from Barron Arathar Coldforge. He answered the call and beat back most of the horde but lost a good portion of his men until I arrived to aid him with the King's army. I was a captain then. Afterward, Arathar went into the labyrinth and sent a report saying that he couldn't find the dungeon's core and estimated that there might be another stampede that could happen in the next 60 years or so. We have passed the date of that monster swarm about two weeks ago," General Kane said with a serious tone.

"This event happened before I was born and happened during my grandfather's time when the monster stampede happened. And when I learned about this I sent a request for the guild to find the core of the labyrinth," King Cyndre added.

"That's an interesting story. All I know about the frontier town is that Arch-Duke Revelia has gotten favor with the minor Lord. I don't know why your brother has spent all his time winning over so many of the minor lords of the kingdom. And not the lords of the nobles who have served the throne for many generations," Lord Brice said with a sigh.

"What I'm concerned about is the lack of information on the Monster Stampede that was located near Kishin. It's not a big town so getting good adventurers there is difficult," The King said with a deep sigh.

"I'm not familiar with what type of monsters it spawns," Lord Brice asked with a questioning look.

The King looked at Lord Brice, "From what General Kane told me. It's a mano species dungeon. Goblins is what comes out of it. And it's the only labyrinth in our kingdom that spawns them."

Lord Brice frowned, "So it's a goblin dungeon then? I thought they were simple to kill, Your Majesty."

The King nodded while General Kane responded, "They are. But the spawn rate of the Goblin Horde is more common than any other monsters. And if they live long enough they become hobgoblins. And that's the bigger issue. Their rate of population is higher than any other dungeon monster in the known world. And they use females to make the numbers grow faster."

King Cyndre jumped in, "And that's why I want you to tell the Baron to keep a close eye on it. I know he's dealing with a manticore right now. But I need him to run point on this issue."

The King stood up and walked to a window and looked out over the city.

"Your Majesty, I was going to mention this later but I feel this is the right time now to inform you about the other news from Ironside. Arathar has advocated the Barony to his son Zellin Coldforge. He says it was time for his son to become a man. I don't know what he means by that last part," Lord Brice said with a serious tone.

The King shook his head, "That old Dwarven fool... So, you decided to pass off your responsibilities to your son and your people...? So be it."

"Your Majesty? I don't understand why you are upset with this development?" Lord Brice asked with a confused look on his face.

"Arathar is your typical dwarf... All he wants to do is create weapons and armor in his forge. He never liked all the noble events or dealing with the political side of being a Lord. So, I guess his son, Zellin, has come of age and it's time for Arathar to retire. That old dwarf has always been a little too independent. But, I still like him. I just wished he could have waited until that labyrinth was under control first," King Cyndre said.

"Maybe he thinks it's not as big of a threat as he first thought. I'm more worried about your brother's influence on the minor lords of the kingdom. It feels like the Arch Duke is coming for your crown, Your Majesty." Lord Brice said with a serious tone.

King Cyndre turned to his council and shook his head, "No... My brother isn't after my crown... He probably was doing all of this because he thought Marcus was going to be crowned the next heir. Until my Queen gave birth to my son... No, Brice. He's not doing anything that I would see as nefarious."

Lord Brice and the other members of the council all looked at each other. They weren't fully convinced by what the king said.

King Cyndre noticed that they were looking at him. And knew that they didn't believe his words.

"I know my brother better than I know the back of my hand. He loves our kingdom so much so that he wouldn't risk civil war in the court. He knows that he isn't in line for the throne. And he thought his son was likely to be next and was preparing him in case of that possibility. My brother can be a stubborn man but I don't question his loyalty to the kingdom. I just wish that he could be a little more open to the rest of us," King Cyndre said as he walked back towards his throne.

He took a seat and looked at the other members of the council.

"Your Majesty... We are just concerned that he might be plotting because he has been absent ever since seeing Prince Quinus a few days after he was born. We know he loves the kingdom, but we feel that he sees himself as the ruler of our lands and not you, Your Majesty." Lord Brice said with a frown on his face.

The King shook his head and sighed, "When Marquess Duval thought that he was planning against me. Duval made a special treaty with seven of the major lords that stated that both Alaric and I would only be allowed to have one wife and no concubines. Otherwise, we risk forfeiting our positions as royals and nobles. Alaric signed it immediately, without hesitation. He is not trying to take my kingdom. He loves this country like I do."

The other members of the council frowned when they heard about the special treaty that their King agreed to from Duval.

They didn't like the way the Prime Minister and his cronies came up with this treaty that could have weakened the royal family.

"Was this treaty something the Duke came up with?" Asked Lord Brice.

The King shook his head, "It was Duval's idea. The Marquess may be a shrewd man but he doesn't like conflicts that lead to bloodshed. He just wished for there to be peace among our Lords."

Lord Brice nodded as he thought about the treaty and how it could have benefited the kingdom in the long run.

"Well, we will keep an eye out just in case the Duke's actions are more than what it seems. But we are at your command, Your Majesty," Lord Brice said as he stood up and bowed to the king.

The others did the same and stood up and bowed to the king.

"Thank you, gentlemen. I need to get ready for my son's party. Lord Brice, please inform Lord Archibald of my departure. I'm traveling to Silverhaven Coast by tomorrow's sunrise to assess how bad the damage was from the sea storms," The King said.

"As you wish, Your Majesty. Good day to you and your son," Lord Brice said as the king dismissed him and the others from his council room.

'This is not a good omen for the kingdom. I pray that the barony is prepared for anything that may happen... Arathar, you old dwarven bastard... I hope your son's up to the task if the stampede comes.' Thought the King.

In the city streets of Tairal a robed figure moves through the shadows as if it was one with the night. It moved silently and swiftly through the dark streets with ease.

This figure went around a few turns before coming to a run-down building close to the north wall of the city.

This was the home of the Mortis-ranked assassin group and their current hideout.

And when the lone figure made it inside the building she made sure the coast was clear.

"Is that you Violet? Anything new to report?" Said Gwin as she came out of the shadows to meet her.

Violet looked at Gwin and nodded her head.

"I finally found an opening in the palace's wall and made it to the servants' quarters. They are all busy making their last-minute preparation for the first prince's ceremonial party. I'll have to get closer and have another look before I'm sure about what's happening inside the palace. But I know that they are having a huge party tonight," Violet said as she walked over to a table and took a seat.

"I wonder if Ash has found anything yet," Gwin said with a frown.

Violet pondered in silence for a minute before she shook her head, "I'm not sure. But he's most likely doing his reconnaissance on the perimeter of the palace trying to spot where the brat's room is. He has a weird knack in finding these things."

Gwin nodded and leaned on the table and looked at Violet.

She was about to ask her something when another figure snuck into their hideout.

"So, you're back... Violet found a way into the palace. Did you find where the prince lives?" Gwin said to Ash as he pulled down his hood.

"Oh yeah... I know where the kid's room is in the palace. I just don't know what the rest of the interior is to make a proper map. So, I can't tell you everything that's inside the palace," Ash said as he walked into the room with a smile on his face.

He then pulled out a rolled-up piece of parchment and unrolled it on the table. It was the beginning sketches of a map of the Maldura Royal Palace.

The map had an outline of the layout of the outer building that made up the royal palace. It also had a detailed layout of the servants' quarters.

Gwin looked at the map and sighed.

"So, do you know where the brat's room is? I really hate this place. I want to get this job done and leave this backwater country," Gwin said as she looked at Ash and Violet.

Ash nodded, "Yeah... I know where he sleeps in the palace."

Ash took out the one last gold piece that had the Kingdom of Marn's coat of arms stamped on the top and the royal seal stamped on the bottom.

He placed it on the map of where the Prince's room was located in the Maldura Royal Palace.

"So, his room is on the fourth floor... Violet. Can you fill in the interior of the map of where you've been?" Gwin said as she looked at Violet.

"Give me a moment," Violet said with a nod.

She got up and walked over to the table and took a seat next to Ash while she got out a pen and started to draw out the map.

Ash leaned over the table and stared at the map as Violet's hand moved over it.

She was only able to fill out most of the first floor and second floor of the royal palace before she stopped.

"There, that's what I've explored so far and I was able to sneak in through the storm drain over here," Violet said with a yawn.

"What? Are you getting bored Violet? I thought you liked your job?" Ash said with a grin on his face.

Violet just smiled as she looked at the young assassin, "I do. I really do like being an assassin. But this continent is too easy for me to kill. I've been wanting a challenge."

"Hey, I'm all about easy contracts. And this one should help get us closer to Umbralis rank," Ash said with a grin.

Gwin sighed, "So, since there's a party going on in the palace do we go for the kill? Or are we just waiting around until we map out the whole map?"

Ash shook his head, "The job was to kill the brat. And I saw a lot of fancy carriages with noble seals on them arriving at the palace just now. The nobles will be in the palace to attend the prince's party and that makes the job easier to do since most of the staff and guards will be drawn away from the kid's room."

Violet nodded, "If we want to do it then we should strike tonight."

Gwin pondered for a moment.

"So, the plan is to sneak into the brat's room and wait for them to return before we strike, yes?"

Ash nodded, "Yeah, just like the last contract."

Gwin looked at Ash, "Okay if we do this. I need you and Violet to go after the guards while I deal with the brat and anyone else who tries to get in the way. Any objections?"

"I got no objections," Ash said with a grin.

Violet just nodded with a smile.

"Okay, we'll sneak in at sundown. I'm sure these Royals will stay up late just to show off this brat of theirs," Gwin said with a grin.

The other two nodded in agreement as they sat around the table and started to talk about possible scenarios and how they would deal with them.

After a few hours of planning, they got ready to head for the Maldura Royal Palace.