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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 142 Paying for My Crimes**

Under the watchful eyes of the Royal Knights, the Duke and Belial arrived back at the mansion with no incident. It was still the dead of night, and most of the staff were asleep.

Only a few of his personal guards and a couple of maids were awake. The guards were at their posts and the maids were busy doing some late-night chores.

Half of the knights that were watching over the Duke were the same knights that tried escorting Alaric to the palace earlier that night. Harlowe, Derrick, and Phelan never thought they would be returning to the Divalo Manor after what happened. But when they were ordered to prevent Alaric from leaving the city because of treason. Some of them wanted some payback for humiliating them. While the other half of the Knights were led by the Captain of the Guards, Jeral. Just wanted to secure the manor for Lord Brice and his people.

"Pff! So this piece of trash made us run all the way back to the palace only for us to find out he was charged with treason? Oh! Maybe we should have him run all the way back to his manor just for fun," said Sir Harlowe as he glared at the Duke.

"We were ordered to make sure he doesn't run away. And secure his coffers for the King's council. There won't be any additional action required unless he doesn't cooperate," Jeral declared to the angered knight.

"I hope he tries something Sir Jeral. Because I've been dying to beat him into the dirt," said Harlowe.

"You're not the only one," Sir Derrick said.

"Enough! Simply make sure to secure the manor and its staff. Nothing more, understand," Jeral commanded.

The two knights sighed but agreed to do as they were advised.

Jeral had his men establish a lookout outside the Duke's Manor, and his main job was to keep an eye on the Duke's activities.

He was an older knight in his late forties. He had graying hair and had a short beard. He was an average-looking man, but his attitude made up for that. He was a man of integrity and didn't take bribes or let the rich or nobility get away with breaking the law.

When the Duke's carriage came through the front gates, Belial stopped the steeds and opened the door for his master.

"What are you hesitating for, Duke? Get out and summon your entire staff outside the manor," ordered Sir Jeral.

"What are you talking about?" Alaric asked.

"Don't play dumb with me. Get them out NOW! We'll have a hard time if we have to force them all out of the manor. Make this easy for the both of us and call your people out," Sir Jeral said.

Alaric reluctantly stepped out of his carriage and sauntered over to the doors leading into his mansion.

"Belial... Get everyone out of the manor, please. Advise them not to resist, and just obey their orders," Alaric said.

"Even your wife and children sir?"

Alaric hesitated for a moment.

"Yes, Belial. Make certain they're the first ones out," Alaric said.

Belial wasn't sure what to do, but he nodded and went to gather the staff.

"Derrick, go with him," Jeral ordered.

"Yes, Sir Jeral," Derrick said and followed Belial into the manor.

Jeral had two of his men follow him and the Duke. While the rest went around the perimeter of the manor to check for any vulnerable areas or possible escape routes.

Alaric took his guards and knights inside the manor with him.

Belial went through every room and gathered all of his servants before getting her lordship, Duchess Leandra, and her children.

Sara was fearful but held her little sister, Eleanora, close to her. While Jemma followed near by her older sister. She was attempting to stay strong but was on the threshold of weeping.

Marcus on the other hand was angered that he was forced out of slumber by the staff and demanded what was going on.

"Why are you forcing us out of the house!?" Marcus asked as he was being escorted outside.

"Please calm down, Master Marcus. Your father will explain everything once we're outside," Belial said.

"Tch! First, he berated me at the party, and now this. This is humiliating," Marcus said.

Alaric had everyone meet him in the front courtyard. His wife was holding their young daughter while his son was glaring at him.

'I never imagined I would see the day when my family would be humiliated like this. I can't even look my children in the eyes,' Alaric thought as he felt shame and dishonor.

"Alaric?... What's going on? Why are the Royal Knights here?" Leandra asked.

"My gamble failed, Leandra. We are ordered to forfeit half of our money as retribution," Alaric whispered.

Leandra and her children's eyes widened.

"H-how could this happen," Leandra said.

"I was played, dear. I thought I was the one pulling the strings, but I was a fool."

"What was it that you failed at Father!?" Marcus demanded.

Alaric was uncertain about informing him of the truth.

"My endeavor to get your cousin out of the way has failed... And you've been titled as the Viscount of Divalo."

Marcus was perplexed. He was still a little too young to know the full extent of what happened tonight, but he knew that the King and his supporters had him demoted.

"That doesn't make sense. How did we lose everything? How did I lose my title? Do you wish to make me suffer Father?! You keep advising me to be patient and now look what happened! Is this your doing father!?" Marcus shouted.

"I know it's not acceptable, Marcus! But life's not fair! Everything was taken of us by the Fates and even when I tried my best the Fates kept mocking me and throwing all these obstacles in my path! I was blinded by my own purposes and I was a fool for thinking I could control them. And we might have to acknowledge the reality that you will never be the King of Fiafyr."

"NO!"

Marcus couldn't believe his father.

"You don't have to like it, Marcus. But you will grow up to be a great noble and have your own land and people. You'll get to live a long life, have a family of your own, and build your own legacy."

"NO! You said I will be the King, Father! That's why you raised me to be the perfect successor to the throne!"

"Well, plans change, my son."

"Father..."

"You'll have to learn to be humble, Marcus. That is the most important lesson you'll need. Even if it seems unfair."

"How can I be humble when my destiny has been taken from me?!"

"Life has its ways of testing you, my son."

The 9-year-old stood there looking at his father in contempt.

"So, you are saying that I must bow down to my cousin?"

"He is the future heir, Marcus... I tried my best but there is no way we can come back from this," Alaric said.

"So, that's it? You've given up?! You want me to live my life as a lesser noble than my own cousin! When we have the same blood!? No! I will not accept it, Father! I will not let my life be wasted and forgotten! I will find a way to get the power and influence I need!"

Alaric glanced at his son with sympathy and a bit of dissatisfaction.

'He doesn't get it... And it's my fault. He's been raised to be the heir and he will have a hard time understanding that the world doesn't revolve around us anymore. All we can do is make my nephew's life a little harder, and hope that he is foolish and inept to be the next King. Maybe he might perish at the hands of a monster... But that's looking more and more doubtful. And now that Quinus has an assassin protecting him, he might actually become the next King.'

Marcus was irate. His father had just accepted defeat and his entire future had just gone down the drain.

"Father! Vow to me that when I exhibit that I'm a better man and a more capable leader. That I will be given my proper birthright. You are my father and you were supposed to teach me how to rule. Promise me that you will make things right and aid me when the time is right. Don't make me grovel before you like some peasant begging for scraps."

"Marcus, I—"

"Promise me!"

"Alright... I promise, my son. Once you've proven yourself, I will give you all the support that I can... But promise me that you will lay lower and let the events of my failure blow over."

"I will, Father. You will see."

Alaric looked at his wife who had a stern look on her face.

"Leandra, I—"

"No. Not in front of the servants and guards, Alaric."

It was then one of the Royal Knights came in.

"Is everyone here?"

"Yes, Sir. Everyone is present," Belial answered.

"Good. Give us a moment before. The Duke and his family will be allowed to retire back to your quarters. Once Lord Brice comes in to look over the gold that needs to be forfeited, we will allow your staff to start their work. We'll give you the time you need to prepare the funds. Once it's ready we'll be leaving. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I do, Sir Knight," Alaric answered.

The Knight nodded and went back outside.

Alaric turned to his family.

"I am sorry, everyone. This will not happen again. I've made a mistake and now I must pay for it."

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Two of the knights who were watching over the verbal dispute between Alaric and Marcus couldn't help but shake their heads.

"That kid is going to be a pain in the ass," said Sir Derrick.

"Definitely," said the other.

"He's going to get himself killed one of these days."

"You're telling me... I'll report this to the General later."

"Too bad we can't just take care of him right now... He's lucky that his father is still alive after pulling that crap... Some people are born lucky, some are not."

"Yep."

The two Knights went back to their post as the night went on before a few carriages came rolling up with Lord Brice and his people.

"Is everyone ready?" Lord Brice asked as he got out.

"Yes, Lord Brice," one of the knights said.

"Good. Let's not waste any time," Lord Brice said as he walked past the knights towards Alaric.

"Duke Revelia... I'm hoping that you have all the paperwork detailing your finances. We will have to check to see if you are telling the truth about what you're worth. If you have lied to the King and his allies... Well, the consequences won't be pleasant. So, let's just make this painless for everyone and make the procedure a little easier. Shall we?" Lord Brice asked.

"Of course," Alaric said.

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The next day news started spreading all across the kingdom that Duke Alaric Revelia was charged with treason. He had lost half of his assets and had to pay a 75 percent tariff for the next ten years.

The Kingdom of Fiafyr was shocked and the people were bewildered as to why the King was so merciful to his older brother. Some presumed that the King was merely playing with his brother. While others presumed that Duke Revelia was given a lighter sentence because he was a part of the royal family.

The people who worked for the Duke were shocked and some started distancing themselves from him. While others continued to support him from the shadows.

Lord Brice was able to empty half of his coffers and left the Duke's manor feeling satisfied and confident that the Duke would not dare to make another attempt on the heir's life.

Duke Revelia was left feeling bitter, and the people under his employ were worried that their livelihoods would be affected by the recent turn of events.

He was sitting in his study the next day glimpsing out the window to observe a beautiful sunny day. It was as if the whole world was taunting him.

'Tch!... I wish it was raining, and the sky was full of dark clouds and thunder. How fitting for the mood I'm in. Damn the Fates!

Alaric couldn't believe he was defeated so easily. It was all he could think about since last night.

Belial knocked on the door of his master's study.

\*Knock! Knock!\*

Alaric just stood there looking stoic. Still watching the world go by as he responded.

"What is it Belial?... Come in," Alaric said.

Belial slowly opened the door.

"The Knights have left the premises with Lord Brice, my Lordship. And luckily I made sure that he didn't find the paperwork about the hidden coffers in Davilo Plains."

"That's good," Alaric said.

Belial was standing there feeling awkward.

"Is there something else, Belial?" Alaric asked.

"Yes, sir. I thought you would be happy about the news. So why do you look like you're grieving?"

Alaric was silent. He was just looking down at his desk.

"We can't utilize that money Belial. Otherwise, we might get punished some more if my brother catches wind of it."

"But I thought we could use it to retain most of the lower nobles on our side."

"I like the way you think, Belial... But we need to keep a low profile for the time being."

Belial nodded his head and stood there still looking at his master.

Alaric looked annoyed and asked, "Is there something else you like to discuss?"

Belial bowed and said, "Yes, my Lord... Should I tell the Assassin's Society that Wina Daz betrayed her client so she could be punished? Or should we have her slain?"

"Let her go for now... If we tell the Assassin's Society that she breached her contract then they will send assassins to kill her."

Belial looked confused, "Yes? And wouldn't we want that, my Lord?"

The Duke sighed, "She is now the main protector of my nephew and if an assassin tries to kill her with the Prince by her side then my brother will presume I requested another hit on my nephew's life..."

"So, we are going to leave her alone, my Lord?"

"Yes, Belial. For the time being. We most likely will need to wait until my nephew comes of age and no longer needs her protection. Then we can have her exterminated. But for now, leave her be."

Belial bowed again and stood there looking at the Duke once more.

"Out with it Belial... I want to be left alone! So, tell me what you have to say, and then get out."

Belial stood straight and looked at his lord.

"I know, my Lord... But I received two messages. The first one was from Viscount Lysender and Baron Dravenhart. Asking to meet with you in five months in the usual location to discuss their future agendas."



Alaric smiled and said, "Good. I'm glad that those two will still be working with me even after my defeat."

"Yes, and the other message was from... The Prime Minister... He wishes to come over for dinner tonight. Along with a few guests."

Alaric's smile dropped and said, "So, he wishes to see me beg and grovel... I will not fall so low... Not for him... Not for the Fates. Not for anyone."

"Sir, it seems more like a demand than an invitation," Belial said.

'He thinks that I will bow down to him and thank him for stopping my execution? Oh... I've got another thing planned for you, you bastard! It was his idea to try and cripple me by taking away all of my wealth. I'm no fool to believe that it was the King's decision. He was the one that advised my brother on the matter.'

"Tell the cooks that we will be having the Prime Minister for dinner tonight... Make sure we use our 'Finest' food we can offer to one so incredible."

Belial smiled and left his master's study.

"And if the Fates were so cruel to me, then I will just have to be cruel to them in return."

The Duke was the kind of man to hold grudges. He knew he couldn't do anything to Duval yet. But he wanted to glimpse into the eyes of a predictable man who expected Alaric would bend the knee in order to gain some benefits back. It was his M.O. after all.

Duval Wrightwood was a man who got his support by giving the higher nobles what they wanted when their luck was down. And now it was Alaric's turn to receive Duval's benevolence.

'I hope he likes rotten fish stew and stale bread.'

Alaric looked up and couldn't help but laugh about the opportunity to get back at the Prime Minister until he saw a raven land on the windowsill.

'Tch! A black bird... Maybe the Fates are mocking me again... Whatever, I'm already down and I just need to be on my better behavior with only my brother and his companions... Duval is nothing compared to them. Hell! He's nobody compared to me!'

Alaric stood up and started wandering over to his office window. All he wanted was to be left alone, but it looked like he needed to entertain a few guests and masquerade like he was a grateful loser.

He couldn't help but feel that his future would be bleak if he didn't do anything to alter it.

"Looks like I need to take a page out of the Divine Three's playbook. I'll need to start negotiating marriages for my daughters. Hopefully, I can get some influential foreign nobles to lend me their support and strength."

"I've been too stagnant, and I need to get a foothold and leverage that would allow me to have an upper hand. If I can't get the throne for my son. Then perhaps I can help him become the Prime Minister instead."