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Story by Paul Michaels

## **I Got Isekai'd! Well Shyt!**

### **Chapter 151 Quinus's Fifth Birthday Party**

Quinus walked out of the room dressed in the most ridiculous-looking outfit. It was a black doublet with a red undershirt and a silver vest. And to top it all off, the pants had a gold stripe and a red belt.

'Dammit! I feel like I'm going to a Renaissance festival, and I'm one of the lords. Why do nobles wear this ridiculous shit?!' He didn't look happy.

"Oh, your Highness. How nice. You look handsome," Lady Wina said with a smirk as she helped dress the Prince up.

"You don't have to lie to me, Lady Wina. We both know that my mother forced me into this," Quinus said.

Wina wanted to hold back her laughter, but she couldn't help herself.

"Hahaha! That's the truth. Her Majesty has quite the taste. I don't know why you nobles wear such strange clothing. In my country, we would never dress like that."

"Yeah, I'm going to abolish this stupid tradition. That's if I don't die from embarrassment first."

Wina chuckled and then fixed the clothes.

"There, now, you're ready," Wina said.

"Thank you, Lady Wina. At least, you can have a sense of humor. Well, I better face the music and get this over with," Quinus said and headed out the door.

"Have fun, Your Highness. I'll be there watching over the party," Wina said, watching the prince walk away.

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Quinus entered the banquet hall where a large crowd of people had gathered. The whole palace had come together for the fifth birthday of their prince.

"Happy Birthday, your Highness," some of the people said, greeting the prince as he passed.

'Goddess dammit... How the hell does anyone remember all these names and faces? There's like 100 nobles here, and it's driving me crazy.'

That was when Quinus spotted his father's council members.

'Yeah, I bet Father just uses Lord Brice to help him remember who everyone is. But if I do that, I'm just going to look like a dumbass. At least I have the excuse of being a five-year-old. No one would expect me to know everyone's name right now.'

"Quinus? What are you doing walking around in the crowd? Come on, we need you to sit by me and your father," Queen Rianna said as she pulled him out of the crowd.

'Dammit! I hate being the center of attention. I just wanted to make one quick pass and run to the library with Percy and relax.' Quinus thought as his mother dragged him up to the stage where his parents were sitting.

King Cyndre was sitting on a large wooden chair with a large table full of food in front of him. Queen Rianna had a large chair to the left of her husband and Quinus had a smaller chair next to his mother.

"Mother, I know it's my birthday but why do we have to go through all of this mess," Quinus said.

"Now, now, Quinus. You're royalty. The people of Fiafyr want to show you their respect and their loyalty," King Cyndre said.

"Father, do the other kings have to go through all this hassle? I would think that the other kingdoms have more important things to worry about than a birthday party."

"You are very important, and a prince's fifth birthday is a big deal," Queen Rianna explained.

Quinus looked confused.

"Really? Why?"

"Because it's a sign that a child is starting their mana vein growth. Soon you will begin your journey to becoming a man," Queen Rianna answered.

'I must have missed that in my studies,' Quinus thought and looked at his father for help.

"Your mother is right, my son. It's the start of your journey and you'll never forget this day."

Quinus reluctantly nodded his head and sat down.

"Good," Queen Rianna said and gave Quinus a kiss on the cheek.

Quinus sighed but enjoyed his mother's affection.

"Now, let's enjoy the party," King Cyndre said and a group of musicians began playing.

The party started and everyone was having a good time.

Quinus tried not to show it but he was bored. There were some entertainers juggling or performing magic. And what made the magical performance so boring was the fact that the performer wasn't a mage. He was an old-school illusionist that you would find back on Earth.

'I guess real magicians don't do shows?... How disappointing.' Quinus thought as the performer was doing a card trick.

He wasn't bad. It just didn't have the same impact when there were real mages out in the world that could put 'Criss Angel' to shame.

After a half hour of entertainment, the guests were invited to greet the King and Queen. Then the children were told to greet the Prince.

The noble children were the only ones that Quinus felt comfortable around.

'Well, they're the only ones that don't suck up to me. Even though their parents are another story. And if some do suck up to me then at least I know who's faking it.'

"Hello, Prince Quinus," the first group of kids said.

Quinus nodded to a boy who was a part of House Dule. His father, Johnathan Dule, was close friends with Quinus's father. He was Twelve years old and looked like he was bored.

"Hello, Lord Johan Dule. Did your father tell you to be the first to greet me again?" Quinus asked with an amused look.

Johan looked at the prince and shrugged.

"My father thinks I should be the first to greet you every time," Johan replied.

"Yeah, nothing better than a father forcing a son to do something," Quinus said, looking over to his father.

"Right. Well, have a nice birthday, Your Highness. Sorry that I'm not interested in children's stuff anymore," Johan said.

'Well someone is transitioning into a teen. It's such a stupid age. I remember pulling similar crap back then. I guess I should enjoy it before I'm an adult again,' Quinus thought.

"I can understand that, Johan. But take this advice from me, becoming an adult isn't what it's all cracked up to be."

Johan just raised an eyebrow.

"Haah... You don't believe me, do you? Well, that doesn't surprise me," Quinus said with a shake of his head.

"Well, I'm older than you, Your Highness, so I have a lot more experience than you."

'Yeah, I've been getting a lot of that lately. I better change the subject.'

Quinus repositioned himself on his chair.

"So, any luck with becoming a Maja?" Quinus asked.

Johan looked upset. He wished he was a mage but failed to pass the test. It crushed him that he didn't have the talent. His father tried to comfort him but it was hard to make him feel better. His only hope was casting magic through a catalyst like a magical sword or a shield like a Maja Warrior but he wasn't able to do that either. He had a low-grade mana vein and barely absorbed any mana from slaying monsters. He was as common as one could be in terms of magic or fighting talent.

"No. I haven't. They say that I have a low-grade vein and will need to work hard just to be able to use my mana to enhance my strength," Johan said, trying to hold back his emotions.

Quinus caught on to this and felt bad about asking Johan the question in the first place.

"I didn't know... I'm sorry, Johan," Quinus said.

"No, it's fine, Your Highness. My father says that there are other ways to serve our kingdom and I'll keep trying to grow my mana vein to the best of my ability."

'Yeah, that's bullshit. Well, hopefully, he isn't the jealous type.'

Just as Quinus was finishing his thought. There was a commotion between all of the Royal Guards and Knights. And Sir Douglas whispered something in his father's ear. And his warm smile faded for a moment before looking at the Knight with a perplexed look. He thought for a

moment before he reluctantly nodded his head and motioned for the guards to open the door at the end of the main hall. That was when his Uncle, Aunt, and Cousin walked into the party. Which made the atmosphere of the room cold all of a sudden and Quinus didn't know what was the cause of it.

Johan saw Marcus and got excited, "Marcus is here!? I thought he was still at the academy! I'm sorry your Highness, but I want to talk to Marcus about what it's like to live as a mage. I'm sure you understand."

"Yeah, of course. Go ahead," Quinus said as he motioned with his hand to leave and Johan rushed over to his cousin.

'I haven't seen my uncle or cousin in years. What the hell did they do to get everyone's attention? My mother looks angry, and my father doesn't look happy. What's going on here?'

Alaric and his family made their way through the crowd of High Nobles as well as a few Knights who were all staring at them like they were unwelcome.

Quinus wanted to pay attention but a few more kids greeted the Prince. There was a girl and a boy who walked up to him.

"Your Highness, I hope that you have a great birthday. My mother said that you should. Anyway, you should open my gift first," the boy said who looked like he was seven years old.

Quinus looked off to the side to see gifts being placed on the table next to him.

"Ah, yes. Thank you. Your Baron Thaddeus Windermere's son, right?" Quinus said.

The boy was pleased that the crown prince knew his father and quickly bowed.

"Yes, Your Highness," he said with a smile.

"Well, I can't guarantee that I will open yours first. It's tough to keep track of all the gifts. But I believe I will enjoy it," Quinus said, hoping that would satisfy the Baron's young son.

"Oh, you will, your Highness. My father said that the present I picked out was perfect. I can't wait for you to see it."

"What is your name again? I'll make sure not to forget it."

The boy beamed with joy, "My name is Tarrin."

"Alright. Have a good time, Lord Tarrin."

"Thank you, Your Highness," Tarrin said and hurried over to his mother.

Then a girl who looked to be six years old stepped forward.

"Hello, Prince Quinus. Happy birthday. It's good to see that you're doing well," The girl said as she curtsied.

'Well, this is going to be a longer day than I hoped. I better get through this. Hopefully, I can sneak out at some point?'

"Thank you, young Miss. Um. You're Baron Eamon Stirling's daughter?"

The girl smiled.

"Yes, your Highness."

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While Quinus was being greeted by a long line of noble children. Alaric was walking with his family. He wanted to show them that his son wasn't a threat to Quinus. And needed to make a show of it.

Alaric didn't care what anyone said, but his son was his son. And the Kingdom of Fiafyr would just have to deal with it.

As they walked past some of the High Nobles and knights, Alaric could feel the stares and heard the whispers.

"Was there something you wish to say to me, Baron Eamon? Because it feels like you want to tell me something," Alaric said with a joyful smile.

"My, my. I was just noticing how lovely your wife is," the Baron said.

'Yeah, I don't fucking believe that for a second. You're not going to win this, asshole. You're a pawn in the game and that's all you'll ever be.' Alaric thought.

"I know she appreciates the compliment. Thank you, Baron."

"Yes, thank you," Duchess Leandra said with a smile.

The Baron nodded.

'Yeah, fuck off,' Alaric thought.

Alaric's gaze turned to Marquess Duval. Who looked unamused by Alaric's performance.

Duval was hoping Alaric would have lost his support with the lower nobles. But no matter how hard he tried he was barely able to get any of the nobles on his side.

It was almost five years since Alaric's punishment and Duval estimated that Alaric lost only three percent of his support. He didn't know how he was pulling it off. But it was a problem.

"Marquess Duval," Alaric said in a greeting tone.

"Duke Revelia," Duval said, not hiding his disgust.

"I hope you don't mind that I brought my family," Alaric said.

"I don't know... Your son seems to like getting our future mages killed. Was it wise to bring him to the prince's party? We wouldn't want something bad to happen to Prince Quinus. After all, we would have to bring Sara Revelia back to become the next heir, if something did." Duval said while looking at Marcus with a glare.

Marcus clenched his fists but didn't let it show on his face.

"I can assure you that Marcus had nothing to do with what happened. It was regrettable, yes. But he learned a valuable lesson. And is remorseful for the deaths of such promising mages," Alaric said, not backing down.

"Remorseful? I didn't know a Revelia could feel remorseful... Otherwise, you wouldn't have insulted me and my friends all those years ago," Marquess Duval said.

Alaric's smile faded and his gaze narrowed.

"Come now Duval... Don't make a scene in front of the Prince. It's his fifth birthday. And we shouldn't take the spotlight away from him."

Duval's eyes twitched, "Fine... But we are watching you and your son, Alaric... Good afternoon."

"You too, Duval," Alaric replied.

And with that, Duval stepped aside and let the Revelias walk by him.

Marcus was relieved that his father was able to deal with the Marquess. He was starting to understand what his father meant about his actions being the reason that he couldn't relax. He needed to be sharp. Plus he was hoping Albert would come through for him.

"Marcus, don't worry. I'll never let that charlatan take you away," Leandra whispered into Marcus's ear.

"I know, mother. I'll make sure of it, that he doesn't get the chance," Marcus replied.

"Don't be too hard on yourself. Your father and I are the ones that failed. And we will make it right."

Marcus just nodded his head.

'I will make sure I learn from my father's mistakes. And I'll be able to defend myself.'

Alaric, Leandra, and Marcus finally reached the King and Queen.

"Alaric... I see you chose to show up... You really didn't have to-" Cyndre couldn't finish his sentence before his brother cut him off.

"Brother, you're right. But I'm here anyway. I would have thought you would be thankful that I'm here and not letting our differences get in the way of our friendship. Especially today. I wish to see my nephew's fifth birthday. It was too important to miss."

Cyndre closed his eyes holding back his displeasure with his brother and he could feel the death stares coming from his wife.

"I see you want to get in our good graces Alaric. But there is a time and place to do that," Cyndre said with an annoyed voice. At the same time, Rianna was staring daggers at him.

"Queen Rianna," Alaric said in a stern tone but kept his smile.

Rianna then looked at her husband. Cyndre held his hand up to signal that he understood her displeasure.

"Make it quick, Alaric... I don't like it when you pull stunts like this... and my wife hates them more."

"Oh, I know she does. I will apologize to the Queen until the day I die... All I wish to do is make amends for everything I've done, but this is the only way I know how," Alaric said and bowed.

"Try anything and you will wish you had never been born. Do I make myself clear?" Rianna said.

"Perfectly, Your Majesty. Once we greet the prince we will be on our way."

"Good."

Marcus wasn't sure if he should be worried about the conversation that his parents were having with the King and Queen. It seemed like he wasn't included in whatever the adults were talking about. Even though he was standing right there. Then Alaric turned to Marcus and motioned to his son to go wait in line so he could greet his cousin and give him his birthday gift.

"Yes, Father."

Marcus walked away from his parents and the Royal Couple. His parents had their eyes on him, and he felt the weight of their gaze.

'I need to find Albert... He better not fail me.'



Marcus stood in the back of the line and was waiting for six other noble children to get out of the way.

He looked around and noticed a familiar face. It was an annoying nobleboy who was only a few years younger than him.

'Johan... Is this loser still trying to be my friend? He won't shut up about wanting to be a mage... He's such a wannabe and obsessed with magic and mages that I wish I could have brought him to the labyrinth. But Father would probably jump down my throat.' Marcus thought with an annoyed look as Johan walked up to him.

"Marcus! You have no idea how excited I am to see you. I didn't think you would get an invitation," Johan said.

Marcus just rolled his eyes and tried his best to hide his disgust.

'This is good practice. I need to show that I'm the true prince, not some stuck-up kid. Father said I need to get used to it. But I'm not like him. I'm not a fan of politics and putting up with fake fronts. But I have to do this to show the other nobles that I'm worthy of their respect and regain the right to be a possible heir.' Marcus thought as he tried to hide his true feelings.

"Yeah, well, my parents thought it was a good idea to show our support for the crown and my cousin," Marcus said.

Johan just stared at him for a moment and nodded, "Yeah, that makes sense... I still can't believe that you're in Fairchild's Arcane Institute of Magic! Oh, what I would give to be a mage. You're so lucky."

'Goddess, this is fucking torture. He's like a commoner instead of a major noble. I don't know how such a weakling ended up as the heir of the Barony of Dule... Pathetic!' Marcus thought as he forced a smile, "Well, we all have to work hard to get the things we want. It's a little more remote than I would prefer. And it's not that easy either. There are many different kinds of mana beasts in the labyrinths around the academy. I'm not a natural fighter. So it's tough. But I'm learning a lot."

Johan's eyes were sparkling with stars, "I wish I could go there. It must be a magical place."

'This is why I can't stand this kid. He's like a kid who is dreaming of grand adventures and thinking he's going to be the hero and slay dragons. Just like those four fools I suckered into the labyrinth.' Marcus thought, "Yeah, I would have to agree. It's very magical. But dangerous too. You can't let your guard down or else you'll die. That's why I've been training to become the greatest windmage of them all."

Johan looked at his idol in awe, then it switched to envy as he wished he had a better mana vein.

"Haah... Well, enjoy having a mana vein that can actually grow compared to the trash that I have... I know that not everyone can become a Mage but I at least hoped I could be a Maja and have a magical sword to throw fire, lightning, or anything... The Fates can be cruel..."

Marcus looked at him with respect for the first time.

'Yeah, the Fates are cruel. I should be the one being the next heir. Not this pathetic weakling... If by some miracle he survives the Crystal Pyphon. Then I will need to pivot and somehow use him to further my ambitions... I'll just have to endure and use him as a pawn.' Marcus thought.

Marcus looked over at the prince who was smiling and laughing as he was opening some of the gifts.

'He's happy and innocent. But not for long. When I have the chance, I will snuff out his life. You weakl-'

"Hey Marcus? What's the gift you're going to give to the prince?" Johan asked, snapping Marcus back into reality.

Marcus had a sinister smile, "Oh, I am giving him our family's magical sword. It was created by an elven smith named Efkini about a century ago. And it was created with a unique material. It has a powerful enchantment on it. And it can create a flame as powerful as the sun. The fire is white in color."

Johan's mouth gaped open in awe, "That's so amazing. And you don't mind parting with it? I know you're a mage but wouldn't it be useful for you?"

Marcus shook his head, "Nope. Mages don't need such crude weapons. The only reason we even use weapons is if we are low on mana. I have my Wind Blast spell. And that's enough."

Marcus was lying about why he was parting with their family heirloom. The first reason was no one had enough mana to use the sword's Flame Smite. And second, Marcus thought he would get the sword back after his cousin's untimely death.

The sword would be returned and no one would be the wiser.

Johan nodded his head, "Ah, I see... Do you think your cousin will like it?"

Marcus shrugged his shoulders, "He's a five-year-old. Five-year-olds love anything. It's not like he's a big boy and knows the difference between a good or bad weapon."

Johan gave Marcus a look like he wasn't convinced. "Yeah, I suppose you're right. Under normal circumstances."

Marcus looked at him quizzingly.

"What are you implying, Johan?"

"I don't mean any offense but, the Prince doesn't act like a five-year-old. I mean my cousin is six years old and I can't stand being around him. But the prince feels like I'm talking to an adult. It kinda creeps me out... I could be overthinking things or maybe he's a prodigy. Either way. It's creepy," Johan replied.

Marcus wanted to roll his eyes at Johan. But held back, "I think you're overthinking things."

"I hope so. It would be weird if he could speak to me like an adult. I just don't want him to think badly of me," Johan said.

"Just give him candy and he'll forget about it."

"I hope you're right. Anyway, I think my father is summoning me. I'll talk to you later, Lord Marcus," Johan said.

And with that Marcus was left alone waiting in line.