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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 141 Execution is Too Quick

"Your Majesty!" Duval shouted.

Cyndre glared at him, "Marquess, you dare interrupt me?!"

Duval was afraid of the King's anger but still tried to persuade him, "Please, your Majesty. I know your brother has wronged you and the kingdom with such an act but don't you think that execution is a bit excessive?"

Queen Rianna and General Kane looked at the Marquess with distaste.

"You think that hiring an assassin right under our nose is a minor thing, Duval? You truly are a fool, a bigger fool than I thought," Queen Rianna said with a disgusted tone.

The Marquess bowed his head, "I am not saying that it's not a crime, Your Majesty. But if it wasn't for the Duke's ill-advised action then this other group of assassins would have killed our prince. So, in the end, the Duke was the one that prevented the assassination of the prince."

Alaric's snapped up and looked over at Duval.

'He's trying to save me? What's his angle?' Alaric thought.

"So you are suggesting that I give my brother a pat on the back for failing to hire an assassin who decided not to go through with her contract? Then forgive him when he had the gall to say sorry for it?! Are you insane, Duval!?" King Cyndre shouted.

Duval shook his head and tried to reason with the King, "No, no, no. He deserves punishment, your Majesty. But I believe that executing him is too harsh and a bit too quick. And there's another reason why he should be punished in a different way..."

Duval walked towards the King but Kane stopped him.

"Why do you approach the King? Marquess," Kane said.

Duval looked at the general.

"Because I want to discuss my thoughts on how best to punish the Duke. And I don't want Alaric to hear before His Majesty makes his final decision," Duval said.

'What's he planning?' Alaric thought as he was still kneeling on the ground. The hard tile was making his knees ache, but he didn't dare to move in hopes of buying more time to think.

Kane was reluctant and looked over at the King. Cyndre nodded, and Kane allowed Duval to approach. Queen Rianna didn't sit idly by as she stood up and walked over to her husband's side so she could hear what this fool was going to say.

"Alright, what is it, Marquess?" King Cyndre asked in an impatient tone.

Duval moved in so he could whisper, "Your Majesty, I would agree with you that Alaric should be executed for his acts against you and the royal family—"

"Then why do you say otherwise in front of everyone else, Duval?" Queen Rianna hissed under her breath as she cut him off.

Duval looked over at the queen.

"I didn't mean to offend, Your Majesty. If you give me a moment, I will get to that part," Duval said in a calm quiet tone.

He turned to look at Alaric kneeling on the ground about ten feet away.

'Don't you dare, Duval? I don't know what you are saying. But I have an idea what you are planning and I don't care how long it takes. But I will get my vengeance, even if it takes me the rest of my life!' Alaric thought.

Duval turned back to the King and Queen as he continued, "Your brother has used his money and influence to buy a majority of the minor lords of Fiafyr. Plus his two friends own the coastline of our great kingdom. And if he were executed, I fear we would have uprisings across the country, which would lead to the other human kingdoms taking advantage of this turmoil and invade our borders, if given the chance."

Queen Rianna became a little more irritated while King Cyndre clutched his fists so tightly that his knuckles began to turn white. He was cursing himself for not listening to his council's concerns about Alaric's actions. He was his brother and felt sorry for him so he always turned a blind eye to all of his actions.

"What are you proposing, Marquess," King Cyndre said through gritted teeth.

Duval cleared his throat.

"I think the best course of action would be to punish him financially. Have him forfeit a large sum of money from his assets, and strip him and his son of their title. His allies probably won't like him getting demoted too far down but Marcus should be stripped of any chance of being a possible heir if something were to happen to the Prince. And hopefully, we can get these minor nobles to abandon him over time. By using Alaric's own money to buy them back," Duval whispered.

Cyndre let what the Marquess had to say sink in.

"So you seem to agree with this form of punishment, Your Majesty?" Duval asked.

"Only if we make one stipulation," Cyndre said.

Duval sighed out in relief when the King was going to agree with him. And he was willing to accept almost anything the King was going to add.

"Yes, your Majesty, what would it be," Duval said.

"If there's another assassination attempt on my son's life. Then you and Alaric will have to face execution. Even if he wasn't the one to order it. Understand," Cyndre said in a low voice.

Queen Rianna wasn't happy about leaving Alaric alive but she liked her husband's way of thinking.

Duval's body was shaking from the intense pressure.

"Y-y-yes, your Majesty. I'll make it my top priority to make sure no one from Alaric's allies, to our neighboring enemies, dares to try to pull something like this again," Duval said.

The two then separated.

"Alright, I've made a decision," King Cyndre said loudly so the rest of the nobles could hear.

Everyone waited in anticipation. While Alaric was worrying about his own fate.

"Due to my brother's crimes, I, King Cyndre of the Kingdom of Fiafyr, will take 50 percent of his holdings and will require a 75 percent raise in all taxes and tributes for the next ten years," Cyndre said.

Many gasped, especially Alaric's allies.

Alaric bowed his head, "That is a just punishment, brother. I gladly accept the—"

"I'm not done."

Alaric stopped.

"Your title will no longer be Arch Duke, you will be Duke while your son will be demoted to Earl."

"But brother!" Alaric tried to interject.

"I changed my mind! Marcus will be given the title of Viscount while only getting one-third of the Divalo domain and will no longer be considered a possible heir to the throne."

"Your Majesty! That's too much, I'm begging you!"

Alaric's face turned red and he looked like his eyes were about to burst from his brother's harsh judgment.

"You dare say this is too much!? You have no idea how disappointed I am with you, Alaric. You are my brother and I loved you, but you were always ambitious and greedy. Always wanting more power and land. You are lucky that you are alive. If you ever try to do something like this again, then not even the Goddess herself will stop me from sending Lady Wina to cut off your head," Cyndre said.

Alaric looked like he was punched in the gut while his eyes started watering up, and he had a pitiful look on his face.

"This is a warning to anyone else who wants to come after my son... The assassin that has better judgment and loyalty compared to my brother will be protecting the prince until he comes of age. And if she has to take down another would-be assassin, then I will execute Alaric and anyone else who aids the assassin in any way from the kingdom."

The room became silent.

"I'm giving you only one chance to repent Alaric... Don't make me regret this," King Cyndre said as he and Queen Rianna went back to their thrones and sat down.

"Guards, escort the Duke back to his estate and secure his coffers, so Lord Brice and his people can start processing the fine... I want your payment in three days, brother. Don't test my patience. You are all dismissed," King Cyndre ordered.

Two soldiers approached Alaric and helped him stand up.

'This can't be happening! Everything I sacrificed and worked for was all for naught. All because of my rotten luck!... I swear I made it so Rianna couldn't have been able to get pregnant! And even if she did, Quinus should have been deformed! But no! He was perfectly healthy!... My assassin should have killed him! Didn't I pay her well?! My son deserves to be the next King! Why must everything I do to make things right always fail?!' Alaric cursed.

All he could do was look down while walking back to his carriage.

'I've failed... Whatever chance I had is gone now. My son will never become the King. No matter what I do, he will never sit on the throne. There's no coming back from this. If there is a chance to let my nephew suffer the same fate, then I will take it. But I can't go after him in the same way anymore. Damn the fates! You've bought me nothing but misery,' Alaric thought as tears slowly fell from his eyes.

Alaric had ten knights and four guards escort him. His face was stoic but the redness and his puffy eyes gave away how he was truly feeling.

Belial was waiting in the courtyard by the carriage and was concerned when he saw armed knights pushing and pulling the Duke toward his location.

"What's the meaning of this!? You dare treat the Arch Duke of—"

"Belial!" Alaric yelled.

The butler was shocked to see his master yelling at him.

"Do not make things worse for me, Belial," Alaric said in a calmer voice.

"But what happened?"

"He found out... She turned on us."

Belial was speechless as Alaric got into his carriage and shut the door behind him. Two of the knights joined the duke when they entered on the other side of the carriage. The other eight knights got on their horses and were ready to go. Belial didn't know what else to do besides getting in the driver's seat.

"Don't try anything stupid, butler. Your master is in enough trouble as is," said Sir Harlowe.

"Understood," Belial said.

As they were driving through the streets of Tairal. Belial, and Alaric both had their minds running a thousand miles a minute as they made their way back to the Divalo Manor.