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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 153 Send Him to the Western Wall

Iyomelka, The Goddess of Balance, was a Human Goddess who watched over the human realm. She likes to keep her presence as a deity as low as possible so her followers aren't as fanatical. She has long flowing golden hair and her eyes change color depending on her mood.

Iyomelka was in a sour mood as she witnessed the son of the Duke plotting to murder the hero that she summoned.

'Tsk! First the father and now the son... That Duke dared to poison the one woman who could bear a perfect child to become my champion. Then he hired an assassin... I thought I taught the Revelia family to leave my summon alone after I healed Wina's womanhood when she drank that elixir. And helped her fall in love with the Lightning Rider. But I guess I will need to send a message to the young fool who didn't take his father's warning about the fates being against them... These two caused me to use more of my Primordial Essence than I have ever done in the last thousand years... This will not go unnoticed and there will be a price to pay.'

She examined the room, seeing the best way to deal with the Crystal Python while using the minimal amount of Primordial Essence.

'Well, I see the perfect option to kill two champions with one stone... Is that the saying mortals use? Hmm. Yes. I like it. Well, let's get started.'

She raised her hand and closed her eyes as she channeled a very little amount of her power.

Back in the main hall, where Quinus was showing off his skills with the Sun's Fury. The crowd was watching intently as the Prince continued to handle the blade like a true master. Mathew was a bit nervous as Quinus was trying to do more showmanship moves that almost caused him

to accidentally cut himself across his thighs while demonstrating a fancy spin. While Cyndre and Rianna had looks of pride on their faces as they watched the Prince. Marcus and Albert were in the front row of the crowd as they were the closest to the Prince.

While the show was going on there were servants with trays of hors d'oeuvres or glasses of wine, who were walking around serving the guests.

One of these servants was walking along behind the first row of observers and made sure to look as professional as possible to show everyone how good their services were while she offered drinks. She was a 20-year-old blonde woman wearing a black dress and her hair tied up in a bun. She was carrying a tray with wine glasses on it, stopping once in a while so a Noble could take one. She was walking towards an area where Marcus and Albert were standing.

As she was walking up to a Noble, who wanted to grab a glass. The edge of a rug suddenly lifted up just enough to catch the toe of her shoe. She was caught off guard by the sudden loss of balance and started to panic as she tried to do everything in her power to not hit the Noble who was trying to grab a glass and was determined to keep the tray full of wine from falling to the ground. Her loss of balance made her swerve to her right until her shoulder bashed into the back of a 16-year-old who was holding a medium-sized vase. She somehow didn't drop the tray and sighed in relief.

But Albert was unsuspecting when the servant's shoulder slammed into him. The force made him stumble forward toward a Prince who just happened to swing his sword right down the middle of the vase. Albert felt the breeze of the blade that just missed his nose.

"Gasp!"

"What the..."

"The Prince's aim was true."

"Incredible."

The audience murmured amongst themselves.

Albert looked down to see the vase's fate. It seemed like it didn't break but it slowly started to slip in two with one of the cleanest cuts ever. Everyone was surprised by the outcome as they saw the two pieces of the vase falling towards the floor in slow motion. Quinus was mortified that he almost hurt a child and his parents were stunned.

'Oh, fuck! Please, Goddess, don't let that kid be hurt.'

Marcus froze as he saw what looked like water spilling on the ground but in reality, it was the blood of the Crystal Python that he tirelessly tried to collect for the past year. All the plans and preparations were gone, all because a stupid maid didn't look where she was going. He felt like

his soul was leaving his body as he saw his life's work evaporate into nothing. He wasted the lives of those four fools for nothing.

'Nooo! NOOOO! HOW!? HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN? IT CAN'T BE!' Marcus used everything in his being not to show the anger that was building inside of him. His body was shaking and he gritted his teeth. He couldn't believe his bad luck. He turned his head slowly to his right and glared at the maid.

'Calm down! I can't let the other Nobles see me like this. I will not give them the satisfaction. Just stay calm and think. I need to get out of here before I do something I'll regret.'

Quinius looked at Albert and apologized.

"I'm so sorry. Please forgive me. I didn't mean to almost hit you. Are you okay?" Quinus said worriedly.

Albert was shaking and sweating profusely. He was still holding his arms out as if the vase was still whole and in his hands but all he was holding was air. He was panicking so much that he started pissing himself.

"I'm-I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry!" He was mumbling over and over again as he dropped to his knees.

Quinus had a worried look on his face as he saw the poor kid. He was about to say something but was interrupted.

All the Knights and most of the nobles noticed the strange liquid that was coming out of the vase. It was hard to tell as the scales on the dead Crystal Python were still bending the light with its natural camouflage. They were only able to make out that the watery blood appeared to have a slight purple and pink color mixed into the liquid.

King Cyndre and Rianna hurried over.

Quinus wasn't sure why everyone was looking at Albert like he was the one that did something wrong. But it was his fault that he almost injured the kid.

"Father? Why is everyone staring at this kid like he is the one who did something wrong?"

Cyndre was too focused to answer while Rianna turned to Wina and Mathew.

"The party is done for the day. Can you bring my son back to his room, please?"

"Yes, my Queen."

Wina and Mathew both bowed their heads.

"Wait. Mother, it was my-ah... F-Fault? Ahhh... Ohhh." Quinus was feeling weird, like his body was absorbing some strange force into his body and it was turning him on.

He started looking around the room and noticed that his sight started to linger towards any woman with a large chest.

'What is this feeling? Why does my crotch feel like it's on fire?'

Cyndre noticed his son's gaze falling on every busty young woman in the room. He felt somewhat prideful that his son was interested in the fairer sex. But at the same time, he was annoyed. His son inadvertently was absorbing mana from a strong monster, which was making him act like a dog in heat. They wanted to take things slowly with him like all children who had the potential to become a Maja or Mage. Usually, they would slay a slime or a rabbit-horn as the first monster to see how their body reacts to mana. And since they thought Quinus might have an Elite or Demi-god mana vein. They worried that he might get Mana Rush. Or how the uncivilized like to call it: "Mana Lust".

They wanted him to absorb a small amount of the mana in order to curb his Mana Rush. But with this mystery monster that was slayed by the Prince, things didn't go according to plan.

Cyndre had a look of worry as he looked at his son. 'Damn... I should have given him the talk earlier. Well, looks like it's my job to teach him how to court a woman... We will have to keep him in his room until he calms down. I just hope my son can figure out how to relieve himself from these urges. Goddess knows I don't want to tell him how to do the act. He is still a child, for Goodness sake.'

The King was lost in thought as he recalled the first time he had Mana Rush and how embarrassing it was when his father tried telling him how to masturbate. Quinus was trying his best to compose himself as Sir Mathew sheathed the Sun's Fury while Wina took the Prince's hand and walked him out of the main hall.

Albert still was sitting on the floor while everyone around him was looking at the slayed monster as best as they could.

"It's a monster with natural camouflage. I only know of two monsters that have that ability." Sir Douglas said as he looked at the boy who was pissing himself.

"Hmm." King Cyndre rubbed his chin. "It is most likely a Crystal Python or a Frogspecter."

"I've heard rumors that there is a Crystal Python somewhere in the forest near the mountains." Earl Nathaniel Valerian suggested.

"But the question is how did this boy come to find one of these Pythons and why was he giving it as a gift," Duke Alaric said with a narrow gaze.

Everyone was wondering the same thing.

The Marquess decided to step forward and ask the boy. "Boy! What's the idea of bringing such a dangerous creature to the Prince's Fifth Year Celebration!"

"Huh? Eh... I-I came across-"

"Let me through! That's my son, Marquess! Why are you surrounding him like this? It was the Prince that almost hurt my boy!" Yelled a Minor Lord as he tried to make his way through the crowd.

"Albert! Get up this instant! We are leaving!" The Noble yelled.

"I think not Mayor Yorick. Your son will remain here to answer questions. Unless this was your idea?" The Marquess demanded.

"Who the hell are you to tell me what to do with my son, Marquess? He did nothing wrong. He was giving the Prince a vase and he almost got cut down. You have no right to demand anything from me!"

"Then what was inside the vase, Yorick?" Alaric asked in an irritated tone. This Minor Noble was one of Alaric's many allies but he was going to use this opportunity to further his influence with the court and get more on his brother's side.

Yorick was taken aback by the Duke's tone. Then he looked down at the vase that was cut clean in two before noticing the liquid and saw how strange the way the light was bending.

"I-I... I don't know." He finally answered.

"What was your plan, Yorick?" The Marquess inquired.

The mayor's son was still a nervous wreck and was looking around frantically.

"Enough!" Cyndre yelled. "Everyone leave!"

All the Nobles saw how frustrated the King was and quickly bowed before grabbing their children as soon as possible then they started to leave.

Marcus was worried that Albert might rat him out but there wasn't anything he could do to stop this and if he tried then it would bring suspicion on him.

"Do you wish for us to stick around, brother?" Alaric asked Cyndre.

"No... My Knights and I will handle this. You all can take your leave." Cyndre told the nobles.

Alaric bowed before getting his son and wife. Duval was reluctant to depart but he knew when to leave the King be.

The Nobles were all talking among themselves about the strange monster and the Prince's skill with a sword as they made their way out of the palace. When the Nobles left the main hall. King Cyndre was left with Queen Rianna, the Royal Knights, Lord Brice, Yorick, Yorick's wife, and the boy, Albert.

Cyndre went up to the boy.

"What is that monster you brought here, boy?"

"I-I... I..." Albert was stuttering as he tried to gather his thoughts.

"It's okay, son," Yorick said, trying to help his son calm down.

"W-Well... It's called a Crystal Python. I came across it when a merchant came to town. A-And I thought the Prince would like it as a pet." Albert said, trying to stick to the script that Marcus told him to use if he ever got caught.

Yorick and his wife both turned pale when they heard their son's confession to the crown. All of them showed disapproval on their faces as they looked down at the Mayor and his family.

"So... You thought giving the Prince an invisible venomous snake that can kill someone and make their body disintegrate. Would be a good present for my son?"

"I-I-" Albert was starting to sweat.

"Y-Your Majesty... My son seems to have lost his better judgment... He's just a teenager... You know how they are. They're foolish." Yorick tried to smooth things over with the King.

"Foolish indeed... How do you intend to correct this... mistake." Cyndre said with a bit of venom in his voice.

"W-Well. We can give you a thousand gold as compensation," Yorick answered.

"You dare try to offer a thousand gold coins to cover up the fact that your son almost killed the Prince?" The King yelled.

"I-I." Yorick was at a loss for words.

"He will forfeit his title," Yorick's wife chimed in as she knew her son was going to be executed if they couldn't satisfy the King.

"Better but it's not enough... How about he goes to the Wall to protect his people?" Cyndre suggested.

"That sounds like a good idea, Your Majesty," Lord Brice said with a nod.

"So, your title will be revoked. And you and your son will be stripped of your family name and become commoners."

"Your Majesty!?"

"Oh? So you prefer execution instead? Is that it, Yorick?"

"No... N-No... W-We would love to serve our kingdom by sending our son to the Western Wall. Thank you for your kindness." Yorick was trembling.

Cyndre and Rianna looked at the disgraced Minor Noble with a blank face.

"Sir Douglas? Please take Albert down to the dungeon and get him ready to be transported with the others to the Wall."

"Yes, Your Majesty." Sir Douglas said as he walked up to the boy.

"Thank you, Your Majesty. I am sorry for the foolishness of my son's actions." Yorick thanked the King as best as he could.

"You may leave... Lord Brice? Send word to the Western Wall and tell them they will have one new recruit within the week."

"Yes, Sire."

And with that, the King and Queen dismissed everyone.

The party was officially over.

Yorick and his wife walked out with their heads down as they went back to their city to gather their things. They would be leaving in a couple of hours and were going to be stripped of everything and would have to start from scratch.