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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 184 You're Not the Sins of Your Father**

Dalia was smiling as she looked out the other side of the carriage.

"I've never been inside a carriage like this before! Aw! I can smell sooo many scents coming through the windows! And it's sooo soft! Is this silk? I'm so happy right now!" Dalia exclaimed excitedly.

Everyone couldn't help but chuckle and smile at her joy.

'She's like a dog that is excited to be going on a car ride. Heh, adorable.'

Dalia was rubbing her face on the window sill as she continued to smell the different aromas from the flowers, people, and odors blowing in the wind.

Quinus couldn't help but comment, "This is nothing compared to the Royal Carriage."

"Really? But this is the best! How could it be better," Dalia replied without taking her nose off the sill.

Quinus and the rest of the carriage just laughed. Rya and Yuliana couldn't help but look at Nieren who had been quiet the whole time.

Nieren just shook her head and sighed, "You need to stop acting like a child."

Dalia just smirked, "Woody? Aren't you considered a child too?"

Nieren growled, "What did you call me?!"

"What? You still don't like that nickname?" Dalia snickered.

The wood elf growled even louder, "Call me by my name, you dimwit."

Rya stepped in, "Nieren... Dalia was a slave. So she deserves to have a moment of happiness. I think you should let her enjoy this."

"But!... Ugh..." Nieren noticed everyone looking at her with a little disappointment in their eyes and she sighed, "You're right... Sorry, Dalia... Please continue," Nieren apologized.

"Hey, don't sweat it, Woody... I forgive you," Dalia answered with a wink.

"Dalia... I... Forget it," Nieren gritted her teeth while keeping her anger in check.

Rya just smiled at the interaction.

'They're going to fight, but it's like sisters arguing. Nieren needs to stop acting like she doesn't like getting Dalia's attention. I can tell that she's a bit jealous of Dalia. But I don't know what it is. Maybe Nieren wishes that she could be as open as Dalia. She's the exact opposite of her. Maybe she'll open up more at some point. I'll try and help.'

After a few minutes of traveling through the streets of Ironside. Rya and the others were watching the dwarves and some humans going about their day. They made it out of the eastern gates and into the open plains.

"Hmm." Rya hummed to herself.

"Is something wrong?" Quinus asked.

"No... Well, maybe... It feels like I'm leaving home... Even though I've only been here a month," Rya admitted.

"Yeah... I feel similar... I've been living here most of my life, so this is my home," Nieren added.

Yuliana shook her head, "If your uncle wasn't killed and if our kingdom wasn't in ruins, then we wouldn't be calling Ironside home."

"Was it a bad thing to call Ironside home?" Rya asked.

"Yes," Yuliana responded immediately, "Irisi is our home. Our people need help. We need to go back and save them from the humans who are trying to enslave them."

"Mom!" Nieren chastised, "The people of Ironside have been good to us. Why are you saying bad things about the people who took us in?"

"It's not a bad thing, Nieren... It's just... Unfortunate that you had to live a life without being a Royal," Yuliana said.

"Then why did our servants abandon us when they had the chance to stay with us? I thought there were a few hidden villages that survived the attack, but we came to Ironside," Nieren retorted.

Yuliana didn't want to answer her daughter's question. She didn't want to tell her that her father betrayed their kingdom and left them for dead as the human armies of the Kingdom of Marn.

Nieren saw her mother's hesitation, "What are you hiding from me, Mom? Please, I have a right to know."

Yuliana looked her daughter in the eyes, "I-It's too soon to say anything. I need to get in touch with my contacts first. Once we are safe in the Fiafyr capital, then I will tell you everything. Promise."

Quinus was intrigued while Percy was confused. Dalia was too busy sniffing the air coming through the open window to listen to the conversation.

"Yuliana... You should tell her," Rya suggested.

"What?!" Yuliana questioned.

"She's old enough to know the truth. She deserves it. I know you think she's still a child but she's stronger than you realize," Rya argued.

"No! She's too young and I'm not going to be lectured by a 27-year-old child," Yuliana countered.

"Mom..." Nieren interjected, "I'll be 75 in about 20 years... I'm almost an adult. Please, I need to know the truth."

"Nieren..." Yuliana pleaded.

"Yuliana, if you don't tell her then I will," Rya stated firmly.

"You wouldn't..." Yuliana growled.

"I will," Rya repeated.

Yuliana knew that Rya would keep her word. She didn't want her daughter to know about her father, being a traitor.

"Fine... I will tell her," Yuliana relented.

Nieren leaned forward and waited patiently.

"Before I say anything... I want you to understand that I didn't know... And I wish I did... Your father betrayed our kingdom. He left us for dead when he fled back to the Lumen Fae continent

with the other High Elves. There were a few servants who hid with us as we fled into the woods. The forest elves and dryads helped us survive. But once word came out about him abandoning the Wood Kingdom, the other elves and fae turned on... you... They didn't want to house the offspring of a traitor... They left us. And then, the humans invaded and we had no choice but to flee to Ironside," Yuliana explained.

Nieren didn't show a single reaction as her mother told her the truth.

"And... He might have poisoned the Elder Tree... I only found out once Lady Rya pushed out the poison from the last Elder Seed..." Yuliana continued.

Nieren's expression changed. Some tears leaked out, but she remained strong, "I-I understand..."

Nieren looked down and didn't want to see the expression on her mother's face. She felt a hand on her shoulder. She looked up and saw Rya giving her a reassuring look.

"You're not the sins of your father. Don't ever forget that," Rya said.

Nieren nodded her head, "Thank you..."

Yuliana watched in surprise and shock at how fast Nieren had recovered. She thought her daughter would lash out and cry. But the Dark Elf was a calming influence on her daughter.

"How did you know that I needed to hear that?" Nieren asked.

"I didn't," Rya replied, "But I've seen plenty of people deal with a family member betraying the trust and love that everyone gave. You'll get through it. And I'll be here to help you."

"Thank you..."

"You're welcome... Plus, I have to keep my promise to free all the Wood Elf slaves. I won't go back on my word," Rya smiled.

Yuliana heard Rya say that before, and her old self wouldn't have believed the Dark Elf, but over this month she slowly started believing in her. It was an old habit that she had to break.

'I hope she's right... I hope she can help save my people...'

"Well, if we do start to free them. Then we can have them stay in our kingdom until they can find a new home," Quinus suggested.

Yuliana looked over to Quinus, "Do you mean it?"

"Of course. You and your daughter have done me a great favor, so it's the least I can do. Plus, we can't send your people out into the world when they don't have a home," Quinus grinned.

"You have my thanks, Prince Quinus," Yuliana smiled.

Nieren felt a strange jealousy come over her when she saw her mother smiling at the prince.

'W-Why is mom smiling at the prince like that?! Doesn't she know that he belongs to Rya?'  
Nieren's mind thought.

Quinus just shrugged his shoulders, "I'm only doing the right thing. That's the most important thing. And I know Rya would want me to do the right thing."

Nieren calmed down after hearing that.

"Oh? Someone is trying to earn another solid?" Rya giggled.

Quinus looked at his lover's azure blue with a fierce passionate gaze, "Of course. I'm only trying to make my lady happy."

Rya leaned closer to him and placed a gentle kiss on his lips.

"Gods and Spirits... She's too young to be kissing a boy," Yuliana commented under her breath.

"What? Can't two lovers show their affection?" Rya teased.

"You are younger than my daughter. An elf your age shouldn't be doing those things," Yuliana replied.

Rya just shook her head, "27 is old enough to be doing this."

"And you are fine with outliving your love by thousands of years," Yuliana asked.

Rya paused for a moment. It didn't really hit her that for most of her life, Quinus would only be a memory. 'I-I'm not human anymore... But I don't care... I'll do everything in my power to spend my life with him...'

Rya shrugged her shoulders, "I'll love him until the end of time."

Quinus felt the weight of her words.

"I'll try to be with you even if I need to be reborn again," Quinus replied.

Rya just nodded her head.

Yuliana looked at the prince with a skeptical look.

"You believe in a second life? That's rare, especially for a human," Yuliana commented.

"Well, I find that nothing is impossible. I'm sure someone out there has been reborn with the memories of their previous life," Quinus grinned.

Yuliana had to agree. The gods are capricious beings who like to mess with the world, "That's true. Especially if they are a chosen one from a God or Goddess."

Rya listened to the conversation while she held onto Quinus' hand.

'Yeah, Like those two idiot Goddesses... I haven't seen them in my dreams since the battle fighting the Roses. Maybe they are bored of me and won't show up anymore...'

Dalia opened her window a little wider and took in the fresh air before she stood up and crawled halfway out of the window. Her tail was wagging and hit Percy in the face, "This is amazing! I love the way the breeze feels and smells!"

"D-Dalia! You're going to fall out of the carriage if you aren't careful," Percy said as he quickly pulled her inside.

"Awww, I wanted to feel the breeze in my hair," Dalia whined.

"But you were halfway out of the window," Percy retorted.

"I can take care of myself," Dalia argued.

Percy looked at her slightly bloated belly, "Not with a pup on the way. You need to be careful."

"Not this again! I'm telling you all that I'm just a little bloated because of the sweets. I'm not pregnant!" Dalia growled.

Percy wasn't buying it, "Dalia, please, sit and enjoy the breeze from your seat."

"Fine! But you have to make it up to me, Gamma," Dalia pouted.

Rya was holding back her laughter. 'She's so cute when she's like that. But if Percy thinks she's pregnant then maybe she tricked me into believing that she's not... I don't know why she is so adamant about her belly being bloated because of eating desserts. Does she not want to have children with Percy? You would think she would try and find out if she was carrying. I don't get it.'

Rya shook her head, "Don't overthink it, Rya."

"What was that, Rya?" Quinus asked as he didn't catch what Rya just said.

"O-Oh? Sorry, I'm just talking to myself," Rya replied.

Quinus didn't know what was going on, but he trusted her to tell him in time.

"Hey? Do you know how long this trip will take?" Rya asked.

"Well, normally it would have taken a week or two to get back, but I'm sure Douglas will push his knights to the limit. We will be there in 5 to 6 days," Quinus estimated.

"I see. I wonder how they are doing," Rya wondered.

"Me too," Quinus agreed.

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Douglas was riding in the front of the convoy with Sir Richard to his left and Sir George to his Right. They were leading the way along the nicely made stone road.

"When did the Baron fix the roads?" Sir Richard asked.

"That was Lady Rya's doing. She had her golems running around everywhere. She had them fix the roads, build a bridge over the river, and even build some small villages and towns. She had her golem guards protect them as well. Before the Baron could hire more guards to protect them," Sir George explained.

"Lady Rya is very powerful indeed," Sir Richard commented.

"Do not speak too loudly. Elves' ears can hear better than ours. So, talk in a hushed tone, when they are around... But all things considered, I was hoping you would have some insight about the Dark Elf. Other than she's in love," Douglas warned while looking at Sir George.

"My opinion is that she is an ally and has given me a second chance at life. It doesn't matter if she's a dark elf, Sir," Sir George replied.

Douglas wasn't sure if the Knight was being honest, or hiding his disdain, "And what of her being with Prince Quinus?"

Sir George sighed, "She has made a mockery of my Courting advice. But... She seemed frightened to fall in love with the prince, at first... Now, she's like a new woman around him. And the Crown Prince seems to have a better head when she's around him... It would be ill advice to break them up. I don't have the luxury of dying so young."

Sir Richard cringed at the thought of Sir George's dating advice. He's seen that man bomb many dates in the past. While Douglas wasn't sure what he meant by "Not having the luxury of dying young." Did that mean the dark elf would kill them all if she broke up with the prince?

"What do you mean by that last statement?" Douglas asked.

Sir George just chuckled, "It means the prince would end me if I was to harm his woman. He loves her. More than he loves the Crown."

Douglas was shocked.

'Prince Quinus is putting a dark elf over the kingdom?' Douglas' mind thought.

Sir Richard wasn't shocked at all, "It's no different than his father loving his mother. Who was from the island nation of Corialis. I never understood the rumors about Coralian women."

"Oh yeah? We know who started those rumors, Sir Richard," Sir George barked.

"Don't bring up his name. I have enough headaches at the moment and I don't want to think about him. Especially since he's been acting strange of late. And the King is worried," General Douglas said.

"So... He found out that his son is dead, aye? Good! That bastard deserves more than that," Sir George said.

Douglas halted his horse, "That's enough from you, Sir George."

Sir George just shook his head, "You don't know, do you? His son left us to die. And we would have been Hobgoblin food if it wasn't for Lady Rya. Marcus might have been the new heir if it wasn't for her saving the Prince. The king is a fool if he can't see that."

Sir George's comment shocked Douglas, "I know! Don't you dare speak ill of the crown. Or I'll have to discipline you, Sir George. You should have used some restraint."

Sir George shook his head, "General, you weren't there. Marcus was a traitor to the Crown. The prince gave me the order and I ended him. Now if I can only end his father and his lackeys, then I'll be able to sleep well."

Douglas felt disgusted by Sir George's words, but the Knight wasn't wrong. He had seen Alaric try to assassinate the prince when he was barely a year old and he heard the reports about the time when Quinus was ten years old and almost was killed in the trials by one of Marcus' plots.

'Things are falling apart and the King is trying his best to hold things together. Marquess Duval is hell-bent on marrying Prince Quinus to the Princess from the Alliance and now Alaric's son is dead. I have to get the King's permission to look into Alaric. And see what he is plotting. With his son dead, he has to be vengeful...'

"We should keep moving," Sir Richard advised.

Douglas was broken out of his thoughts, "O-Of course."

He looked behind him and saw the convoy was stopped and waiting for his orders. So he signaled the convoy to start moving again as he got his mount to move.



"So, what was that about?" Sir Richard asked.

"We need to keep an eye out for any ambushes. Tell the others," Douglas said.

"Aye, aye, sir," Sir Richard replied.

They continued to ride through the countryside of the Fiafyr Kingdom Capital. Their first stop would be the city of Dorn, which is a part of the Eder Hills domain. Ruled over by Baron Johnathan Dule.