

\*\*\*Disclaimer for Mature Audiences (18 Years+)\*\*\*

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!

(And if you enjoy my work please become a Patreon at [patreon.com/PaulMichaels](https://patreon.com/PaulMichaels))

---

Story by Paul Michaels

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

### **Chapter 158 Are you Nervous?**

Quinus was in the middle of the dance floor with a beautiful noble lady, her name was Lady Elise. She was wearing a white dress that matched her hair, and her eyes were as blue as the ocean. She was older than Quinus by six years and she was making some passes at him. Which made him nervous for many reasons but two stuck out in particular. The first was that she didn't seem to care for Quinus as a person and seemed to only want him because he was a prince.

The second was more of a moral issue. Quinus still hadn't grown pubic hair yet and she was acting like she was ready to round second base with him. He was tall for his age but it felt gross that a girl who was six years older was being this aggressive. Unfortunately, all signs were pointing to her being a gold digger. And it was such a weird experience for him. Back on Earth he wasn't rich or super good looking so women never made the first move. But here in this fantasy world where he was a handsome young prince, all kinds of crazy shit was happening that he was trying to get used to.

"So, Prince Quinus, are you excited for the trials?" Lady Elise asked with a flirtatious tone.

"Ah! Umm... I don't see a reason to be scared. I've trained for this for years," Quinus replied nervously.

"Oh, you're so confident. Are you sure you're not scared of dying or being trapped forever in the Labyrinth of Lost Souls? It would be such a shame for a handsome young man like yourself to die," Lady Elise said with a fake innocent voice.

"No, I'm not afraid of dying. I have no idea if I'll get another chance of getting reborn so I won't let fear control my decisions, Lady Elise," Quinus said with a confident look.

"Another chance of getting reborn?" Lady Elise asked.

'Haah... I guess I'm the only one who's been reincarnated here,' Quinus thought as he occasionally probed random people from time to time in hopes of finding someone who has also been reborn in this world.

"Ah, sorry. It's something that was mentioned to me in a dream," Quinus replied.

"A dream? You sure have an interesting way of speaking," Lady Elise replied.

Quinus wanted to shake his head. But he knew better. Instead, he gave her a gentle smile and said, "Well, I don't know if I should take that as a compliment or not."

"Oh, of course. It's a compliment, My Prince. A man like you should have no problem in the Labyrinth," Lady Elise said with a fake flirtatious laugh.

'Haah... She is trying way too hard. I don't know if she likes me or she's just messing with me.' Quinus thought.

"Thank you, My Lady. I will keep your words close to my heart." Quinus said.

Lady Elise gave Quinus a sly smile as she noticed his mother, the Queen, staring daggers at her. They continued to dance until the music stopped.

"Oh, it seems our dance is over," Lady Elise said in a disappointed tone.

"Indeed... Well, it was nice meeting you, Lady Elise," Quinus stated with a smile.

Just as Quinus turned to leave a wave of girls came running up to him and started bombarding him with questions and some asking for a dance.

"Ahh! Ummm... I need a little time to myself if you all will excuse me," Quinus said as he slowly pushed his way through the crowd of girls.

"Come on, my Prince, just one dance," Lady Fiona asked.

"No thank you, I'm tired and need a drink," Quinus replied.

"Prince!" Another girl said as she tried to give him sad puppy dog eyes.

"Please, just give me one more moment." said another young noblewoman with blonde hair.

"We just want a dance." said a short woman who looked like she was in her late 20s.

Quinus couldn't move or breathe. He was overwhelmed by all the girls. It was suffocating him.

"Alright, ladies. The Prince said he was thirsty. Give him some space," A knight said as he grabbed the Prince's arm and dragged him through the crowd. The girls looked disappointed as

the prince was freed from their grasp. Over the years Quinus was getting quite tall for his age and his golden eyes and red-brown hair helped make him stand out from the crowd.

"Thanks for that, Sir George," Quinus sighed heavily.

"No problem, your Highness," Sir George said with a smirk. "But if you need help getting more lasses, I can show you a few tricks."

Quinus looked up at Sir George in confusion, 'Is he blind? I was swamped with women that don't give a rat's ass about me. And he thinks that I'm lacking in girls? Plus I heard his advice when he was training Percy. He doesn't have a clue what women want... I better step in before Percy starts putting his ideas into action.'

"Um... Sir George. I think I'm fine in that regard. Besides, I don't have the time to chase after women, I have a labyrinth to conquer." Quinus stated.

"Hmm, suit yourself, your Highness," Sir George said.

As they both reached the drink table, Sir George grabbed a glass and poured himself some wine while Quinus grabbed a glass and poured himself some juice. Just as he was about to take a sip, Quinus heard a familiar voice coming from his right.

"So, you're not a wine person, your Highness?" Johan Dule asked as the 17-year-old came walking up to Quinus and Sir George.

"I'll wait until I'm 15 before I'll try the stuff. How about you," Quinus replied as he looked at his cup of grape juice.

Johan gave the prince a smirk. Over the years Johan started to despise Marcus as he kept treating him like dirt due to him being a weakling in his eyes. He was won over by Quinus when he rescued him during the raid of a village near the capital city. And even though Quinus was becoming a powerful Maja, he still treated him with respect.

"Oh, don't get me wrong, I can handle my liquor," Johan said as he poured himself a glass.

"You're only 17, lad," Sir George said to the young noble.

"He was being sarcastic, Sir George," Quinus said, taking a sip from his cup.

"Well, I can hold my liquor, your Highness. Just ask the ladies," Johan said with a grin.

Sir George and Quinus shook their heads. They both knew Johan was just trying to prove himself.

"Just try and take it easy. I don't want you looking like Baron Alistar. That man is a drunk," Quinus joked.

"Yeah... And he can't stop running his mouth. He should keep quiet and just get his nose out of everyone's business," Johan said.

Quinus looked over to see Baron Alistar talking to several young noble ladies. While some were giggling, some looked annoyed and others were outright disgusted.

"That's why I don't drink. If I want to make a fool of myself, I'll do it on purpose, not by accident," Sir George commented.

"I don't think you need to drink to make a fool out of yourself, Sir George," Quinus said as he took a sip from his cup.

'Damn... I miss soda... There has to be someone out there who knows how to carbonate water and put flavoring in it. I wish I had a Coke. Someday...'

"Hey, are you calling me a fool, your Highness?" Sir George asked with a joking tone.

"Only sometimes, Sir George," Quinus replied in a mocking tone.

"Ouch, now that hurts," Sir George said.

"Haha," Quinus and Johan laughed.

"I never had the chance to say thank you for saving me a couple of weeks ago," Johan stated.

"You don't need to. It was the right thing to do. I couldn't believe there were bandits bold enough to attack so close to the capital. Especially with the increased number of knights patrolling the roads," Quinus replied.

"I couldn't agree more. They came from nowhere. Do you know what group they belonged to? It would be good to know so we can keep an eye out for them," Johan asked.

"They are a new bandit group called the Shadow Blades. Sadly, we couldn't get any information out of them." Sir George said.

"Hmm? Why's that? Were they all killed?" Johan asked.

"Yeah... They all caught some disease," Sir George replied.

"They got sick? How is that possible?" Johan asked.

"They seemed fine at first but some of them got sick during the trip. By the time we reached the capital, they had already died," Sir George stated.

Quinus didn't know that's what happened to the bandits. He just thought that they had been executed. But catching a disease sounded too convenient.

'But they seemed fine when Percy, Sir George, Lady Nelumbo, and I captured them. So how did they suddenly get sick?' Quinus thought.

"Wow... That's a bit unsettling," Johan said.

"It sure is. I guess the Goddess wasn't happy that they attacked her kingdom." Sir George said after he finished his wine.

Quinus and Johan were stunned by his response. They looked at each other and then at Sir George.

"The Goddess punished them? But Goddess Iyomelka seems like she keeps to herself?" Johan asked.

"AH! That's where you are wrong my boy... Goddess Iyomelka's punishment comes when you least expect it. It may come swiftly and suddenly or slowly and subtly. But rest assured, it will happen," Sir George stated.

"What are you talking about, Sir George?" Quinus asked. In all his studies he's never seen any evidence of the goddess punishing anyone. Hell, he wasn't sure if she existed in the first place. But there were other accounts of Gods or Goddesses interfering in the Mortal Affairs.

"It's something my grandfather told me, your Highness," Sir George replied.

"And do you believe it, Sir George?" Quinus asked.

"Of course, my Lord. He told me that you never cross a woman who becomes cool and collected. That's when they become deadly and cunning. She may not seem like she's around. But believe me, she is... You never want to mess with a woman like her," Sir George replied.

"Are we still talking about the goddess or is this a personal experience, Sir George?" Quinus asked.

"Hahaha, of course, we are talking about the goddess, your Highness," Sir George laughed.

"Hmm... Sounds like a load of nonsense," Johan stated.

Sir George stopped laughing and looked at Johan, "Do you doubt the words of your elders, young Lord?"

"Alright... Enough of that," Quinus intervened. "Sir George, why don't you go and make sure we are good to go for tomorrow."

"Yes, your Highness," Sir George said as he headed off to talk to a group of knights.

"So... You nervous about the test?" Johan asked.

"Nervous? Maybe? I haven't gone into a labyrinth yet, but I am ready," Quinus replied.

"You are?" Johan asked.

"It's supposedly only five floors of mazes? And I'm not the only one taking the test. I think there are three other young nobles joining me," Quinus replied.

Johan looked over his shoulders to make sure Marcus wasn't around. Then he said, "I would watch out, your Highness... Your uncle and cousin have the Minor Nobles in their pockets and those three younger nobles are from a family of Minor Nobles. I'm sure one if not all of them are going to do whatever it takes to make you fail. I know the eldest one, his name is John. He's a slimy bastard. Just stay on your toes and don't let them catch you off guard."

Quinus nodded his head. He wasn't expecting that type of response from Johan. But he did appreciate his honesty.

"Thanks, I will, Johan. Is there anything else I should know about them?" Quinus asked.

"John is the only mage in the group. So he doesn't need a weapon. I'm not sure what elements he uses but his father, Lord Edward, is a water mage," Johan replied.

'That's good to know,' Quinus thought.

"Thanks again, Johan. I owe you one," Quinus said.

"Anytime, your Highness. But remember, if you ever need anything. Just ask," Johan replied.

And with that, the party ended without any more incidents. As Quinus went to bed. For he had a long journey north ahead of him.