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Story by Paul Michaels

I Got Isekai'd! Well Shyt!

Chapter 140 There's a Traitor Among Us

Upon entering the Royal Palace, Duke Alaric Revelia was greeted by the royal knights, and he was escorted into the main throne room.

Everything was much quieter than when the palace was bustling with Prince Quinus's party earlier that evening. But with the lack of people and commotion, the silence was almost haunting.

Alaric's footsteps echoed throughout the halls, and he had a frown on his face.

'Time to make my presence known,' Alaric thought as he entered the throne room.

King Cyndre, Queen Rianna, and the nobles were already present with Earl Nathaniel Valerian and Baron Johnathan Dule by their side.

Earl Nathaniel Valerian is Cyndre's best friend and his domain is to the north of the capital. Also known as the fertile lands of Aurora Plains. His territory is one of the richest domains in all of Fiafyr.

Baron Johnathan Dule, on the other hand, is a Baron who rules over the western domain called Eder Hills. He is Cyndre's friend and has a close friendship with Earl Nathaniel as well. His territory is mostly hills and had the Eldermyst Woods, a forest located in the northwest part of his domain. And his territory bordered the Galfrei Range which is ruled by Baron Arathar Coldforge. With the help of the purple slag, he was able to grow crops that Eder Hills normally couldn't.

Johnathan was a little younger than the King and had a young son who was the same age as the Duke's son.

Then there was Marquess Duval Wrightwood and his group of allies. They were all loyal to the King, but Duval was the one who had the most sway over them. Especially, when he was able to make a few deals to secure Baron Thaddeus Windermere and Baroness Ysandra Fairchild. With them, he was able to become the Prime Minister before Cyndre took over the Kingdom once his father passed away.

Duval also had Count Sebastian Ingham, Viscount Octavius Blackwood, Baron Eamon Stirling, and Baron Caldorian Montclair as his closest allies.

They were known as 'Duval's Nobles' and went along with Duval's agenda even if they were loyal to the King. Once Duval became the Prime Minister, he was able to appoint all his allies to a majority of the ministry positions. Duval appointed Count Sebastian Ingham as the Minister of Foreign Relations and Viscount Octavius Blackwood as the Minister of Agriculture. Baron Eamon Stirling was in charge of the Ministry of Trade and Commerce and Baron Caldorian Montclair was the Minister of Justice.

Duval won over Baroness Ysandra Fairchild's support when he promised to give her the Minister of Education. It was a position that Baron Alistair Dravenhart used to hold in the past when Earl Nathaniel Valerian's father was the Prime Minister. But when the Marquess convinced her that it would help the Baroness and her people, she was convinced.

Once the Baroness joined to give Duval the slight majority, Baron Thaddeus joined in with his support of Duval in the hopes of getting some benefits as well. Not wanting to be left behind.

The territory that Marquess Duval Wrightwood ruled over was the southeast region. It was where the city of Everton the largest city in Berger Domain, second largest city in all of Fiafyr. The Duke knew that he couldn't gain control of the Higher Court and decided to gain as many supporters within the cities around Fiafyr. Buying out as many governors and mayors as he could within the kingdom was the key to his success. It was his only play to undermine Duval's hold on the kingdom.

Then there were the Duke's strongest supporters and friends. Viscount William Lysander and Baron Alistair Dravenhart, their territories were located in the east and the northeast of the kingdom. Their territories were close together, and they were friends for a long time and they controlled the coastline of the kingdom.

"My, my... It's good to see you again, Duke Revelia," Duval said with an annoyed tone when he saw Alaric walking towards him.

Alaric glared at him, his eyes narrowed in anger as he held back the urge to insult him as he needed to play his cards right for this to work.

"Well, I did miss you at my nephew's party. I guess we were too busy like always, Marquess Wrightwood," Alaric greeted with a stoic face. He was doing well not to show the Marquess his displeasure of being around him.

He would not call that bastard his friend. But it was a lie he had to say to gain support and the others would believe him if he was acting sincere enough.

Duval just smirked, "Oh, that is so true. There are a lot of things going on with my territory, you see. It takes a lot of time and effort to take care of those things."

'Pff! Like selling the prince's hand to the Divine Three's whore of a girl... You fool! Always looking at the problems of today and never playing the long game. He's too stupid to notice the dangers ahead of us to be the Prime Minister. I was too young to get your friends to join me. But I have age on my side Duval... And one day I'll become the Prime Minister and get my son on the throne!'

"Yes, I am quite familiar with such issues," Alaric said with a nod.

'And my biggest problem is the one standing in front of me...'

Bang! Bang! Bang!

King Cyndre hit the throne with his staff as he looked at his older brother, the Duke.

"Enough. I didn't call you here for pleasantries," King Cyndre said.

"My apologies, Your Majesty," Duval said as he kneeled. "You're right. We need to discuss this issue of the monster stampede in the westward mountain range. What are we going to do?"

Bang!

The King slammed his staff on the throne again as General Kane came walking out with 30 knights into the room.

Duval and his allies, as well as Alaric and his friends, all looked at the Knights with curious expressions.

"First of all, I lied about the monster stampede to get you all here," King Cyndre said.

Everyone except Alaric looked shocked and a bit confused.

'So, that was a ruse? Interesting, I didn't think my brother could pull off such a thing.'

Duval was a bit irritated and spoke up, "So you're telling me that you interrupted my sleep just for a little gathering?! Your Majesty, what is your reason for doing such a thing?"

Bang!

The throne room echoed with the noise, "I did this to get you all together because there is a traitor among us!"

King Cyndre shouted, and everyone was in shock.

"Traitor? What do you mean, Your Majesty?" Count Sebastian Ingham asked.

"Yes, my liege. How can there be a traitor among us, we're all loyal to the throne," Viscount Octavius Blackwood agreed.

King Cyndre looked at his older brother barely holding back his look of disdain.

"Why don't you tell us brother? After all, it was you that hired an assassin to kill my son." King Cyndre said.

Duke Alaric's face turned pale, while his two allies came to his defense.

"Your Majesty, you're wrong. Alaric would never do such a thing, he's your brother and your most trusted friend," Viscount William Lysander said.

"Yes, I agree with Lord Lysander, Your Majesty. Why would Lord Alaric wish for Prince Quinus' death? Is it not true that the Duke loves his nephew? He would never do something like this," Baron Alistair Dravenhart said.

Duval and his allies were dumbfounded. They were not expecting something like this to happen, and it was not a situation they wanted to deal with.

'How!? How did that assassin fail!? I-I need to find a way to prevent my brother's wrath from falling on me. Otherwise, I will lose everything I worked so hard for,' Alaric thought.

But the King was not finished.

"Do you really expect me to believe that, Dravenhart? Not only did he have an assassin in my palace but he also had loyalists working as servants here as well," King Cyndre said.

This new information was even more shocking.

Marquess Duval started panicking. He never trusted Alaric but he never thought he would go this far in his own ambitions.

"Brother, you must be mistaken. I would never do something like that. These are just baseless rumors, and I know that you wouldn't believe them," Duke Alaric pleaded.

King Cyndre looked at the man he once trusted but now was not so sure.

Marquess Duval jumped in.

"Your Majesty. How did you find this assassin and loyalists? Could this not be some plot to tear our country apart? I believe we should find out more and not act rashly," Duval said in a calm tone.

Duval knew that Alaric had almost most of the governors in his pocket and his two allies controlled the sea line. There would be uprisings across the whole kingdom if Alaric were labeled a traitor.

"So you are aiding my brother too, Duval?" King Cyndre said with anger in his voice.

Duval was taken aback, he didn't think that the King would come to such a conclusion.

"N-No, Your Majesty. I and the rest of the nobles would like to see this evidence first before jumping to conclusions," Duval said as he tried to keep a calm presence about him.

"Your Majesty, it is not that I don't believe you but the Marquess does have a point. It would be better if we could find out how much truth there is in these claims before acting rashly," Baron Eamon Stirling added as he was trying to help the Prime Minister.

The Queen grabbed Cyndre's hand, and he calmed down.

"Huh? Oh... Thank you, my love. It seems you have a good head on your shoulders, Baron. And the Marquess has a point. So, General Kane. Please tell them the events of tonight," King Cyndre said.

The general nodded.

"As you wish, Your Majesty," General Kane said.

The General stepped forward and explained the events that transpired during the ball and what led to the assassination attempt.

"So, during that time three people died before Lady Wina and Sir Mathew were able to stop these three assassins," General Kane explained.

Everyone's faces turned pale as they heard about the events that almost led to the prince's death and were filled with shock. Alaric was sweating bullets as he heard that his own assassin had come in to save his nephew whom he wanted dead.

Marquess Duval was to speak, "So, the assassin that was hired as the Royal Wet Nurse was the one to save the prince's life."

General Kane nodded, "Yes. That is correct."

"What happened to her, General?" Marquess Duval asked.

"After Lady Wina confessed to the Queen. She told us about the loyalists who were working inside the palace as footmen and maids. We brought them in for interrogation. That's where me, the King, and Earl Nathaniel witnessed their confessions in aiding the Duke," General Kane explained.

Duval was trying to think of something that wouldn't get Alaric executed or expelled from the kingdom. If he hadn't let Alaric gain major control over the governors and if his friends didn't control vital seaports, then he would have nothing to worry about. But if a civil war were to start. He feared that the Kingdom of Marn and the Divine Three would try to invade as soon as possible.

'No, no, no, no, no! If a civil war were to break out, then the other two kingdoms would try and take us while we are weak. Then our only hope would be for the Holy Kingdom of Chalced to aid us, but I doubt they would risk their alliance with the Divine Three. This is bad. I need to convince the King that he shouldn't kill his brother! But how,' Duval thought.

"So, I'll ask it again. Was it worth it brother? Was it worth coming after my boy?" King Cyndre said with a cold tone coming from his mouth.

Alaric had a solemn face while his mind was going a thousand miles a minute.

'Damn! How did things come to this?!' Alaric thought.

All he could do was beg for his life and hope his brother would forgive him. So he walked towards the steps to the throne as the general positioned himself in front of the King and Queen.

"Y-Your majesty, p-please forgive me. I was a fool, blinded by ambition to see my son on the throne... I never meant to hurt you—"

"YOU NEVER INTENDED TO HURT ME!? YOUR HEAD WOULD BE ON A PIKE IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR ASSASSIN SAVING MY SON!" King Cyndre roared as he stood up from his throne. Seeing his brother cowering in front of him only made him sick.

Cyndre continued, "Thank the Goddess and the fates that Lady Wina was more loyal to my family than you, Alaric! She and Mathew saved my boy's life. And all I can think is if she didn't come when she did, my boy would have been dead... I've never felt so betrayed in all my life."

The room fell into silence.

'The fates! THE FATES! Why must it always be the fates?! Damn it all, damn them all!' Alaric screamed in his mind.

There was only one option. It loathed him to do such an act but he had no choice.

Alaric went on his knees in front of everyone.

"Please, brother. Let me repent for my crimes against your house and the kingdom. Let me be punished in a manner that suits the crime," Alaric begged.

King Cyndre didn't have a reaction to his brother's pleas. While all the other nobles had mixed emotions. Some were shocked, others were pleased, and others were not happy at all.

Marquess Duval was panicking while his supporters had looks of displeasure and disgust. While King Cyndre's supporters looked satisfied and hopeful. But Alaric's strongest allies had looks of despair and anger.

King Cyndre was done with this whole charade and needed to finish this. All he wanted to do was pass down his judgment. And just as he was about to speak Marquess Duval quickly stepped in.