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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 160 Meeting the Keeper**

Once Quinus and his escorts arrived, they went to the Mayor's home. The mayor's name was Marlon.

"Welcome, Prince Quinus. We are honored to have you in our village. How was your trip?" Marlon asked.

"Long, but not unpleasant," Quinus replied.

"Well, that's good to hear. I believe the others are waiting by the entrance of the Labyrinth," the Mayor said as he led Quinus, and his escorts through the village. It was a little more crowded than usual, thanks to the King requesting the Adventures Guild to clean out the Labyrinth before the trials. The village was small, with a population of only 200 people.

The Labyrinth was the biggest reason the village was even there. Luckily, the village was able to start growing crops in the rugged terrain thanks to a fertilizer called "Purple Slag" from the City of Ironside. It was a byproduct from smelting violet ore, also known as purple iron by the dwarves. It was mixed with the dirt and planted into the ground, and the crops would grow much faster. It also allows crops to survive in harsher conditions. It was a new method of farming that the farmers in the northern and eastern domains were experimenting with, thanks to the late King Burell Meredydd.

As Quinus and his escort got closer to the entrance of the Labyrinth, they could see the crowd of people gathered around.

Quinus looked around the village as they walked through the main street. He saw kids running around. A few shops sold food and weapons. As well as a tavern on the edge of the village, where people were having lunch. Most of them seemed like adventurers who were from out of town.

A few guards were standing outside of the Mayor's home and at the entrance to the Labyrinth, which was on the outskirts of the village.

Marlon and Quinus made their way towards the entrance of the labyrinth.

"Welcome! Welcome, Prince Quinus," an elderly man said.

Quinus stopped and looked at the old man, "I'm sorry, but I don't recognize you, sir."

"Of course, you wouldn't. I'm not a noble, nor am I an official from the court," the old man smiled.

"Who are you then?" Quinus asked.

"He's the Keeper of the Trials. He makes sure that those who go in are ready for the trial, and he collects the crystal," Marlon whispered.

"I see," Quinus nodded.

The old man walked up and looked Quinus up and down, "You're taller than I thought. Hmmm... and leaner too. Are you sure you're the son of Cyndre?"

"Uh... Yes, sir," Quinus replied. This old man was the only person that called his father by his first name.

"Haha! Good! Good! You're much more polite than your older cousin. He was a real ass. Always yelling at people," the old man laughed.

"So, you were the keeper during my cousin's trial?" Quinus asked.

"Oh no no... I've been the keeper of the trials since the Kingdom of Fiafyr was founded," the old man said.

It all of a sudden clicked for Quinus. This guy was the Eternal who judged the trials. He mainly confirms if the ether crystal you take from the labyrinth is your own. This man also doesn't know his origin. No one knows if he was created by the goddess or if he even ages. But he always seems to come around once a month to judge the trials for all the ten-year-olds who have mana veins.

"So, you are the Keeper of the Trials? You seem so-"

"Normal? Ha ha! I don't know about that. When you've been around as long as I have, you tend to lose touch with reality and I sometimes forget some things... It happens... But the trials are my job, and I take pride in my work. I just make sure you grab the ether crystal from the fifth floor," the old man interrupted.

"Is that all you do, Mister?..."

"Oh? Right! Well, I wasn't given a name when I was created... Or maybe I forgot. Anyway... One of the earlier Kings gave me the name Rolf, so I go by that." Rolf replied.

"How long ago was that, sir?"

"Hmm... About a thousand years or so. I don't pay attention to the passage of time like you humans do."

This was only the third species Quinus had ever made contact with. The first was the dwarves from Ironside. The second was a beastkin who was freed from an illegal slaver when he was being transported in the southern part of the kingdom, where Quinus and Percy were hunting monsters to grow their mana vein. Dwarves didn't seem like anything foreign to Quinus, as they seemed like shorter and stockier humans. But seeing the beastkin was surreal for him. It started to hammer home that he wasn't on Earth anymore. This Eternal looked normal at first glance, but his white eyes. They had a little glow coming from them that made him look inhuman.

"Oh? You seem unsettled by me. Is it because I'm an Eternal?" Rolf asked.

"No... No. I just haven't been around other species before. I'll get used to it sooner or later."

Rolf smiled and nodded his head at the prince.

"You're more accepting than most people. It's a rare thing to find these days," Rolf said.

"Acceptance is the basis of peace. Without it, we can't move forward," Quinus replied.

"Interesting? You remind me of one of the Great Kings of Fiafyr... Who was it again? Oh! It was Burell! I liked him! He always was thinking about the future and bringing in other races during his rule. He tried to get a tribe of Beastkins to join the Kingdom. But they were stubborn and declined the offer."

Quinus was surprised that Rolf was speaking so highly of one of his ancestors.

"Supposedly, he tried to get in contact with the Dark Elves and Wood Elves. But sadly that's when he caught some strange disease." Rolf said as he was reminiscing.

"Huh? What was so strange about the disease? Is it contagious?" Quinus asked.

"Nah... You can't catch the disease easily. But if I'm remembering correctly, I think it was a disease that comes from the Lumen Fae continent."

"Wait? The High Elves continent? Why would he go there?" Quinus asked.

"Hmm? Burell never traveled to their continent... At least, I don't think he did. But some High Elves were visiting the Agon continent at the time. I think they were visiting the Wood Elves... Yeah, that's probably how Burell caught it... It's a damn shame. I really liked him."

Quinus looked at Rolf in awe. If what Rolf was saying was true, it would mean the Dark and Wood Elves were close. But Quinus didn't really know that much about his ancestors. Only the recent ones. He knew a lot about the last five kings and how they helped the kingdom. The only thing Quinus knew about Burell was him bringing in the City of Ironside to the Kingdom. Which had ten thousand Dwarves hiding behind its wall after being abandoned by their King following a catastrophe that killed most of the miners from the city. It had to do with a mountain that collapsed in on itself in the wake of getting overmined.

'D-Did the High Elves kill my ancestor? If true, it would mean they would have killed someone on a different continent without anyone finding out... That's a terrifying thought,' Quinus thought to himself. He decided that if he ever came in contact with the High Elves, he would make sure to keep his guard up.

Marlon, Mathew, George, and the other knights had never seen Rolf so open before. Usually, he ignored anyone who tried to talk to him. He wasn't mean or anything like that. He would act like a statue until all the ten-year-olds were ready for their trial and ask for their names. He would confirm the crystals and give them their rewards for becoming young adults. That was his only job. Marlon dealt with him far more than anyone, and he never could get the old man to acknowledge him for a second. Wina didn't know anything about the Eternals so nothing seemed out of place to her. All she was worried about was if this old man had any ill intent toward the prince and he didn't.

"Well, we can't sit around here talking about the past. Prince Quinus, the others are waiting by the entrance. I'm sure you'd like to get started with the trials, yes?" Rolf said as he stood up.

"Yes, sir. I do," Quinus said.

The old man chuckled, "Just call me Rolf. I'm not a mortal like you, so there's no need to be so formal. Follow me," he said while walking toward the entrance to the labyrinth as Quinus and his entourage followed in tow.

"Right... Okay, Rolf."

Rolf led them down a path that was lined with trees and bushes, and eventually, they came upon a large opening that stood several feet above them. Quinus noticed a few other groups of bodyguards. Each group had one ten-year-old with them.

'They must be the other children from different towns in Fiafyr,' Quinus thought.

Rolf walked up to a tree stump and sat down. He looked at all the young ones that were here to undergo the trials.

"SO! Is this everyone who plans on taking the trials," Rolf asked.

Mayor Marlon walked up to Rolf and spoke up, "Yes, Mr. Rolf. These are the four children that are here to undertake the trials."

Rolf didn't bother looking at the mayor and instead focused his gaze on the children.

"I will give you all a small reminder of the rules of the trials, so listen up. You have to make it to the fifth floor of the Labyrinth, grab the ether crystal, and return to the surface. There's no time limit. But if you're rescued, then you fail the trials and you won't get the reward," Rolf explained.

A boy raised his hand.

"Yes?"

"Does that mean we can't team up?" The boy asked.

"You can't have the aid of an adult or a teenager. But you are allowed to team up with any of the other participants," Rolf answered.

One of the other boys asked, "What's the reward? If we succeed?"

"Ah... That's a surprise, young one," Rolf smiled.

Sir George leaned down to whisper in Quinus's ear.

"He just gives you cryptic advice. It's nothing important," Sir George said.

"What did he tell you? I never asked," Quinus whispered back.

"It was something along the lines of: 'The only way to achieve love is by listening. For words can hurt, but assumptions can destroy what you hope to create.' it was complete gibberish to me."

Quinus raised an eyebrow and looked at George to make sure that he wasn't joking. But by the look on George's face, he wasn't. Quinus just shook his head as he turned his attention back to Rolf.

"Good! Now state your name so you may begin the trials," Rolf said.

The first kid stepped forward before Quinus could. He wasn't offended, but it did indicate that he didn't respect him as the crown prince.

'Well, this kid must be in league with my cousin. Don't they know this makes it easier for me to identify them as my enemy? I guess I should be thankful for them being stupid,' Quinus thought.

"I'm Thomas Reed," the first kid said.

Rolf stared at the young boy, "May you find your path. Next!"

Quinus was cut off again.

"I'm Geralt Sturgeon."

"May you find your path," Rolf said.

Quinus didn't try to step forward this time as the last boy walked up to Rolf. The prince was warned about this guy back at his party by Johan.

"Johnathan Bluewood."

Rolf gave him a stern look before he responded.

"May you find your path and remember that not all paths are set in stone."

Johnathan's face became red and it looked like he wanted to say something, but he stayed silent.

'Was that a warning? Rolf must be able to see something in us mortals... I wonder what it is?' Quinus thought.

Quinus studied John as he started to walk away and found out that he was a water mage just like his father. This will be troubling if he tries to attack him in the labyrinth. Due to not being able to bring weapons into the trial.

Johnathan caught up to the other two and made their way into the labyrinth.

"Are you alright, your Highness?" Wina asked.

"Well, at least I know who not to trust," Quinus replied sarcastically.

Sir Mathew, Sir George, and the other knights all chuckled at the comment.

"Just remember, my Prince. You're not trapped in there with them. But they are trapped in there with you," Wina replied with a soft smirk.

Quinus smiled at Wina, "Thanks Lady Wina. Do you have any other advice, Sir Mathew? I'm not very experienced with mages."

Mathew cut in, "If they use magic, then get close. Most mages stop learning how to fight in close encounters. Just watch your stamina."

"Plus a mage can't cast magic as easily if they can't use their tongue," Wina added.

'Wow! That was dark... I bet Lady Wina could be a badass assassin if she wanted. But that would put her in danger and that would suck.' Quinus thought while nodding his head. 'I hope I don't have to use violence against them. I really am not up for this crap.'

Quinus walked up to Rolf, and the Eternal looked him in the eyes.

"Your name please."

Quinus took a big breath, "I'm Quinus Meredydd, the crown prince of Fiafyr and the son of Cyndre."

"I will tell you this Quinus Meredydd, your ally is in the shadows. May you find your path," Rolf replied.

'My ally is in the shadows?... Does he mean I need to hide in the shadows? Or do I have an ally in the shadows?... No... That's not right. It's only the four of us and none of them are my allies... I guess I'll figure it out once I'm in there,' Quinus thought.

Quinus looked at the knights behind him.

"Everyone... Take care of yourselves."

The knights and his maid all nodded.

"I wish you the best of luck, my Lord," Sir George said.

"Thank you, George," Quinus replied.

The prince was the last one to enter the Labyrinth, and he took a deep breath before he walked in.