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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 114: A Man Named Emil**

Emil was a man born in Germany. He was 31 years old engineer and was an avid climber. And during one of his annual climbing trips to the Greek island of Kalymnos. He and his friend were in the middle of a multi-pitch sport climb when out of nowhere a storm came rolling in. It was so bad that Emil and his friend decided the best option was to try to repel down the route even though they were about 400 meters up the cliff face. Left with little choice they managed to make it down the first 100-meter repel.

But the storm wouldn't let up as they started getting waterlogged.

"Shyt! Emil?! Can you tell if the rope is stuck on the wall? I'm having trouble seeing where the ends of the ropes went!" yelled Martin as he tossed down the rope out after getting the anchors set for the next 100-meter repel.

"Nah! This damn storm is making it impossible to see anything! Should we try and wait out the storm?!" Emil yelled back to his friend as his voice was getting drowned out by the howling wind and pounding rain. Their harnesses and slings were the only things keeping them on the cliff wall.

\*THUNDER! BOOM!\*

"We can't stay here and wait out this storm! We got to move! I can take the next repel!" Martin yelled over to Emil who was only inches away from him.

"I'll get this one Martin! You'll get the next two repels! And you'll be buying me a months supply of beer after we get out of this fucking mess!" Emil yelled back with the rain pounding down on his body.

The storm picked up in intensity while Emil attached his belay device to the rope and detached his slings from the bolts in the wall.

"Martin! Were the next set of anchors to the right of us?!" Yelled Emil.

"Da! Yes! I believe that they were!" Martin replied back to his friend as he looked down at him.

Emil nodded and started repelling down the rope fighting the elements as he descended down the cliff. He couldn't see, thanks to the heavy rain and 30 mph wind gusts. He got so distracted and battered by the elements that he lowered himself past the next set of anchors.

Emil notice at the last second and stopped.

"WHOA! FUCK!" Emil yelled as there was only 100 cm of rope left.

'I almost repelled off the rope! Shit! That means I when past the anchors! Dammit! I can't see shit!... Wait... I see the anchors! But they are 5 meters above me! Maybe if I can swing into the crack I can climb back up there!' Emil thought as he tried to swing over to the wall but the wind was making it hard to control himself.

He took a deep breath and leaned over to the side to gain as much momentum as possible. He swung his left arm out to get his hand in the crack of the wall and then brought his right arm around to hold onto the rope. He felt the rope catch on something above him.

'I did it! I made it! Now to get up to the anchors and—' Emil's thoughts were interrupted as his left hand slipped off the wall and swung out into the air again as his belay device slipped down the rest of the rope until he repelled off the end. Falling the rest of the 200 meters to his unfortunate death.

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Everything went dark for Emil.

'Well, shit. I guess I died doing what I loved. But I was hoping to live a little longer though,' Emil thought to himself.

Everything was so dark in the afterlife. He was surprised that he was still able to have cognitive thought as he floated in the void.

'Hmm? Well, it doesn't surprise me that the afterlife is so pitch black. But I wasn't expecting it to be so warm and liquidy. I mean, I'm glad I am still me and haven't faded into nothingness or whatever is supposed to happen to the dead... But why am I the only one here? Maybe this is hell? Like I'll go insane because of boredom? I guess I'll find out sooner or later.' Emil thought to himself as he was surrounded by darkness. In what seemed like days.

As he floated there in the liquid void he realized something.

'Wait. Am I dead?' Emil said in shock. 'I can feel my limbs all of a sudden? But I feel like I'm stuck in a tight place? Damn! I can't move!'

And that's how Emil's days went trying to figure out what is happening to him. At some point, he just thought this was what the afterlife was. Being stuck in a dark fleshy tomb somehow breathing in fluids.

'This is so freaking weird. I wonder if I'll lose my sanity at some point... I'm weirdly still calm about all this, even after all this time. How long have I been in the afterlife? Pff! Only god knows at this point... Is this inner peace?' Emil wondered.

After a few more weeks of being in the afterlife. Emil began to notice strange things happening around him. Like on occasion there would be some strange energy that would run through his body. Like he was being scanned by something and he could hear muffled voices from time to time.

'Yep! I think I'm losing my mind! Damn... and here I thought I found inner peace. Maybe I can figure out what I did wrong. I mean I got all the time in the afterlife.' Emil concluded as he felt this will be the rest of his existence.

After what seemed like months at this point. Emil was doing his new normal routine just hanging there in the dark, bored to death with nothing to do. Feeling like his own little world was beginning to get smaller by the day. When all of a sudden he felt the liquid drain out of the area he was in.

'What the hell is going on?!' Emil thought while he started to feel uneasy. That's when he felt the fleshy walls enclosed around him.

'God dammit! I'm going to be crushed alive! Wait! But I died already!' Emil's panic started to kick into high gear now as he tries to fight back against the walls, but he was too weak to fight back.

The fleshy walls went from relaxed to contracting to relaxed again. This went on for hours, as that process repeated itself over and over while the intervals seemed to be happening quicker. That was when Emil felt his head getting really clamped down on.

'Am I going to die in the afterlife? Is this hell? Oh fuck! My head is getting squeezed so hard! It hurts!' Emil thought.

As the squeezing continued on his body as Emil's head pushed through this tight fleshy canal until his head was able to pop out of its tomb first. He saw a bright blurry light coming towards him but his body got stuck by the fleshy vice. Keeping him from escaping.

'Oh, God! I can't breathe?! I CAN'T BREATHE?!' Emil tried to yell as the blinding light made it impossible to see. He could also hear muffled sounds of people talking loudly and a woman screaming in pain. But he couldn't focus on that as his body was being crushed.

Just when he thought all hope was lost his body finally got pushed out as he felt something with huge hands catch him as Emil began to feel really cold and still couldn't breathe.

'Someone! Anyone! Help?! I can't breathe!' Emil wanted to yell out but couldn't because of the fluids in his lungs.

That was when Emil held upside down and was slapped on the butt. Which dislodge the fluids in his lung which made him scream like a... baby?

'Who are you?! What have you done to me?! Why is everything so cold?! Answer me?!' was what Emil wanted to say but all anyone heard was.

"Wwwwaaaaa! Wwwwaaaaa!" Cried, Emil.

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"Your Highness! It's a boy!" exclaimed the royal doctor as he held the newborn prince in his hands.

King Cyndre was overjoyed to see the new heir to the throne. After all the heartache of his wife's miscarriages. She finally was able to give birth to a child who looked healthy. And was even a little more handsome than they had expected.

"You have done well, Rianna. It appears our son will grow up to be a fine young man." King Cyndre thought as he took the baby from his trusted doctor.

"Cyndre?! Let me see him! Please!" Queen Rianna demanded to hold her son as she lay in her bed.

Cyndre smiled as he walked over to her bedside and handed the baby to his queen. "Here you go my love, your son," he said as he watched as the queen looked in awe at their son.

"He's adorable! \*Sniff\* I feared something would go wrong with the pregnancy but everything turned out perfect for us. The goddess heard my prayers!" she cried as she cuddled her newborn in her arms.

"That wasn't your fault, Rianna. Stop demeaning yourself... You're a perfect woman, a perfect Queen, and now a perfect mother. Your son will grow up to be a great king for this nation just like his father," Cyndre said as he watched his wife hold their newborn.

"I'm sorry, Cyndre. I shouldn't dwell on the past. But I can't help it sometimes..." Rianna replied as she stroked her son's hair.

"It's alright, my love. We've come too far for that to define us. Rest now... The midwives will be by your side until you are ready to move around again. Your son needs you," Cyndre said as he kissed his wife's forehead.

"I know what I shall name him," Rianna said as she looked down into her son's golden eyes.

"Oh? So, you did have a name in mind. What is going to be the name of the next prince?" Cyndre asked as he smirked at his wife.

"Quinus... His name will be Quinus..." Rianna said as she looked back to Cyndre.

"It's a fine name worthy of a king... Now rest my love. You need to recover yourself. Quinus will need his mother, so rest." He said.

Rianna smiled as she laid back down and held her son close to her chest as she drifted off to sleep.

The people who were there all have a sigh of relief as the Queen gave birth to the next heir to the throne. Emil was reincarnated into the world of Tertius. And he couldn't comprehend what happened to him as he couldn't see or understand the language anyone was speaking in. His reincarnation was something he didn't consider as he still thought he was in the afterlife. That was until the second week of being alive did it occur to him that he was a newborn.

'I WAS REINCARNATED?! This is insane! I-I wish I could see something. But my damn eyes just don't work! It's sooo frustrating!' Quinus thought as laid there in a bassinet.

All he could do was what every other newborn could do, which was eat, sleep, shit, and cry.

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A few days after Quinus was born news spread throughout the city of Tairal.

The city is known as the capital of Fiafyr. And in the Divalo Manor, which was located on the outskirts of the city, Duke Alaric was sitting in his study while reading through some documents. When all of a sudden one of his butlers came running into his room.

"Lord Alaric! The news came yesterday! Queen Rianna gave birth to a boy!" He said with worry as he rushed over to his master.

"What!? It survived?!" Alaric shouted in shock.

"I'm afraid so, my Lord. I got word from one of our men on the inside of the palace." The servant then looked up at his master.

"Impossible! That poison was supposed to make her infertile. That alchemist said that in a rare chance of birth, the child should be weak and deformed." Alaric asked as he sat back in his chair.

The servant shook his head. "Not exactly, my lord. The queen gave birth to a healthy baby boy. She named him Quinus!"

Alaric stood up as he paced around the room. "How is that possible? If Rianna gave birth to such a healthy boy then does that mean he's a demi-god?"

"My Lord, I don't know the details. But it would be wise if his Lordship were to make sure that the prince isn't as healthy as they say he is. After all, if he was born from a Corialis woman, then he might not be as powerful as we believe him to be." The servant said as he bowed his head.

"It doesn't matter that she's a foreign noble, my brother's blood runs through that child's veins and if he has golden eyes like his father. Then my plans for the future of Fiafyr will change. Who do we have inside of the palace that could deal with the boy?"

Alaric was the older brother of Cyndre. But he didn't have his father's golden eyes which made the royal court believe him to be illegitimate and unworthy of the crown. And when his younger brother was born the nobles chose him as the crown prince.

Alaric may have lost the throne but he could get it for his son. It was his goal in life and now it was in jeopardy with the birth of Quinus.

"I believe that most of your insiders are footmen and a few maids, your Lordship. Most likely the servants aren't as skilled in combat. I don't think we can sneak any guards into the palace without anyone noticing."

"What about a wet nurse? If we can get someone capable enough to take care of a child, then maybe she can also watch over the prince. Then when no one is looking she can kill the child and Marcus will be the front-runner for the throne again..."

"That is one possibility, your Lordship. I'll look into it right away." The servant said as he bowed his head.

The butler then turned on his heels to face the door and hurried to leave.

As the door closed and Duke Alaric was left there only. And in a fit of rage, he grabbed his desk and flipped it over sending papers flying everywhere.

"RAH! That alchemist failed me! If he had just done his job properly then the queen wouldn't have given birth to a legitimate child. He has ruined everything! My plans for the throne of Fiafyr will go to hell because of this! Why must the fates always conspire against me!?"

He stormed out of the room and slammed the door behind him.

"I guess I'll have to get rid of the alchemist myself!" He yelled as he walked past the servant.

Alaric went to see a surprised alchemist. He didn't have a chance to explain himself before his head was separated from his body and tossed aside.

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