

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)

Story by Paul Michaels

I Got Isekai'd! Well Shyt!

Chapter 152 The Sun's Fury

It took a couple of minutes before the line cleared up and Marcus finally got his chance to meet his cousin, the Prince. He put on his best smile.

'Showtime!' Marcus thought.

Sir Mathew was watching Marcus like a hawk. While Wina was having a stare-down with Alaric who gave her a polite nod even though his eyes said otherwise.

That's when Quinus finally noticed his cousin. And saw his fake smile from a mile away. Holding an elegant sword, sheathed in a beautiful red and gold scabbard.

"Prince Quinus! It is I, your cousin, Marcus Revelia, Duke Alaric's eldest son," Marcus said and bowed.

'The last time I remember seeing my cousin. He was staring daggers at me when no one was looking and now he's playing up the charm. Why do I feel uneasy?' Quinus thought.

"Greetings, Cousin Marcus," Quinus replied.

"Happy fifth birthday, Prince Quinus... I bet you're excited by being the center of attention. I would be. Especially since you're the next heir."

"Yes... and no. I'm not the type who wants to force everyone for attention just because I'm the Crown Prince. I know there are some who wish to be somewhere else or do something else. I wouldn't want to ruin the fun for anyone."

"Ha ha! You're too humble, my prince. But not everyone would see it like that. They would be fools to think that way," Marcus said and bowed.

'This is odd. Usually, my cousin doesn't like talking to people and would much rather be left alone from what I remember. And the way he's talking. It sounds so fake. I don't like it,' Quinus thought.

"Well, you don't seem pleased to be speaking with me, cousin. But I wouldn't call you a fool for that."

Marcus looked up at Quinus with a weary smile as he wasn't expecting his cousin to figure him out.

'Goddess! This little brat is reading me like a book. What the hell?! He's just five. There's no way. Right?' Marcus thought before he recomposed himself.

"Haha. You must be seeing things, your Highness. I've just been a little tired after rushing back to the capital to see you. It's been a while since we last saw each other. I'm sorry if I gave off that impression," Marcus replied.

Quinus wasn't sure if his cousin was trying to play him. But his gut was telling him not to trust his cousin. 'I get the feeling that my cousin despises me. Maybe he was the next heir before I came along? I guess that could be it. But I probably shouldn't be alone with him until I get older. I better end this conversation as soon as possible.'

Quinus looked at the gift in his cousin's hand and thought this would be the best way to finish their interaction.

"Cousin, you've been kind enough to come and celebrate my birthday. And you even brought me a gift. Is it enchanted?"

Marcus smiled and held up the sword. "Indeed, my Prince. This is the Sun's Fury. An artifact created by the Elven Smith Efkini. And enchanted with a Flame Smite enchantment. With a single swing, you can cause a massive fire explosion that is perfect for wiping out an army. It has the power of the sun. It is a perfect gift for a prince."

Quinus was dumbfounded. His cousin was giving him a sword. And one that had the power of the sun. But what really struck him was the fact his cousin was smiling and was happy to be around him. King Cyndre was surprised as well. That sword was their Grandfather's sword from their mother's side. Cyndre's mother gave it to Alaric as a gift after he lost the heir to the throne.

"You're giving my son the Sun's Fury?! Alaric, are you really giving our grandfather's sword to Quinus? I thought you loved that sword," King Cyndre said in awe. He never thought his brother would part with the sword even though he never used it.

Alaric smiled and shook his head. "You are giving me too much credit brother. I wasn't strong enough to wield it and I wanted Marcus to use it. But you know how mages are. He got this idea in his head that weapons of any variety are beneath him now."

Cyndre gave his brother that knowing look of a parent who wished for their child to follow in their footsteps, only to take another path instead. "It is a pity. But at least he is keeping the sword in the family."

Rianna looked at her husband with a disapproving look as Cyndra was warming up to his brother. She still didn't like him.

"Rianna? That was my mother's most cherished possession. She gave it to my brother when he lost the heir... I know he disappointed us but maybe he has been trying to change. I don't think Alaric is trying to hurt Quinus again."

Rianna didn't believe him and wanted to scold her husband but she needed to wait until they were in private. Alaric was doing a fist-pump in his head as he finally was making some headway to get his brother under his thumb again.

Quinus looked at the sword and didn't know what to think. The sword was very beautiful. It had a beautiful scabbard with gold accents, and the grip had an intricate carving that looked like an ancient elven language.

Marcus was getting impatient as Quinus was taking forever to accept his gift.

"I'm getting sick of him. This was supposed to be easy. Just hand over the sword and he was supposed to praise me. Goddess! Do I need to put this stupid thing in his hand!"

Marcus started walking forward and was stopped by Sir Mathew.

"I'll need to make sure that it is safe for the Prince to receive. Please stay where you are," Sir Mathew said.

"Tsk!" Marcus let out a noise of disgust.

"What's the problem, young master Revelia?" Sir Mathew asked with an annoyed look.

Marcus froze, "I-I'm sorry! I just thought the prince would have been a little more excited about the weapon."

Quinus's eyebrows went up in surprise. He had his guard up but he never expected his cousin to have such an ugly personality.

'Is he really that upset that I haven't taken the sword from him yet? I mean, a kid my age probably would have been eager. But I feel like he was hoping to take advantage of me. He's acting a bit too forced. I feel like he's trying too hard. This isn't like the other kids. Something is off.'

Sir Mathew unsheathed the sword from the scabbard and was awestruck by the beauty of the blade.

"It is a beauty, young Lord. This is a masterpiece," Sir Mathew said.

Cyndre smiled and nodded his head. "I'm glad it's the real thing and not a fake."

Marcus felt offended that his uncle thought of him as a fraud.

"Uncle! How dare you. I would never disrespect the throne. Not after what happened. I know better than to try that."

Rianna rolled her eyes. But she was grateful that her son wasn't buying his cousin's act. She was thankful that her son seemed to have her wit instead of his father's obliviousness.

Mathew sheathed the sword and brought it to the prince.

"Here you go, your Highness. We'll let you have fun with it for today. But it will be stowed away in the Royal Vault until you come of age. When you're ten, you'll begin your training with your sword then."

Quinus nodded his head.

"I understand, Sir Mathew," Quinus said as he took the sword in his hands and looked at it in awe.

'I feel so powerful holding this sword. Like I could kill a dragon or even an elder dragon. The sword itself looks so regal. Gah! Get those silly thoughts out of your head Quinus!... I don't know what it is about getting a weapon in one's hand that makes the mind stir with fantasies about the impossible... But it never goes as one imagines. I learned that the hard way.'

Marcus was watching Quinus admiring the sword and had a smirk on his face. 'That's what I thought. He's just like any five-year-old. I can't believe that I started to agree with Johan's foolishness. This is so pathetic... Oh well, as long as the plan is going as it should. That's all that matters.'

Then he looked over to finally see Albert, who was a 16-year-old son of a minor noble family. He was looking around aimlessly until he spotted Marcus.

He was making his way towards the stage with a good-sized vase with a lid on the top.

Marcus wanted to let out an evil grin but held back. 'Good! The Crystal Python must be hiding on the inside of the vase. Well done, Albert. There is hope for you after all. Well, I should probably get out of—'

"I heard the Prince has been learning the basics in swordplay from Lady Nelumbo... Perhaps the prince can give us a demonstration. Don't you think, brother?" Duke Alaric said with a cheeky smile.

Marcus was confused. He didn't know why his father would propose such a thing. The Queen, on the other hand, wasn't excited about having her son perform in front of the court and the King was on the fence until his close friend, Baron Johnathan Dule, had a smile on his face and nodded his head.

"Yes. Let's have the Prince show us his swordplay. I've heard Lady Nelumbo has trained him well. I bet most of the court would agree," Baron Johnathan Dule said.

"I agree. Let's have the prince show us his stuff," Baron Alistair Dravenhart said.

"I'm a little curious about his skill level as well," Count Sebastian Ingham said.

Quinus looked surprised when everyone asked him for a demonstration. He wouldn't mind normally but they wanted him to show his skills with the Sun's Fury. Which was a long sword that looked almost like a broadsword with Quinus's five-year-old body.

'Oh boy. Everyone is staring at me. What am I supposed to do? I mean this sword is too big for me to handle, right?' Quinus thought.

Marcus saw that the prince was hesitating. He thought his cousin was trying to find an excuse to back out of the request.

'Oh? Is my father trying to embarrass my cousin?... I'm starting to like the way you think, Father. You're a genius! I never thought of doing that. This would be a perfect way of needling him and sowing doubt about him being the next heir. And I could use a good laugh,' Marcus thought.

The Prince looked over to his cousin who was smiling.

"It's not very noble to show a lack of confidence. Your Highness," Marcus said.

Alaric smirked and nodded his head.

Quinus took a deep breath. 'Fine, I'll give it a go. Just remember what Lady Nelumbo taught you and everything will be alright.'

The Prince stood up from his seat and started walking down the steps from the stage.

Rianna was worried as well as Wina and Mathew. But all the other patrons were excited to see what the Prince could do.

Once Quinus reached the ground floor everyone stepped back to give him as much space as possible, almost like when a break-dancer is performing on a dance floor and everyone has tried to make room for him. So, everyone was watching him in an ovalish semi-circle. Quinus had plenty of space running parallel to the stage where his parents were sitting but the crowd across from the stage was pretty tight.

Sir Mathew was watching closely. As were Wina, Alaric, and Rianna.

Marcus stepped back with a bunch of people as they were only ten feet away from the stage and five-ish feet away from the Prince. Albert was standing in the front row next to Marcus with the vase in his hands.

Quinus took a deep breath to calm his nerves. He lifts the sword up and before he unsheaths it. He is surprised by how light it is. 'Hmm. I thought this sword was going to be too heavy. It feels like a feather in my hands. But it is definitely a sword made for a grown man. Hopefully I can handle it.'

Ssshhiinnggg!

Quinus unsheathed the sword and the audience gasped in awe. Some of the people were expecting him to have trouble unsheathing the sword because he was just a kid. But what they saw was the prince handling the sword like a pro. While Quinus was studying the sword as he held it with one hand.

'It feels like an extension of my own arm. I don't get it? It looked really heavy when Marcus was holding it and he is a teenager... I must look like an anime character holding an oversized sword like it was nothing. Maybe I'm a hidden expert. Hehe. I wouldn't mind that. But I know I'm not. Lady Nelumbo said the first step of mastering a weapon is getting to know the weight and balance of the weapon.'

Quinus then put down the scabbard from his left hand before stretching out his pointer finger and placing it right above the hilt of the sword. On the flat part of the blade so he could see the weight balance of the blade.

'The blade's center of gravity is right above the cross-guard. Which means the sword has a balanced weight distribution. So, if I can lift the sword with ease with one hand, then I should be able to wield it with two hands easily.'

The Prince then took the sword by the handle and went into one of his stances. He was holding the sword with both hands with the bottom of the blade pointed to the ground.

The crowd was in awe and was shocked by his ability to wield a longsword with such grace. Quinus did some practice horizontal swings just to make sure he wouldn't fall over.

Marcus was dumbfounded. He didn't think that his cousin could handle the sword so effortlessly. 'What the hell? I could barely swing that stupid sword without feeling exhausted or almost falling over. What is up with him? I've practiced the basics of swordplay for a year, and he's already better than me...'

Alaric's smile was twitching as he watched his nephew handling the Sun's Fury like it was a toy. 'Is the Prince a natural genius or something? I thought he was supposed to be a novice.'

Rianna had a look of relief. 'Good. He's doing very well. It is almost like he was born to use that sword. He's not even breaking a sweat. I'll have to reward Lady Nelumbo later.'

Prince Quinus felt the balance of the blade and started to practice with the sword in the stance that his Swordmaster, Lady Nelumbo, had drilled into him. The Prince then swung the sword upward. Then he spun around and did an overhead swing. Everyone was entranced by his fluidity and elegance as he moved. It was like the sword was a part of him. And with each swing the more confidence the Prince had as he started performing more advanced moves.

'Damn! I wonder if this is what it feels like to be a Jedi?... Just with a magical sword instead of a light-saber. Hehe. I wonder if I could pull off twirling the sword over my head. I bet I could.'

The Prince was starting to show off and performed a few flashy moves that some knights wouldn't dare to attempt. As there was a high likelihood of getting hit by your own blade if you screw up. But the Prince was nailing his moves every time.

'Well, might as well have some fun with this,' Quinus thought as he was swinging the sword.

Quinus continued performing moves around the main hall with ease and he started getting lost in his own little world. That's when he went into an overhand swing and on the follow-through of the swing the longsword sliced into the marble flooring like butter. Leaving a 4-inch deep and 4-foot wide gash.

'Oh, crap!' Quinus thought as he was sweating nervously. He started to worry about what his mother and father were going to say.

The Queen was speechless as their son accidentally cut into the floor. While the King was excited seeing the strength of his son. The audience was stunned and impressed at the damage that was inflicted on the marble flooring.

"I-I'm sorry for damaging the floor Father. I-"

Cyndre just waved his hand at his son. "It was a mistake, my son. Please continue... But for the sake of our floor, try not to use vertical swings. Only horizontal ones."

The Prince nods his head. "Yes, Father."

With that, Quinus continued to show. 'Okay. Just need to remember not to swing the sword vertically. This is a lot easier than I thought. I don't think it will be hard for me to show some other moves with horizontal strikes. I bet I can even beat a trained soldier in combat with this sword. This sword is awesome!'

He was doing some fancy footwork and showing off his swordplay while he started doing horizontal swings and stabs with the Sun's Fury. But he felt the need to show off some more and decided to do some spins. Everyone gasped in shock. They were in awe.

Marcus was getting jealous and felt his face flush with embarrassment.

'Why does the Prince have to be so good at everything? Even the nobles are in awe. They should be making fun of him, not praising him. Dammit!... No! No... Calm down, Marcus. The goal wasn't to humiliate Quinus, it was hoping that the Crystal Python would kill him. It just would have been icing on the cake if he would have been humiliated. I guess I can't have everything. Do I want to be here when he gets the vase or should I get out of here now?'

While Marcus was pondering whether to stick around or not, a certain Goddess was hovering in the clouds above Maldura Royal Palace. She had an irritated look written all over her face as she looked upon another attempt to murder her summoned champion.