

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 138 - DUKE JASPER HAWTHORNE

‘YOUNG MASTER, do you believe that the fake Crown Prince will really come here just to ‘talk‘ to you?’

By ‘here,’ Tate meant the Castillo Hall.

‘The fake Crown Prince will probably try to negotiate with me first,’ Jasper Hawthorne, leaned against the railing of the grand staircase, said. ‘After all, he knows that we know his secret.’

‘His Royal Highness sent a Spirit as a messenger,’ Tate, his butler-slash-aid, said while sitting on the railing. ‘It only means that the Crown Prince also knows that you can hear Spirits, Young Master.’

Ah, that was right.

A while ago, while they were on their way to Illumina Plaza to see the Crown Prince, a Spirit in the form of a white bunny came to him. The Spirit told him that the Crown Prince ‘invited‘ him to the Castillo Hall.

Apparently, he and the Crown Prince needed to talk.

He didn’t mind because that was exactly what he came there to do anyway.

‘It’s not a secret that I can ‘talk‘ to insects, animals, and even Spirits,’ he reminded his butler, dismissing the fact that the Crown Prince knew everything about him. ‘After all, everyone who knows me is aware that I raise poisonous butterflies. Doing so requires the ability to understand their species.’

But his ability to ‘talk‘ to Spirits was different from the ability of the Rosehearts.

He could only hear the voice of the Spirits that wished to talk to him. Moreover, he couldn't summon or tame them the way the Rosehearts could. To simply say, he was just a man blessed with the ability to study and understand the 'language' of non-human living things around him.

But to be honest, he didn't 'talk' to insects and animals like how he would talk to humans. He simply could just 'read' their emotions and aura. But it was a pain in the neck to explain so he would just usually say that he could 'talk' to them.

'It still feels like the Crown Prince knows a little too much about you, Young Master,' Tate said. His usual childish demeanor couldn't be detected at the moment. 'If he's just a fake Crown Prince, we can kill him. Right?'

'Well, that will depend on how our conversation will go.'

The butler nodded, then he sat up straight when they heard the door crack open. Then, his amber eyes glowed in the dark. 'Young Master, the fake Crown Prince is here with his infamous personal knight.'

'Deal with the fox,' he ordered the butler, then he sat on the railing. 'I want to talk to the fake Crown Prince in private.'

Tate smiled, his amber eyes' glow starting to vanish. 'As you wish, Young Master.'

Tvu Czmjr Pzarhu nzmptiw frmpRHut val nzulurhu gw rmo gmoVuzare om vatu val fpzf frt jficare imptiw iacu f rmzqfi nuzlmr. Hu jfl nzuooW lpzu ovfo f nuzlmr md val hfiaguz hmpit jfic fl laiuroiw fl ovu dmk gmw guvart vaq. Bpo ao luuqut iacu Hal Rmwfi Haevrull jfl qfcare val dmmolounl Imprt imptuz.

Is it His Royal Highness's way of saying that he's not scared of me?

That annoyed him.

‘Ah, it’s the fake prince,’ Jasper said, admitting to himself that it was petty but he couldn’t help it.

‘Ah, it’s the son of slave traders.’

He didn’t expect that response. Not only did the Crown Prince know about the Black Market. He didn’t expect that the damned prince also knew about the slave trading!

Before he knew it, his anger already awakened his ‘pets.’

Hundreds of poisonous red butterflies came out of his body and lit up the dark hall through their flaming wings.

Thanks to the light caused by the burning red butterflies, he was able to see the Crown Prince’s features. As expected of a perfect fake that was able to fool the whole empire, the child possessed the three features that were apparently unique to the royal family: white hair, ash gray eyes, and pale skin.

The fake prince is already filled with divine energy.

Wfl ovfo tasaru uruzew fhoare iacu lmqu lmzo md lnuii frt ovu zuflmr jvw ovu dfcu Czmjr Pzarhu immcut ukfhoiw iacu ovu zufi mru ?

Perhaps, His Majesty himself created a spell that changes one’s appearance ?

That could be the only explanation why a fake had divine energy that was apparently exclusive to the saint and the royal family.

‘Omo,’ the fake Crown Prince said in an awed voice while looking up at him with sparkling eyes. ‘Why do you have to be so unnecessarily handsome, Duke Hawthorne ?’

He scowled when he heard that.

The comments that he was used to receiving about his appearance whenever he showed up at a banquet were mostly backhanded compliments. And they

usually came from the ladies. There were different variations but it goes something along this line: ‘You’re so handsome even though your skin is a little bit darker than the rest of us.’

Is the Crown Prince being sarcastic ?

But when he looked at His Royal Highness, he looked like he genuinely admired him.

‘Your flattery won’t work, Your Royal Highness,’ Jasper said bitterly, changing the topic swiftly because he didn’t want to get swayed by the fake’s strange pace. ‘We have a lot of things to discuss.’

‘Uh-huh,’ the fake Crown Prince said. ‘But how come you sound confident that I’m the fake and not the real one, Your Grace?’

‘The real Crown Prince wouldn’t have to have a proxy if he’s fine and healthy,’ he said. ‘The fact that he needs a replacement could only mean that he’s sick and unable to fulfill his duty. A sick heir would have weakened His Majesty’s power though. That’s probably the reason why the emperor decided to put a substitute in the real Crown Prince’s place.’

‘Oh, aren’t you smart?’ the fake asked in an amused voice. ‘We should join hands, you know?’

He already expected that the fake Crown Prince would convince him to join his side. After all, they needed to keep him silent about the royal secret. To be honest, an alliance with the real Crown Prince (he was pretty sure that the fake was only following the real one’s order) sounded tempting. He needed Mount Kimbro anyway.

But he had to confirm one thing first.

‘Your Royal Highness, how did you know the dark secrets of my family?’ he asked seriously. ‘Is His Majesty aware of those secrets as well?’

‘Nah, only I know your dark secrets,’ the fake said, then he gave him an apologetic smile. ‘I’m sorry but I can’t tell you how I managed to uncover your family’s secret.’ She clasped her hands together. ‘Can’t you just trust me, Your Grace?’

‘Then, the negotiation is off,’ he said coldly. ‘I’ll beat you to a pulp and make you spill your secrets after.’

‘How barbaric!’ the fake complained with a soft laugh. ‘When I win, you’re going to join my side, okay?’

‘When you win?’ he asked, then he smirked. ‘It sounds like you’re confident that you’d win, Your Royal Highness.’

‘Let’s just say that I’m your personal kryptonite, Your Grace.’

Yeah, that didn’t make sense.

What the hell is a ‘kryptonite?’

‘Since we’ve already confirmed that this one is fake, it doesn’t matter if we accidentally kill him, right?’ Tate asked, his amber eyes now glowing menacingly. Ah, it seemed like the bloodthirsty monster inside the butler had awakened. ‘Young Master, let me play with the fake prince first. Please?’

He was about to say something when all of a sudden, he saw the fox boy behind Tate.

Damn, I didn’t feel his presence at all!

It was too late to warn Tate.

Lewis Crevan already sent the butler flying with just one kick. Tate’s back hit the wall, crushing it in the process.

‘Good job, One-Kick Lewis!’ yelled the fake Crown Prince, spouting nonsense again. ‘Make your mother proud!’

Lewis Crevan let out a deep sigh, then he disappeared to attack Tate who just got up.

‘Jasper Hawthorne, focus on me,’ the fake Crown Prince said while looking up at him. He was smiling, but he noticed that the proxy’s eyes were now dead serious. ‘I’m your enemy.’

‘I won’t hold back,’ he warned the fake. ‘You’re not the real Crown Prince so I won’t hesitate to kill you if I need to.’

The fake laughed at his threat. ‘Your Grace, if you plan to kill me, you better make sure that I’ll really die.’

He didn’t like the boy’s attitude.

To be honest, he planned to just scare him a little. After all, he knew that the fake prince was only commissioned by the royal family to pretend like the real one. But the substitute’s arrogance was pissing him off.

Maybe it was up to him to teach the arrogant boy some humility.

‘This will hurt,’ Jasper said, then he raised his hand. The biggest bloody red butterfly landed on his finger. The insect’s flaming wings felt hot against his skin, but not enough to burn him. After all, his natural element was the fire. ‘Mariposa, burn the arrogant boy alive.’

‘Mariposa’ was the name of his butterflies.

He didn’t have the time and the patience to name each of his butterflies. So he just gave them a ‘group name.’ They attack enemies collectively anyway.

Just like what happened just now.

The herd of his red flaming butterflies flocked towards the fake Crown Prince until the poor boy's little body was covered with his insects.

Of course, it burned him in the process. After all, when the red flaming butterflies of his flocked together like that, they would turn into a big flame. But despite everything he said a while ago about holding back, he wasn't that cruel to burn a child into ashes. And so, he made sure that the flame he used wasn't too hot.

It still had to hurt though.

Thus, he was wondering why he hadn't heard the fake Crown Prince scream in pain yet.

'The water in the hot spring is way warmer than your flame, Duke Jasper Hawthorne,' the fake Crown Prince, still engulfed in his red flame, said in an offended voice. 'You're looking down on me, aren't you?'

He was surprised when all of a sudden, a different kind of red flame burned his butterflies into ashes, putting out his own flame in the process.

Does the fake Crown Prince also use flame?!

And it wasn't just any flame.

For some reason, the fake's red flame felt purer and stronger than his.

Impossible...

His thoughts were cut-off when all of a sudden, he was hit by a huge ball of scorching flame. He tried to protect himself with a Flame Barrier of his own.

The fake's flame is so darn hot!

And soon enough, his Flame Barrier collapsed. The fake's ball of flame hit his body and it exploded on him like a bomb. He didn't want to admit this but it hurt enough to make him groan in pain.

Then, he fell on his knees while catching his breath.

What kind of flame is that ?

‘Is it safe to assume that I won this fight ?’

He raised his head to look up at the fake Crown Prince standing in front of him. It shocked him that this time, he didn’t feel the proxy’s presence when he approached him. But the most shocking part was when he saw the fake’s face, neck, and arms covered with what seemed to be red scales.

Are those dragon scales ?

‘Since I won, will you listen to me now ?’ the fake prince asked, the scales all over his body melting into nothingness. ‘I sincerely wish for us to become allies, Duke Hawthorne.’

‘I won’t become allies with someone who knows my secrets and yet, refuses to tell me where he learned them from,’ he snarled, summoning the remaining butterflies inside his body. This time, the butterflies that he released were pure white instead of bloody red. ‘And I haven’t lost yet, fake.’

‘You’re not giving up yet ?’

He smirked and stood up, not wanting the fake to think that he was done.

‘Do you know why my infamous butterflies are red ?’ he asked. When he raised a hand, the biggest white butterfly softly landed on his finger. ‘While these ones are white ?’

The fake just smiled as a response.

He hated that smile more than the fake’s arrogant words. ‘Mariposa, suck the boy’s blood.’

The white butterflies flocked all over the boy’s body. It happened so fast that the fake didn’t even have the chance to move. He must also be

paralyzed by now because as soon as the butterflies begin sucking a person's body, the poison from his butterflies would paralyze the victim instantly.

It worked for him since the fake wasn't able to summon the dragon scales that he used to protect himself a while ago.

Ah, he's done for.

After all, the pure white butterflies had turned into blood red now. That meant the insects have sucked enough blood from the boy.

Enough for me to control the fake prince, that is.

When the now red butterflies were done drinking, they flew away from the fake Crown Prince and returned to his side.

'I didn't want to use this technique on a child but you leave me with no choice,' he said while shaking his head. The boy remained frozen on where he stood. It seemed like he was still paralyzed because the fake couldn't even blink. 'Now, tell me how you discovered the dark secrets of my family.'

Much to his shock, the fake Crown Prince smirked...

... then he moved fast to give him a sucker punch in the face.

The fake's punch sent him flying until he hit the wall, crushing it with the impact of his body hitting it. The paintings hanging on that side of the wall fell and got broken into tiny pieces as well. And damn, the sucker punch broke his nose.

He slid down and leaned against the broken wall behind him, then he raised his head and looked up at the fake standing in front of him.

'How?' he asked in disbelief. 'Even grown men who believe that they are immune to poison still get knocked out by my poisonous butterflies. And

when my butterflies sucked your blood, that should have given me the power to control you!

‘There’s one bloodline in the whole continent that you can’t control, Duke Hawthorne,’ the fake Crown said, his ash gray eyes turned into glowing red all of a sudden. He didn’t want to admit this but the fake looked intimidating at the moment. ‘You could never govern the blood of a de Moonasterio.’

His eyes widened in shock. ‘You’re a de Moonasterio?’ He fell silent for a while, then he let out a gasp. ‘Are you the Crown Prince’s twin brother?’

‘I am indeed Nero’s twin— but I’m his ‘sister’ and not his ‘brother.’

After saying that, the fake’s hair grew longer until it reached her waist.

Yes, her.

A spell changed that person’s clothes from a military uniform into a pink dress. Her face didn’t change that much. But since her hair grew longer and she now wore a dress, she suddenly looked more feminine at the moment.

‘Impossible,’ Jasper said in disbelief. ‘The Crown Prince has a twin sister?’

‘Yes, and that is the real royal secret,’ Her Royal Highness said. ‘I am Neoma de Moonasterio— Nero’s hidden twin sister.’

Hi. You may now send GIFTS to our Neoma. Thank you~
