

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 226 - IT'S ADVENTURE TIME

‘NO, I can’t stay even if you ask me to.’

‘I know, right?’ Neoma said while pointing her finger guns at Ruto. ‘I’ll be disappointed in you if you delay your studies just because your pretty glutton of a friend asked you to.’

Ruto raised a brow at her. ‘Did you call yourself a glutton?’

‘No,’ she said. ‘I said ‘pretty glutton.’‘

‘Are you pretty?’

‘Yes, I’m conventionally pretty.’

‘‘Conventionally?’‘

‘Uh-huh,’ she said. ‘Everyone is pretty but society has beauty standards. I’m considered ‘pretty’ by those standards, thus I call myself ‘conventionally beautiful.’‘

‘Okay.’

‘Ruto, are you hesitating to leave?’

‘No,’ he said bluntly. ‘I already delayed my departure for a year. My father won’t tolerate any postponement anymore.’

‘Ohh. You’re a good son, huh?’

‘It’s my choice to attend culinary school abroad. I wasn’t forced by my father,’ he said. ‘However, my father didn’t like it when I delayed my enrollment. He thought I was being indecisive. He hates that kind of person

the most. After all, when you're in the kitchen, you don't have the room to hesitate. You have to be constantly moving or else, the food won't come out of the kitchen and you'll starve your customers.'

'Oh, I see,' she said, then she gave him a thumbs up. 'Good job. People with focus and ambition are admirable.'

'Uh-huh,' he said, unfazed. 'Are you really not going to call me and accept my calls?'

'Why don't you just come home once a month?' she asked back. 'You're rich and privileged. I'm sure it's possible.'

'I don't want to.'

'What do you mean by you don't want to?' she complained. 'You asked me to call you but you're rejecting my request now.'

'You rejected my request first,' he retorted. 'If you don't want to hear my voice when I'm not physically near you, then I don't want to go home and see you if I can't stay for long anyway.'

'You can't see my face.'

He rolled his eyes at her. 'You know that's not what I mean.'

'I know but I want to tease you,' she said while laughing. 'Ruto, this is the first time that I saw you roll your eyes. Are you annoyed with me?'

'You make it easy for me to get annoyed with you.'

She laughed even harder. 'I can't believe you're sulking just because I don't want to keep in touch with you once you leave.'

'I'm not sulking.'

'Sure,' she said. 'Shall we compromise?'

His face instantly lit up. ‘How?’

[And he said he wasn’t sulking.]

‘I’ll call you every Wednesday night,’ she said. ‘But you have to come home every month.’

‘I can’t do it monthly since I plan to travel around,’ he said. ‘How about once every two months?’

‘Okay,’ she said. ‘Then, I’ll call you every first and last Wednesday of the month.’

‘You’re stingy, Miss Ramsay.’

‘Take it or leave it.’

‘Fine, let’s do that,’ he said. ‘But why Wednesdays? It’s a weekday.’

‘I like Wednesdays,’ she said brightly. ‘Because on Wednesdays, we wear pink.’

He just stared at her blankly. ‘I don’t have a pink shirt.’

‘I’ll send you one next time,’ she said with a soft laugh. Then, she changed the topic. ‘Thank you for the burgers and sandwiches, Ruto. I need to go now.’

‘Wait, give me your hand first.’

She didn’t like how fast she moved to extend her hand to him. In her defense, she couldn’t help it. Her hand just moved on its own!

[Stupid hand.]

‘I was in the market yesterday when I saw a merchant selling this,’ Ruto said while showing her a piece of red paper. ‘This is a temporary tattoo that works as a protective charm. Can I put this on you?’

‘Depends on the design.’

‘It’s a chicken.’

She clicked her tongue in annoyance. ‘Why did you choose a chicken out of all the designs there?’

‘You like chicken so much,’ he said bluntly. ‘You even pair your waffles with fried chicken.’

‘Hey, it’s a good combination,’ she said defensively. ‘I won’t allow any fried chicken and waffles slander here. But that doesn’t mean I want a chicken tattoo on my body.’

‘It’s a cute chicken,’ he said, obviously trying to get her interested. ‘I drew it myself.’

‘I thought you bought it from the merchant?’

‘I bought the tattoo paper from a merchant,’ he explained. ‘The buyer gets to draw the design.’

‘And you chose to draw a chicken?’

‘It’s a cute chicken,’ he said positively. ‘You’ll like it.’

‘Fine,’ she said. ‘I want to see it.’

He looked pleased with what she said.

Then, Ruto carefully placed the red paper on her wrist. ‘I’m going to use my Mana a bit to activate the charm,’ he said. ‘You might feel a little zap. Punch me if it hurts.’

She flinched when she felt a light bolt of electricity hit her wrist.

It didn’t hurt though.

[Ruto... has an electricity Mana? But to be able to control an element means...]

Oriw vaev-iusui Mfrf-pluzl hmpit hmrozmi lmquovare iacu ovfo...

She suddenly felt shivers down her spine at the same time she felt a pang in her head.

[There's someone like that in my first life— a person who's known to electrocute his enemies on the battlefield. But why can't I remember who that is?]

'My electricity isn't that strong. It's just enough to zap and paralyze people if I need to defend myself,' he said as if he could read her mind. 'I often use it to catch animals that I plan to cook.'

She didn't know why she felt relieved to hear that. 'I see.'

'It's done,' he said, then he slowly peeled the paper tattoo off her skin.

She laughed when she saw the line art of the 'charm' on her wrist.

To be honest, she was expecting a doodle of a real chicken. But she didn't expect that when Ruto said 'chicken,' he meant fried chicken. It was a cute doodle of a chicken drumstick!

'It's cute,' she said with a smile, then she raised her head to meet Ruto's gaze. 'How does this work?'

'If you feel like your life is in danger, touch the tattoo summon these words: 'Strike, Veton,' he said. 'Don't forget those two words. But if you don't activate the charm after seven days, then it would automatically wear off.'

'Okay, `got it,' she said. 'Thank you for this protective charm, Ruto.'

'Come back safely, Miss Ramsay,' Ruto said, then he gently tapped the temporary tattoo on her wrist. 'I pray that you wouldn't have to use this.' He

paused before he slowly let go of her wrist. ‘Stay healthy until I return, okay?’

‘The chef in the Crown Prince’s palace is also good so don’t worry– I’ll eat well,’ Neoma assured him. ‘Ruto, cook rice for me once you return, okay?’

[HE’S LIKE a rip-off S*n Gok*.]

Neoma couldn’t help but remember the dude from Dr*gon Ball as she watched Jeno Dankworth descend from the sky using a cloud shaped like a cube. A jelly-like cube, to be precise. He covered himself with mist and only appeared when he was landing on the ground.

[As expected, Jeno Dankworth’s ability is really useful.]

Jeno Dankworth got down on one knee and lowered his head in front of her. ‘Greetings, Your Royal Highness. Jeno Dankworth at your service.’

She summoned Jeno Dankworth in secret.

Right now, she was in her personal training ground behind her palace with Juri. Lewis was in his room and he wasn’t allowed to come out until she and her party were out of the Royal Capital. Of course, it was a part of their plan to have her son get kidnapped easily.

‘Lord Jeno, even though you took the Oath of Silence, you’re still not a part of my dream team,’ Neoma said seriously. ‘I’m still not sure what to do with you. However, I’m fascinated by your ability. Thus, I decided to give you a test. If you succeed, I will accept you as my Marksman.’

Jeno Dankworth raised his head and looked at her with shining eyes.

‘Don’t get me wrong, Jeno,’ she said with a business smile on her face. ‘Just because I forgive you doesn’t mean I will forget what you did. I’m petty and

I hold grudges. Plus, I'm very vain. If you can't deal with that, you're free to go.'

He shook his head firmly. 'Please give me an order, Your Royal Highness.'

'Okay,' she said. 'Jeno Dankworth, I will leave Lewis Crevan in your care.'

The young lord looked confused by her order.

'I want you to follow Lewis Crevan discreetly, and don't even let him notice you,' she said seriously. 'Whatever happens, you have to follow him. I won't give you any more details but if you truly want to become a part of my team, you should know when to contact me. I will lend you one of my Spirits, and I will let him lend you the ability to speak with Spirits for a short period of time.' She opened her right hand. 'Come out, Soju.'

Soju, in his toad form, appeared on his palm. He looked at Jeno Dankworth long and hard before he looked up at her. 'His face is good enough to entertain me,' the merman said. 'I will work with him, Princess Neoma.'

She smiled at the toad. 'Thank you, Soju.'

'You're always welcome, Princess Neoma.'

Then, Soju hopped on the top of Jeno Dankworth's head.

'Get acquainted with each other now,' Neoma said seriously while looking at Jeno Dankworth in the eye. 'I will wait for your report.'

Jeno Dankworth bowed politely. 'I will not disappoint you, Your Royal Highness.'

'LEWIS, I'm going,' Neoma said in a cold and distant voice that she rarely used when talking to her precious son. Only the two of them were in Lewis's room, but she still had to act that way. 'Listen to my instructions.'

She didn't want to treat Lewis like an ordinary servant but she had to draw a line from time to time to remind him that she was still the boss. It wasn't like she was power-tripping. She just wanted to prevent Lewis from acting on his own.

If she let him do what he wanted no matter how dangerous or reckless his idea was, then she might just as well send him to his death. But as a caring mother, she couldn't let that happen.

[Aigoo. Raising a child in his rebellious phase is really hard.]

Lewis got down on one knee, then he lowered his head. Even though he didn't say anything (because he was still sulking for getting left behind!), she knew that her son was listening intently to her.

'I only three orders for you, Lewis Crevan,' she said seriously. 'First, don't let them steal your Marble at all cost. Second, if it gets too dangerous, abort the mission and escape. And lastly, come back to me alive and well.'

Her son raised his head as if he was surprised by her last order.

'You can't die without my permission, okay?' she said in a cracked voice. Although it was her idea to destroy the Death Camp with Duke Jasper Hawthorne, her heart was still heavy for sending Lewis to a dangerous place. 'I'm sorry, Lewis.'

She didn't want Lewis to relive the trauma that he got from being a slave in the past.

If only there were other ways to infiltrate the Death Camp without having her son as bait...

Lewis face lit up. 'I won't die so don't beat yourself for sending me to a dangerous mission,' he assured her softly. 'I will live for you, Princess Neoma.'

‘You have to,’ Neoma said while holding back her tears. ‘I will go batshit crazy if something bad happens to you, Lewis.’

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