

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

### Chapter 233 - SHAME ON THE ARROGANT PRINCESS

THE NEXT thing Jasper Hawthorne knew, he was already on the ground while an unbelievable amount of pressure was literally pushing him down. He was on all fours and he couldn't even raise his head. All he could do at the moment was to curse under his breath.

[I didn't know that Alistair Madgwick could control gravity!]

After all, House Madgwick was known for its stealth moves. They had the gift of speed. Moreover, they also had the ability to erase their Mana residues.

[That's the reason why it's hard to catch the Madgwicks red-handed.]

But he didn't know how Alistair Madgwick was able to control gravity. As far as he knew, the bastard was an illegitimate child of Count Madgwick with a non-Mana user maid of their household. Thus, Alistair Madgwick should have inherited his father's ability.

Of course, a genius could learn different abilities especially if their Mana was great. He didn't hear about Alistair Madgwick being a genius though.

[And where did he learn how to control gravity?!]

'Do you think I will let my guard down just because you're a child?' Alistair Madgwick asked mockingly, then he squatted down and grabbed his hair to force him to raise his head. 'Jasper Hawthorne, I know that you're here to avenge your parents. You believe that it's my father who murdered your family to keep our family's secret safe, don't you?'

‘It’s Count Madgwick,’ Jasper growled weakly. ‘Your father killed my parents!’

‘Yeah, my father did,’ the bastard said with a smirk. ‘You should be thankful to my father, Jasper Hawthorne. If not for him, the crimes of your parents would have been exposed. Had that happened, House Hawthorne would have fallen from grace. And you would have been known as the son of slave traders!’

Aialofaz Mftejahc lqflvut val dfhu om ovu dimmz.

Jasper barely managed to protect his face and whole body with his Mana. He was able to protect her skull, but not his nose. It already hit the floor before his Mana covered his entire head. But he should be grateful that he managed to do that despite the gravity crushing him.

‘It’s true that my father tried to put the blame on your parents,’ the bastard continued in a haughty voice while smashing his face on the floor again and again. ‘Your parents wouldn’t have ended dead had they not threatened to come clean to the emperor. Do you want to hear something interesting, Jasper Hawthorne?’ The bastard pulled him by the hair to raise his head, then he smirked at his face. ‘I helped my father kill your parents, you little shit.’

To say that he was enraged to hear that would be an understatement.

The anger in his chest turned into raw power. He managed to send Alistair Madgwick flying due to the sudden burst of his Mana. As soon as the bastard hit the wall, the gravity crushing his body suddenly disappeared.

He used that moment to summon his poisonous butterflies. Then, he ordered his butterflies to attack Alistair Madgwick.

In just a few seconds, the bastard was already covered with his poisonous butterflies.

And just when Jasper thought he already won, gravity once smashed him on the floor. This time, he was prepared. He felt his skull break as soon as his face hit the floor once again.

[Damn.]

\*\*\*

WHEN NEOMA hfqu om vuz lurlul, lvu frt vuz hvaitzur (Mmhva frt Jpza Walouzaf) juzu fizuftw ar f tfreuzmpl laopfoamr.

They were in the spot where Jasper Hawthorne said he'd meet them.

But she couldn't feel her Oppa's Mana or presence anywhere near. The fact that they were surrounded by unknown enemies only meant one thing.

[Jasper Oppa has been caught!]

'Go,' Neoma said to Mochi and Juri, obviously shocking the two. 'We're going with Plan Whatever.'

Yes, she was the one who named that plan.

And no, she wasn't kidding. They had several plans named Plan Awesome, Plan Duh, Plan Daebak, Plan Champion, and Plan Whatever.

[You guessed it right— Plan Whatever is the worst out of all choices.]

'Your Royal Highness, is the situation that dire for us to use Plan Whatever right away?' Mochi asked seriously. 'I swore to follow you, but I want to know what made you choose that plan.'

'Instinct,' she said without missing a heartbeat. 'Please trust my instinct, Mochi.'

Svu vufzt ovu Wart Snazao iuo mpo f dzplozfout laev.

‘Your Royal Highness, I trust you with all my heart,’ Juri Wisteria said worriedly. ‘But I can’t leave you.’

‘You have to,’ she said firmly. She didn’t know how but she could feel the hostile energy looming near. Whatever or whoever it was, she could tell that she was the target of the thick bloodlust in the air. ‘Mochi, Juri, leave—now!’

A sudden burst of strong wind surrounded Mochi and Juri.

Then, in just the blink of an eye, the two disappeared into thin air.

[Yes, the first step of ‘Plan Whatever’ is for Mochi and Juri to leave her. The second step would be regrouping with Jenno Dankworth to find Lewis. And finally, to rescue me if I fail to defeat the enemy.]

She knew that making Mochi and Juri leave her was a very dangerous choice. Some might even say that it was a stupid one. That was exactly why ‘Plan Whatever’ was the worst plan that they came up with.

But Mochi knew why she chose that one at the moment.

She wouldn’t be able to use the abilities that she was planning to do later if she had company.

But to be honest, right now, she didn’t regret her choice.

Svu jfl eift ovfo vuz dzaurtl ulhfnut ar ovu rahc md oaqu. Adouz fii, tfzc uruzew ar ovu dmzq md lusuzfi lnufzl jfl ovzmjr fo jvuzu ovu ojm lommt f jvaiu fem.

‘Oh, I missed?’

A tall man— probably 6’7’ tall— emerged from the darkness.

He had a blond ‘curtains hairstyle.’ His long fringe was parted in the middle, and the shorter part of his hair was wavy.

[Shit, another good-looking enemy.]

He even wore clothes that suited his well-built body. Under the cream trench coat that he wore was a black turtle-neck that covered up to his chin, black tight pants, and a pair of black ankle boots.

But despite the man's beautiful face, his sharp blue eyes were disturbing.

[He's looking at me as if I'm a test subject that he's already dissecting in his head.]

That was the last thing that worried her at the moment though.

After all, the 'eyes' that she felt looking at her a few moments ago turned out to be literal eyeballs floating around her. Yes, eyeballs. To be precise, glowing red orbs.

[Fphcare hzuunw.]

'Greetings, Prince Nero de Moonasterio,' the bad guy said with a curt nod. 'I am Doctor Curtin Smit, one of the Crow Executives.'

To say that she was shocked by what she heard would be an understatement.

[He's one of the crows ?]

'Why do you look shocked, Your Royal Highness?' Curtis Smit asked, then he crossed his arms over his chest. 'You're not the only person here who's confident enough to not hide his identity.'

It was a shade.

That creepy doctor was obviously shading her for not concealing his identity when coming to the enemy's territory.

'I don't see a reason why I should hide my identity,' she said with a confident smirk on her face. Of course, she wasn't 100% confident now that she only had Tteokbokki as an ally to fight with. But she wouldn't let the

enemy figure it out. Thank goodness she was naturally arrogant now. ‘But you should have hidden your identity from me, Mr. Smit.’

‘I don’t understand why I should have done that,’ he said nonchalantly. ‘I worked with the Master of the Death Camp for the past few months with the sole intention of finally meeting you in person, Your Royal Highness.’

‘You worked with the Master of the Death Camp?’

‘To be precise, I asked him to bring you to me,’ the crazy doctor said. ‘Ah, thank you for reminding me that I need to pay my good friend now that you’ve arrived here.’

She was insulted.

That Curtis Smit bastard practically implied that he ‘bought’ her from the Death Camp.

Hah! The nerve of this crow douchebag to treat her like a fućkínġ piece of merchandise straight in her face!

‘Curtis Smit, I don’t need another reason to eliminate you and your little crow friends,’ she said coolly. Well, she was seething inside. But she didn’t want to lose in this battle called ‘trash-talking.’ ‘Who are you to treat me like a hot item on sale?’

‘First, we’re going to fix your crude manner of speech.’

‘And who are you to ‘fix’ my perfectly crude mouth?’

‘The Crow exists to protect the throne by choosing the perfect emperor to sit on it,’ Curtis said seriously. ‘Your father, Emperor Nikolai de Moonasterio, used to be a disappointing Crown Prince. But we ‘fixed’ him by getting rid of that person that weakened him.’

‘You’re not talking about my mother, are you?’ she asked threateningly.

‘I’m talking about Mona Roseheart,’ the bastard said casually. The fact that he was only speaking his truth and not to annoy her was frustrating enough. Obviously, she was the one getting provoked and not the enemy. ‘Ah, that reminds me.’ His ocean blue eyes glowing menacingly. ‘We should fix something else first aside from your crude mouth.’

‘Stop saying that you’d fix me as if I’m a broken thing that needs to be mended!’ she snarled at him while gathering her Mana in her palms. To be precise, she was borrowing Tteokbokki’s flame to create fireballs. ‘I’m the one who’s going to fix that bad attitude...’

She trailed off when she felt a sudden pang in her chest.

The next thing she knew, she already fell to her knees while clutching her chest with one hand. She used the other one to stop herself from completely falling to the ground.

[What’s happening to my heart?]

It was beating erratically!

‘Physically, you’re perfect,’ Curtis Smit said, then he got down on one knee to meet her eye level. ‘I also like your attitude despite your crude mouth. But you have one flaw that I can’t overlook, Prince Nero.’

She glared at him while trying to stabilize her heart.

But to no avail.

‘You have Roseheart blood in you,’ the crazy bastard said while shaking his head. ‘The filthy blood of your mother is contaminating the pure imperial blood running through your veins. The Crow can’t accept that, Your Royal Highness.’

‘What do I care?’ she said with a smirk. ‘I don’t need your approval. Plus, it’s not like you can extract my mother’s blood in me.’

‘When we say ‘Roseheart Blood,’ do you think we’re talking about the blood running through your veins literally?’

She hated that she couldn’t give a retort to something that she didn’t fully understand.

[It’s not like my Papa Boss teaches me about the Rosehearts...]

‘The Rosehearts are named Rosehearts because they literally have a rose in their heart,’ Curtis explained when he noticed the confusion on her face. ‘That rose is the Core of your power as a Roseheart.’ He raised his hand and slowly reached it out to her. To be precise, it looked like his hand was aiming for her chest. ‘All I need is to pluck that filthy rose out of your heart to make you the perfect successor that the Crow hopes you’d be, Prince Nero.’

[This crazy bastard plans to rip my heart out!]

She knew that using the Coat wouldn’t be enough. Plus, it would ruin her part in the Plan Whatever. Thus, she opted for the Dome.

After she placed herself inside the Dome that Curtis Smit couldn’t even touch, she stood up and touched the line around her index finger. One of her items that the Lynx Ring hid from her was the ring that she received from Nero before he left a year ago.

It seemed like it was time to borrow her twin brother’s power.

‘I admit that I lost this round,’ Neoma said, then she gave Curtis Smit a dirty finger. ‘Hasta la vista in the next round, bitch.’

And after saying her goodbye like a fućkínġ loser that she was, she used Nero’s Mana to freeze her body inside the Dome.

[I’m a loser but I’m still untouchable.]

\*\*\*



‘YOU’RE quite troublesome, Prince Nero,’ Curtis said while looking at the Dome that Prince Nero made. Inside that Dome was the Crown Prince’s physical body trapped in the block of ice that took the shape of the Dome. Now, His Royal Highness looked like a pretty ice sculpture. ‘I thought you control fire and not ice.’

But then again, it was possible for a genius like Prince Nero to control two elements.

Just like how he could use several elements as well.

He touched the surface of the Dome. It was surprisingly warm despite the huge block of ice inside.

‘I have to break this Dome first before I melt the block of ice inside,’ Curtis whispered to himself, then he smiled. ‘Should I bring that little genius here to help me get rid of this Dome?’

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*