

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 234 - THE LITTLE GENIUS CROW

‘WHY THE hell did you abandon Princess Neoma?!’

Juri Wisteria didn't like the fact that she was yelled at by this damned Jen0 Dankworth.

If only she wasn't standing on the solidified cloud floating sixty meters above the ground that the young lord created, she would have already hit him with her sledgehammer.

[I really want to hit this cloud boy.]

It seemed like Mochi had already talked to Soju in advance because she knew where to escape to. After all, the white bunny dropped her off to where she was right now after they ran away from the enemies a while ago.

‘It was Princess Neoma's order,’ Juri reasoned with clenched hands. ‘What do you want me to do, disobey her?’

‘Yes,’ Jen0 Dankworth said firmly while glaring at her. ‘I would have never abandoned Princess Neoma even if it meant disobeying her order.’

‘I guess that's the reason why I'm the official member of Her Royal Highness's team and not you.’

The young lord could only glare at her for that retort.

But it wasn't like she didn't know where Jen0 was coming from.

She hated the fact that they had to leave Princess Neoma. If Mochi didn't use her teleportation ability to take her away from that place earlier, she wouldn't have left. And she would have been caught along with Her Royal Highness.

‘It wasn’t easy for me to abandon Princess Neoma,’ she explained more calmly. She was only a year older than Jenó Dankworth. Still, she knew that she had to be more understanding as the adult between the two of them. Moreover, she heard that most girls mature faster than boys anyway. This cloud guy probably had the mentality of a child despite having the physical body of a seventeen-year-old boy. ‘I protested the plan as soon as Princess Neoma and Mochi came up with it. But according to Her Royal Highness, it’s better for us to escape and rescue her later than for all of us to be caught together.’

‘But does Princess Neoma really have to be the bait here?’

‘Well, Princess Neoma knew that once the enemies get a hold of her, they wouldn’t waste their time chasing us,’ she said. ‘But obviously, they will strengthen their security now that they know the camp has been infiltrated. They’re probably already looking for us at this moment.’ She turned to her side. ‘Right, Mochi...’

She trailed off when she realized that Mochi, who was sharing a floating ‘cloud sofa’ with Soju a while ago, disappeared.

Jeno, who noticed the situation as well, blinked several times. ‘Soju is gone, too.’

‘It seems like the two of them disappeared while we were fighting,’ Juri said, then she gasped softly. ‘Did they leave to save Princess Neoma?’

‘I WAS utterly defeated,’ Neoma, now in her Spirit form, said while floating in the air with Mochi and Soju. Not gonna lie, they looked like the three ghosts from C*sper, the Friendly Ghost movie at the moment. ‘I think I literally lost my mind for a moment.’

Thankfully, she came to her senses before it was too late.

After she trapped her physical body in a block of ice using her Dome and her borrowed powers from Nero, her soul literally left her body. As soon as she did, Mochi and Soju appeared to take her away from the enemy.

Fortunately, it seemed like Curtis Smit didn't notice her in her Spirit form. She was able to leave with Mochi and Soju safely.

And here they were now.

'That's what I thought, too,' Soju said cheerfully. 'You were acting strange a while ago, Princess Neoma. You've become more arrogant and more reckless than usual.'

Mochi nodded in agreement. 'And this is the first time your eyes turned red for that long. I almost thought your Lunacy began.'

'Lunacy?' she asked curiously. 'What is that?'

'Ah, so little Nikolai hasn't told you about it yet,' the Wind Spirit said, then she began to explain. 'Lunacy is a state where a de Moonasterio loses their mind. It becomes a blessing or a curse depending on the result. If you're able to overcome it, you'll be blessed with eternal youth and stronger powers. But if you fail to suppress it, you'll become a lunatic.'

'Is it like a hereditary disease?'

'Yes,' the white bunny confirmed. 'Apparently, that's the divine punishment that the de Moonasterios received for inheriting Yule's blood.'

She clicked her tongue in annoyance. 'I knew being a god's descendant is troublesome.' She paused for a moment, then she smiled. 'But for a vain person like me, the gift of eternal youth doesn't sound so bad.'

But to be honest, 'eternal youth' doesn't sound that special to her.

When she was in Korea in her second life, she had met several people in their late forties and above who could still pass as someone in their twenties. Especially the celebrities. But it wasn't just in Korea though.

[Asians are blessed with a youthful look, it seems.]

'Don't change the subject, Princess Neoma,' Mochi said sternly. 'You lost due to your arrogance and as a result, your physical body is now in the hands of the enemy.'

Ophv.

'The enemy introduced himself as Curtis Smit,' she said. 'Apparently, he's a Crow Executive.'

'The crows, huh?' Soju said while shaking his head. 'They're the same people that got Princess Nichole in the past.'

'Why did the Crow target the Crown Prince this time?' Mochi asked, confused. 'This is the first time in a while that they directly approached the throne's successor. They didn't do this kind of thing during little Nikolai's term as the Crown Prince.'

'Curtis Smit claimed that the cult can't accept me as the successor of the throne because of my Roseheart Blood,' she explained, then she clutched her chest tight. 'He tried to 'pluck' the rose in my heart that I didn't know I have.' She turned to the Wind Spirit. 'Mochi, why didn't you tell me that I have a rose in my heart? Curtis Smit also said that it's the Core of my power as a Roseheart.'

'The last time I checked, the rose in your heart is still a young rosebud,' Mochi explained worriedly. 'Princess Neoma, you have to know that the rose in your heart has a different color from the rose in Prince Nero's heart.'

'Why do our roses have different colors?'

‘The rose in the heart of a female Roseheart is always coral pink, while the rose in the heart of a male Roseheart is always midnight blue,’ the white bunny explained. ‘If that Curtis Smit opens your heart and sees that your rosebud is pink, he’d realize that you’re a female de Moonasterio, Princess Neoma.’

She gasped when she heard that. ‘Oh god,’ she said softly. ‘I’m so glad I was able to trap my physical body inside the block of ice.’

‘If that person has the ability to pluck the Core of a Roseheart, then he might have the ability to break your barrier,’ the Wind Spirit said. ‘Princess Neoma, this has gotten out of hand the moment we found out that the crows are involved in this mess. We need to inform His Majesty about the current situation.’

Tm gu vmrulo, lvu jfrou om iuo vuz dfovuz crmj fgmpo ovu laopfoamr mrhu ao jfl prtuz vuz hmrozmi.

But she didn’t expect the crows to be involved with the Death Camp.

[This didn’t happen in my first life.]

‘I understand,’ she said. ‘Then, Mochi, can you teleport to the palace and bring my Papa Boss here?’

‘I can’t do that. Not in this form,’ Mochi said while shaking her head. ‘His Majesty is heavy. That’s why he can’t use long-distance teleportation himself.’

‘What do you mean by my father being heavy?’ she asked curiously. ‘I’m sure you’re not talking about his weight.’

‘Of course, not,’ the white bunny confirmed. ‘By ‘heavy,’ I’m talking about His Majesty’s Mana. You know, Princess Neoma, your father is like a huge lump of Mana. My ability isn’t enough to carry a person like that from one

place to another, especially if those two places are far from each other. Only a portal can teleport His Majesty.'

'Then, we must inform Papa Boss right away.'

'That's right,' the Wind Spirit said. 'But first, I will fetch Geoffrey Kinsley from the Golden Field. A Paladin like him could help us a lot, Princess Neoma.'

'Alright, let's do that,' Neoma said while nodding her head. 'I'll leave it to you, Mochi.'

'I will take care of it, Princess Neoma,' Mochi promised, then she turned to Soju. 'You help Her Royal Highness be seen and heard by Juri Wisteria and Jeno Dankworth.'

Soju nodded and answered cheerfully. 'As you wish, bestie.'

[I taught Soju that manner of speech~]

'PRINCESS NEOMA!'

Neoma smiled when Juri Wisteria and Jeno Dankworth greeted her.

This was the first time that she used her Spirit form so she wasn't used to this ability of hers yet. Thus, Soju ended up helping her show up in front of Juri and Jeno in her Spirit form. Now, her two children could finally see and hear her like normal despite her current state.

After lending her his help, Soju returned to his realm to take a rest.

'P-Princess Neoma, why are you in that form?' Jeno Dankworth asked nervously. 'Are you...'

‘No, I’m still alive,’ Neoma said with a laugh. When Juri and Jen0 looked relieved by her assurance, she changed the topic. ‘Jeno, I like this idea of yours. Setting up a secret base in the sky is brilliant.’

Aside from the solidifying clouds to form a small ‘island’ above the Death Camp, Jeno Dankworth also hid their presence using the mist that was also a part of his ability. Needless to say, their group was safe now that they were sixty meters above the ground.

‘Thank you, Princess Neoma,’ Jeno said, his cheeks pink for some reason. ‘I’m glad to be of help to you.’

‘Yeah, this kid is pretty useful, Princess Neoma,’ Juri, her hands on her waist, said while nodding. ‘He’s a little worrywart though.’

Jeno glared at Juri who glared back at the young lord.

[They’re already acting like real siblings.]

That was cute.

‘Jeno, do you know where the enemies brought Lewis?’ she asked the young lord seriously. ‘The situation has turned for the worse so I want to rescue my son as soon as possible. Plus, we need to save Jasper Oppa, too.’

‘Duke Hawthorne?’ Juri asked, surprised. ‘I thought the young duke is acting as one of the slave traders.’

‘I have a feeling that Oppa has been caught,’ she said to Juri, then she turned to Jeno again. ‘Did you see where they took my son?’

Jeno nodded, then he pointed at the gloomy tower surrounded by a very dark aura. ‘They brought Lewis Crevan in that tower, Princess Neoma,’ he said. ‘I couldn’t come closer to the tower because of the offensive barrier around it.’

‘Finding out where Lewis has been brought to is already a huge feat,’ she said. ‘Thank you, Jenó.’

Jeno Dankworth smiled shyly, then he bowed politely. ‘Anything for you, Princess Neoma.’

She just smiled and nodded, then she turned to her daughter. ‘Juri, can you help me break the barrier and enter the tower?’

Juri’s face instantly lit up. ‘Breaking things is my forte, Princess Neoma.’

Jeno silently rolled his eyes at Juri and whispered, ‘Barbarian.’

Neoma laughed and shook his head at the two’s chaotic rapport. [Lewis, just wait a bit— your mother and siblings are here to rescue you very soon.]

‘IS THAT Prince Nero?’

Curtis Smit turned around to see Alistair Madgwick, the ‘Master’ of the Death Camp, enter his working room. ‘Yes, this is Prince Nero,’ he said, then he placed his hand on the surface of the Dome. ‘He’s asleep inside.’

Carrying the Dome with a huge block of ice inside was a difficult task.

He had to use most of his power for teleportation. Thankfully, the Crown Prince wasn’t strong enough yet for him. If the successor was as strong as his father, there was no way he could move the Dome using his ability.

‘Ah, so you haven’t begun the operation yet,’ Alistair Madgwick said, then he sat on the red sofa without being invited to do so. Talk about rude.

‘You’re supposed to pluck a rose in the Crown Prince’s heart or something, aren’t you?’

‘That’s correct,’ he said with a nod. ‘But as you can see, I’m having a hard time breaking the Dome that Prince Nero used to protect himself from me.’

His job was to fix things, not to break them.

But of course, he could break the Dome if he really wanted to. It would take time though. And right now, they were running out of time. Thus, he'd like to break the Dome in the fastest way possible.

'Curtis, can I give it a try?' the Master said. 'I want to try breaking the Dome using my gravity control.'

'That doesn't sound bad,' he said, then he gestured to the Dome with his hands. 'Be my guest, Alistair.'

The arrogant bastard smirked, then he moved his hand as if he was swatting an insect in the air.

Half of the floor was crushed as a result, and the debris fell in the room below.

But the spot where the Dome stood remained unscathed.

Alistair clicked his tongue. 'It seems like the rumor about the Crown Prince being the 'new shield of the empire' is true.'

He nodded in agreement. 'I'm half annoyed-half happy that the Crown Prince can create strong barriers. It's actual proof that the blood and the Moonglow that he inherited from His Majesty are both thick.'

'You can't be happy at this situation because you need to break the Dome,' the Master said. 'How do you plan to break that thing anyway?'

'I've summoned the little genius among the baby crows I'm raising right now.'

'Little genius?' Alistair asked curiously, then he snapped his fingers. 'That sly girl? What's her name again?'

‘Her alias is Regina Crowell,’ Curtis said, then his brows furrowed when he realized that Regina Crowell hadn’t responded to his call yet. ‘I wonder what’s taking her long to respond?’

TO SAY that Regina Crowell was shocked to find the little army all killed would be an understatement. She arrived at the foot of Mount Kimbro to meet up with them. But the members of the army that greeted her were all dead now.

Each one was burned to crisp. But the burn marks didn’t come from fire. Something else burned them to death.

[Is it electricity?]

It wasn’t like her little army was composed of weak crows.

She personally picked the members of her troupe. The members were all young, yes. But they were supposed to be the cream of the crop!

[How come they all died easily?]

The most shocking part was the fact that her whole army was annihilated by a single person.

‘How dare you do this to my army?’ Regina yelled angrily at the person standing on top of the burnt corpses of her troupe. ‘Who the hell are you?!’

The killer was wearing a black hooded cloak.

Based on his body type, she assumed that the assassin was a male.

She couldn’t see his features clearly because he was wearing a black face mask covering half of his face. But she could tell that the stranger was only a few years older than her. Despite his impressive height, his body fit suggested that he was still juvenile.

But he already looked very powerful.

The static flickering around the stranger's hands told her that he was an electricity Mana-user.

[He's dangerous!]

Thus, she decided to attack first.

She gathered her energy in her hands, transformed it into 'Mana bombs,' then threw those bombs at the stranger.

It looked like she caught him by surprise because even though he managed to avoid her surprise attack, he wasn't able to avoid it completely. The explosion caught the top of his hood, forcing him to remove and throw his cloak away.

That was a smart move.

[But how did he know that my Mana bombs are actually acid?]

Her thoughts were cut off when her eyes caught a unique feature of the killer.

[Purple hair?]

It was a little dark so she thought his hair was black. But when the moonlight hit his hair, it shined and revealed its true color.

'Are you one of Jasper Hawthorne's people?' she asked to stall time. She used a large amount of Mana when she threw two Mana bombs at the stranger earlier. She needed time to recover and thus, she decided to use her mouth in the meantime. 'Or are you working for Prince Nero?'

'Don't.'

She was surprised not only by his cold tone. To be honest, she was more surprised to hear his strange, monotonous voice. He was obviously using a device to change it.

‘You do not have the permission to mention that person’s ‘name’ with that filthy mouth of yours.’

She was insulted. ‘So, you’re really working for Prince Nero— ahhh!’

A lighting-shaped ‘whip’ hit her neck and wrapped itself around her throat— forcing her to immediately shut her mouth. When she grabbed the ‘lighting whip,’ she screamed in pain when her palms and neck got electrocuted.

The electric shock wasn’t enough to kill her, but it was enough to make her fall to her knees while crying helplessly.

But if she were an ordinary Mana-user, she would have already died.

‘Why?’ Regina asked in a weak, hoarse voice. ‘Why are you doing this to me...?’

Her throat hurt, preventing her from finishing her sentence.

‘Your existence is annoying,’ the cold stranger said, then he raised his hand and turned his palm in her direction. The purple and silver flashes of static gathering in his hand suggested that he was preparing to electrocute her again. But this time, it seemed like the amount of electricity he was summoning was enough to burn her to death. ‘For the sake of that person, I cannot allow you to live.’

As soon as Regina saw the flash of strong electricity coming in her way fast, her life also flashed right before her eyes.

[No— I can’t die here!]

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