

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 236 - NEW BABY? NEW BABY

‘THIS is the spot that Jen0 told us about, Princess Neoma.’

‘Uh-huh,’ Neoma said while looking at the uneven part of the barrier. ‘I can see how the dudes who kidnapped my son can enter the barrier easily.’

She wasn’t worried about getting caught right away because she couldn’t be seen by ordinary eyes. But to be sure, she asked Jen0 to cover her and Juri with his mist to erase their presence and make the two of them temporarily invisible.

Plus, there weren’t people near the tower anyway. To be honest, she knew that the Punishment Tower wasn’t the Death Camp. It was hidden somewhere else. And yet, she was here because she wanted to save Lewis and Jasper Oppa first.

Her heart felt heavy because she knew that there were other kids who needed her help first. And yet, she couldn’t bring herself to abandon her precious son.

[Wait for me, kids.]

Anyway...

The uneven part of the barrier looked like someone carved a door in it. And just like any ordinary door, it had a keyhole. Obviously, the people working in the Death Camp had the key to open the barrier.

Since they didn’t have it...

‘Break it,’ she told Juri, then she made a thumbs down gesture. ‘Hit it like a wrecking ball, my dear daughter.’

Juri grinned, then she opened her right hand. Soon enough, her iron sledgehammer manifested. She grabbed it with two hands while preparing to attack. 'I'm ready,' she declared. 'Just give me the go signal anytime, Princess Neoma.'

'Don't break the tower,' Neoma reminded Juri strictly. Then, she clapped her hands. 'Go, Juri!' she said as if her daughter was a P*kemon while pointing her index finger at the barrier. 'Use your huge àss sledgehammer to make a path for us!'

It was an instant regret moment for Neoma.

Juri, her gorilla of a daughter, didn't just break the entire barrier— she even damaged the lower part of the tower!

[Shit.]

'ARE YOU half-fairy?'

Greko flinched when the young nobleman – Jasper Hawthorne, if he remembered correctly— figured out his identity after he used his healing ability.

[Thank goodness Master Alistair isn't here anymore.]

His Master Alistair already left when he began his treatment.

But he knew that his master was only waiting at the entrance. Master Alistair gets weak when exposed to his healing ability too much. Thus, he had to step out.

It was a blessing because he wanted to talk to other people without being supervised.

Too bad he couldn't answer the young lord's question.

After all, he wasn't sure if he was really half human-half fairy.

After all, he grew up in the Death Camp. He was almost sold as a slave when he was five years old. But when his healing ability manifested, Master Alistair decided to keep him as his personal doctor.

He tried to ask the master once where he came from. But he only beat him to a pulp. Ever since then, he had been too afraid to ask about his identity.

'You don't have to answer if you can't,' Jasper Hawthorne said kindly. The young lord even smiled warmly at a mere slave like him. 'Thank you for treating our wounds, Greko.'

Huh ?

'Lewis, that kid healed your wounds,' the young lord said to the fox boy called Lewis Crevan (who was also a knight, if he remembered it correctly from the story that he heard from his master). 'What do you say to him?'

The fox boy remained indifferent.

'Lewis, what will your master want you to say in this situation?'

Lewis Crevan heaved a sigh, then he turned to him. 'Thank you.'

This time, he wasn't able to hold his tears back.

The fox boy turned to the young nobleman. 'Did I say anything wrong?'

'I'm not sure,' the young lord said, then he turned to him with a worried look on his face. 'Did we say anything wrong, Greko? We're sorry.'

He cried harder.

'Y-You didn't do anything wrong so you didn't have to apologize, my lord,' he said between sobs while wiping the tears off of his face with his hands. 'I'm just t-touched. This is the first time that someone thanked me for

healing them.’ He cried once again. ‘And this is also the first time that I received an apology.’

He would only use his healing power mostly on Master Alistair.

There were exceptions though, like now. But still, he was practically exclusive to his master. And Master Alistair had never once thanked him for anything that he had done for him.

But he thought he didn’t need to hear words of gratitude. He thought being provided with food, shelter, and clothes was enough. Thus, he didn’t expect that he’d feel overwhelmed to be thanked for the first time in his life.

[I’m not saying that this is the first ‘thank you’ that I received in my life. The kids that I protect would often thank me for giving them food in secret. But this is the first time that I was thanked for my healing ability. I feel appreciated and not exploited, unlike what I feel whenever I use my power on Master Alistair.]

‘Thank you for treating me like how I should be treated like a human, Lord Hawthorne and Sir Crevan,’ he said when he calmed down a bit. ‘You’re both kind but I can’t help you escape...’

‘It’s alright, Greko,’ Jasper Hawthorne said in a patient voice. ‘You don’t have to help us escape since we have our own savior anyway.’

‘R-Really?’

‘Really,’ the young lord said, then he pointed his thumb at the fox boy. ‘His master will come and save us.’

The fox boy nodded quietly.

‘L-Lord Hawthorne, you shouldn’t casually say that,’ he said worriedly.

‘What if I’m a spy?’

‘Are you?’

He shook his head. 'I'm not.'

'I know,' the young lord said with a warm smile. 'And that bastard Alistair Madgwick already knows that Lewis's master is here. It's not like it's a secret.'

He paused, then he gasped. 'Is Sir Crevan's master the Crown Prince?'

The duke turned to the fox boy, then Lewis Crevan nodded as a response to his question.

'It's not a secret, too,' Lewis Crevan said, then he gave him a warning look. 'But let's stop talking about my master now.'

Oh.

'You should go now,' Jasper Hawthorne said kindly. 'Be careful on your way, Greko.'

Greko nodded, touched by how good Jasper Hawthorne and Lewis Crevan were to him despite him being technically an enemy. [I have to help them escape.]

'WAIT FOR me here.'

Greko flinched when his Master Alistair practically threw him inside his 'bedroom' which was nothing more than a windowless room with a bed and a toilet. Still, he knew that he was luckier than the kids in the Death Camp. But that didn't mean he wasn't allowed to feel bad about his current situation.

'We're leaving the tower after I erase my traces here,' Master Alistair said while closing the door. 'We'll move to the Death Camp later.'

Then, the door shut tight.

Once again, he was locked up in darkness.

His room was in the basement. It was also placed near the entrance that the servants of the tower would often use. Master Alistair chose that room for him on purpose to entice him to escape. When he was still ignorant, he would often try to escape from the tower.

He belatedly realized that Master Alistair did that on purpose because he enjoyed 'chasing' him like a rat, then punish him later for trying to run away.

[And now, he often threatens me by using the kids in the Death Camp.]

His thoughts got cut off when the room suddenly lit up.

Fmzoprfoiww, fl lmmr fl ovu tfzcrull ursuimnut ovu zmmq, val iaooiu gulo dzaurt uquzeut dzmq val nfiq.

It was a lovely pink Orchid Mantis that he named 'Aurora.'

He didn't know where the magical mantis came from. She was already with him for as long as he could remember. But Aurora's existence was a secret. He had a feeling that his Master Alistair would hurt his friend if he found out about her.

[Master is cruel to people and things that get his attention.]

His friend, with her luminous pink aura, lightened up the dark room. She was the reason why he had never been afraid of darkness.

'It's rare for you to come out like this Aurora,' Greko said in a soft and cheerful voice. 'You would just usually lend me your light.'

'Greko, it's time for you to be free,' Aurora said in a soft and gentle voice that sounded like it belonged to a girl his age. Yes, his Orchid Mantis could speak. 'Our savior is here.'

He was just about to ask what she meant by that when all of a sudden, he heard a loud explosion.

It was so powerful that the ground shook hard.

[What's happening?!]

He was even more surprised when he realized that there was now a huge hole in the wall of his room. The dust coming from the debris hurt his eyes a little, but he could clearly see two figures that were supposed to be unseen.

Whether it was a curse or a blessing, the ability to see people and things that ordinary eyes couldn't see was something that he had been hiding from Master Alistair as well. To be honest, it was Aurora's advice that he followed.

At first, he thought that his other abilities aside from his healing power were nothing but a huge burden to him. But at that moment, he decided that it was a blessing. After all, if his eyes weren't special, he wouldn't be able to see that person.

'Pretty,' he whispered to himself softly while staring at the most beautiful face that he had seen in his whole life. 'How can someone be so pretty?'

And that person was in their Spirit form at that.

[Is she a Spirit?]

Ah, wait.

He wasn't sure about the Spirit's gender. It was wearing clothes that boys usually wore. But for some reason, his gut feel was telling her that he was looking at the most beautiful girl that he had laid eyes on.

'Oh, you can see me?' the pretty Spirit asked in a cheerful voice. 'I heard you when you said I'm pretty. Thank you. Your different-colored eyes are pretty and cool, too.'

He blushed at that. ‘T-Thank you.’

Most people teased him for having different-colored eyes. He was glad that the pretty Spirit found his eyes pretty and ‘cool’ instead of freaky.

‘And you can hear me, too,’ the Spirit said. ‘You’re good.’

He was about to say something when he felt his master’s bloodlust in the air. He could also hear Master Alistair’s heavy footsteps.

[Ah, Master Alistair is mad.]

That meant the tower was attacked.

Moreover, that also meant that the people in front of him right now were intruders. If his deduction was correct, then...

‘Are you Sir Crevan’s master?’ he asked softly. ‘I met him and Lord Hawthorne a while ago. Lord Hawthorne said Sir Crevan’s master will come and save them.’

‘I’m not Lewis’s master,’ the pretty Spirit said. ‘I’m his mother.’

What?

[But if she calls herself Sir Crevan’s mother, then does it mean she’s a girl dressed as a boy?]

‘Rara,’ the other invisible lady said to the pretty Spirit sternly. ‘That one might be a child, but he’s still one of the tower’s servants.’

‘It’s okay,’ the pretty Spirit said. ‘I can tell that this one is a good kid.’

‘And what’s your basis for that?’ the lady asked in a tired voice.

‘He looks like a pork bun, and anyone who looks like a yummy food to me is a good person,’ the pretty Spirit said firmly, then she turned to him with a guilty look on his face. ‘Oh, I’m not insulting you, child. I know the way I

compliment people sucks. But please believe me when I say that it's a compliment. Still, I humbly apologize.'

Once again, he was touched to hear an apology even though he wasn't hurt or offended.

Now he could clearly tell that this person was Lewis Crevan's master.

[I have to help them infiltrate the tower safely.]

'Sir Crevan and Lord Hawthorne are on the fifth floor,' he said with a smile. 'Both have been good to me. I genuinely pray that you succeed in saving them.' He bowed politely. 'I will come up with an excuse so my master wouldn't realize that the tower has been infiltrated.'

After saying that, he immediately bolted the room. His master locked the room so he wouldn't be able to escape. But to be honest, he could unlock it anytime with the help of Aurora. It was only his choice to behave obediently for the sake of the children in the camp.

But he had to leave now despite the pretty Spirit telling him to return and not involve himself in their business.

He already made up his mind.

Moreover, he was now facing a very angry Master Alistair. It was too late to regret his decision. Not that he would.

'What was that explosion?!' Master Alistair yelled at him angrily. 'Was it you again, pig?!'

He wasn't surprised that his master accused him right away.

After all, he used to create Mana-infused bombs to try and escape the tower in the past. In a normal circumstance, he would have hated being accused of something that he didn't do. But right now, he could use it to his advantage.

‘I-I’m sorry, Master Alistair,’ Greko said in a shaking voice. He was acting, yes. But the fear that he had towards his master was real. ‘I j-just want to check on my friends—‘

He wasn’t able to finish his sentence when his master’s hand hit him in the face hard.

The next thing he knew, he was already on the ground while touching his swollen cheek. Worse, he couldn’t move because of the gravity crushing him hard. But he was thankful that he couldn’t even raise his head.

After all, he wouldn’t have to look at his master’s angry and scary face.

‘It seems like I’ve gone easy on you recently that you forgot your place,’ Master Alistair said coldly. ‘Shall I break your legs as punishment for trying to run away again before I kill your little friends?’

REGINA, by some miracle, survived.

But it wasn’t because of her own effort. She was still alive because she was saved by Edmund— the blue-eyed crow that served as her companion ever since she was a toddler. He was in his human form now, but he was badly injured.

Edmund was the fastest among the crows.

Thanks to his speed, he was able to reach her as soon as he arrived. He pushed her out of the way when she was about to be struck by the stranger’s bolt of electricity. Too bad he didn’t have enough time to save himself.

As a result, Edmund didn’t just get his whole body burnt. He also had a huge hole in his stomach now. Worst of all, the insides of his stomach smelled like burned meat. And he was bleeding profusely.

[Oh, god...]

Regina, kneeling on the ground, covered her mouth with her hands.

‘Edmund...’

Edmund (pale blonde hair, blue eyes, tanned skin) turned to him. Despite the gravity of his injuries, his face remained blank. ‘Go,’ he said in a weak yet urgent voice. ‘I don’t know who he is but I can tell that we’re no match against that person.’

‘Even if we fight him together?’

‘Yes— he’s too strong for us.’

She was shocked to hear that from him.

[Edmund is the strongest among our batch!]

She gasped when she saw the àssailant behind Edmund. ‘Behind you!’

Her warning came a little too late.

The stranger grabbed Edmund by the head. Then, Edmund screamed in pain when he was electrocuted by the àssailant.

[No...]

Then, Edmund dropped to the ground unmoving. Smoke was coming out from his whole body, and he could see that his skin was burned badly.

She stood up to run but much to her surprise, the stranger was already standing in front of him. Of course, she had no choice but to change her plan. Instead of running away, she chose to use her mental ability this time.

[I hope it works on him.]

She looked at the àssailant’s dark violet eyes while trying to control his mind. She knew that she wouldn’t be able to control him like a puppet. Thus, she focused on trying to knock him out at least so she would be able to run away.

‘Weak,’ the stranger said in a disappointed voice. ‘This is how you use Mind String properly.’

[Mind String ?]

This bastard could use other abilities as if his electricity Mana wasn’t already powerful ?

Her thoughts got cut off when she realized that she couldn’t look away from the assailant’s gaze. And she couldn’t even move an inch!

The next thing she knew, all she could see was red— literally.

When her eyes began to sting badly, that was when she realized what was happening to her.

‘No!’ Regina screamed in horror, shutting her eyes tight when it finally hit her that she was literally crying blood. But that wasn’t the worst thing that happened. [I can’t see!]

NEOMA squatted down and hugged her knees beside the cute child that she called ‘pork bun’ fondly earlier.

She heard and saw everything.

The poor child who wanted to help her took all the blame for the explosion that she and Juri caused. She tried to save the child while that bastard called ‘Master Alistair’ crushed his short plump legs with gravity. Juri stopped her though.

According to her daughter, if they revealed themselves, the poor child’s sacrifice would be put in vain.

‘Are you still alive, my little brave pork bun?’ Neoma asked softly while touching the poor child’s chubby cheek. She was a little surprised to be able

to feel the child's warmth despite her being in her Spirit form. But that feeling was overwhelmed by relief— relief that the child was still alive and breathing despite being unconscious. 'Juri, can you fix his legs?'

Juri Wisteria was physically strong but she was still Madam Hammock's granddaughter. Plus, her daughter spent some time as a Mage in the Royal Tower. That meant Juri had the ability to heal people.

'I can try,' Juri, kneeling on the other side of the child, said. Then, she paused and shook her head. 'No, I'll do it. I'll fix his legs,' she said firmly, her face showing more determination now. 'The child had to take the blame for our recklessness. The least that we could do to repay him is to fix him.' She then carefully put her hands above the child's legs without touching them, then she closed her eyes. 'I will check on him first.'

'Do everything to keep the child alive, Juri,' she told her daughter seriously, then she turned to the unconscious little pork bun. She could see the strange yet pretty Orchid Mantis on the child's chest. She could also tell that it was some sort of a Spirit. 'Are you the boy's guardian?'

'That's correct, Your Royal Highness.'

'You know me?'

'Every single Spirit who followed Lady Mona Roseheart in the past could tell that you are her child,' the Orchid Mantis said. 'My name is Aurora, Your Royal Highness. It's an honor to meet you.'

'Same here, Aurora,' she said. 'Can you address me as 'Prince Nero' for the meantime? I will properly introduce myself to you later.'

'Absolutely, Your Royal Highness.'

'Thank you,' she said. 'May I know the boy's name?'

'It's Greko.'

‘That’s a nice name,’ she said genuinely. ‘I have one more question for you, Aurora.’

‘What is it, Your Royal Highness?’ Aurora asked earnestly. ‘I will answer you to the best of my knowledge.’

Neoma smiled before speaking again. ‘Do you think Greko will allow me to adopt him once he wakes up?’

Juri, who was supposed to be busy checking on the child, gròàned. ‘Oh, not again.’

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