

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

### Chapter 237 – INEVITABLE CLASH

[A few hours after Princess Neoma and Lady Juri left...]

‘SIR KINSLEY, just where in the world did Princess Neoma and Juri have gone to?’

Geoffrey Kinsley flinched after being confronted by Madam Hammock.

[Ah, busted.]

As Princess Neoma instructed him to do, he guarded the royal carriage as if Her Royal Highness and Lady Juri were there. He made up as an excuse as to why the two needed to stay in the carriage as they crossed the portal leading to the Golden Field.

Then, when they arrived at the villa, he purposely asked everyone to let the royal carriage enter first. After that, he had no choice but to create an illusion of Prince Nero and Lady Juri. It wasn't perfect, but his skill was enough to fool the servants of the villa who weren't high-level Mana users.

[But of course, a sage like Madam Hammock would notice.]

Right now, he and the madam were in the master's bedroom of the villa that Princess Neoma was supposed to use.

[We're caught by Madam Hammock as expected. I guess the madam deserves to know what her granddaughter is up to. Princess Neoma didn't order me to keep it a secret from Madam Hammock anyway.]

The Healing Sage was a trustworthy person.

Moreover, Lady Juri was from House Wisteria. If something happened to the young lady while she was in the company of the ‘Crown Prince,’ the Royal Family would be criticized.

‘Princess Neoma and Lady Juri left to save Lewis Crevan, Madam Hammock,’ Geoffrey said carefully. ‘I don’t know the exact details but it seems like all of this has been planned by Princess Neoma and Duke Jasper Hawthorne in advance.’

‘The young duke?’ Madam Hammock asked in disbelief. ‘I thought Duke Hawthorne disappeared from the social circle since a year ago? There are even rumors that he’s planning to revolt against the Royal Family. But you’re saying that Princess Neoma has been working with His Grace this whole time?’

‘I also don’t know the details, madam,’ he said politely. ‘I know that I should have been more stubborn to stop Princess Neoma but...’

‘No need to explain, Sir Kinsley. I know how stubborn and persuasive our dear princess could be,’ she said with a smile on her face. Then, she put her hands on her hips. This time, the madam’s expression became more serious. ‘Sir Kinsley, what should we do next? We can’t just sit here and wait for Princess Neoma and my granddaughter to return.’

‘Don’t worry too much, Madam Hammock,’ she assured the madam. ‘Princess Neoma told me to wait for the Wind Spirit to fetch me.’

‘Okay,’ the madam said. ‘Take me with you then.’

His eyes widened in shock. ‘But you can’t leave your team, Madam Hammock. The Hisa Tree is your duty...’

‘That can wait,’ she said firmly. ‘Do you think His Majesty would care about the Hisa Tree once he finds out that Princess Neoma left to rescue Lewis Crevan from god knows who?’

He couldn't come up with a retort because the madam had a valid point.

‘Moreover, Princess Neoma might need my ability as a Healing Sage,’ the madam added. ‘Although Juri has inherited my family’s healing ability, she’s still inferior to my high-level skills. When it comes to healing people, I would be more useful to Her Royal Highness than my violent and crazy granddaughter would ever be.’

He couldn't also deny that.

[Lady Juri wasn't kicked out of the Royal Tower just because of her violent streak. I heard that the young lady also didn't have the talent to continue staying in the tower as a mage.]

But of course, it didn't mean that Lady Juri had a weak healing ability. She wouldn't have been accepted in the tower in the first place if that was the case. The competition among the mages just happened to be fierce. And since the young lady wasn't really interested to become a Healer, she didn't put effort in enhancing her healing abilities.

[Lady Juri would still be considered an excellent Healer outside the tower though.]

Still, Madam Hammock was right— Princess Neoma might need the madam's higher healing abilities than Lady Juri's.

‘You're right, Madam Hammock,’ he said. ‘Let's just hope that the Wind Spirit allows you to come with us.’

‘I also believe that the madam would be a great help to Princess Neoma.’

He and Madam Hammock both looked up to find Miss Gale (or Mochi, the name given to the Wind Spirit by Princess Neoma) floating in the air. The white bunny was surrounded by her bright aura.

[The fact that we could hear Miss Gale's voice only means that she's allowing us to hear her.]

'Please take me with you,' Madam Hammock said to the Wind Spirit. 'I'm worried about Princess Neoma and my granddaughter, Miss Gale.'

'Yes, I shall bring you with us, Madam Hammock. But before we leave...'  
Miss Gale said, then she turned to him. 'Geoffrey Kinsley, I need you to send a report to His Majesty first about Princess Neoma's current situation. Can you deliver a message to the emperor safely?'

Tvfo qvfo jvfousuz qullfeu ovu Wart Snazao ruutut om zuifw om Hal Mfbulow qplo gu ukozuquiw aqnmzofro frt hmrdaturoafi.

'We, the Paladins, have a safe way to send a message to His Majesty,' he assured the Wind Spirit.

The Wind Spirit nodded before speaking again. 'Tell His Majesty to please hurry over to Mount Kimbro.'

'Mount Kimbro?' he asked curiously.

'Mount Kimbro is located in the territory known as the 'Unholy Land,' Madam Hammock added worriedly. 'Is there where Princess Neoma and Juri went to, Miss Gale?'

'That's correct,' the white bunny said. 'But the location isn't the problem. Princess Neoma headed to Mount Kimbro with a plan with that kid called Jasper Hawthorne. But she was met with an unexpected and unwanted guest.'

'Who might it be?' Geoffrey and Madam Hammock asked at the same time, and the two of them both sounded nervous.

'A man who introduced himself as Curtis Smit,' Miss Gale said. 'Apparently, he's a Crow Executive.'

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‘CURTIS SMIT?’ Nikolai asked with clenched hands. ‘The same Curtis Smit that abducted Nichole in the past?’

He received Geoffrey’s message while he was in the carriage headed to the Golden Field.

His escorts Dion and Jeanne also received the same message from Geoffrey. It couldn’t be helped because he and his Paladins had an exclusive communication line. The line was designed for the message sent by one to be read by everyone included in the group.

But they would only use that communication line if the message was very urgent and must be kept safe at all cost.

Just like what Geoffrey sent to the group.

‘That seems to be the case, Your Majesty,’ Jeanne said while looking at the transparent scroll floating in front of her, just like the ones floating in front of him and Dion. ‘According to Geoffrey, the description that Miss Gale gave fits the Curtis Smit that we know.’

Mona and Gale were no longer in the Royal Palace when Nichole was abducted by the crows in the past. Thus, the Wind Spirit couldn’t recognize Curtis Smit. But if Gale happened to know that bastard and what he did to Nichole before, then the Wind Spirit would have brought Neoma home right away.

‘We’re lucky that Curtis Smit hasn’t realized yet that the Crown Prince that he captured was actually a princess,’ Dion said in a low voice.

‘It’s not luck,’ he said firmly. ‘Neoma prevented that from happening by using her high-level shield.’

The male Paladin bowed. ‘I stand corrected, Your Majesty.’

He let it slide because it wasn't important at the moment. 'We have to get to Mount Kimbro fast. I don't know why Curtis Smit approached the 'Crown Prince.' But once he realized that the one he caught was actually a female de Moonasterio...'

He couldn't say the unspeakable act that the crows did to his twin sister in the past.

Even now, just remembering what Nichole had to go through was enough to make his blood boil in anger.

[I won't let those blasted crows touch my daughter.]

'We're going to Mount Kimbro instead of the Golden Field,' he declared urgently. 'How long will it take for us to reach Cyfrin?'

Cyfrin was a port town located on one of the borders. Moreover, the portal leading to Oxspring, the territory where Mount Kimbro was located, was in Cyfrin.

His royal carriage had an acceleration Magic Stone in it, and that Magic Stone came in the form of two white horses. Yes, the horses pulling the royal carriage weren't real animals. They were images created by the Magic Stone.

Thus, the 'horses' could pull the royal carriage (that didn't need a coachman to drive it) fast and non-stop.

For that reason, it would only take them an hour from the Royal Palace to reach Cyfrin (that a normal carriage would reach in half a day if it traveled non-stop) usually. But since they were coming from the Golden Field, it would take them longer than normal.

'It will take us two hours to reach the portal in Cyfrin, Your Majesty,' Dion said politely. 'That's already the fastest that we could go.'

He clicked his tongue in annoyance.

If his Mana wasn't too heavy, he would have been able to perform a long-distance teleportation spell. But he was told that because of his overflowing divine energy, it was almost impossible to bring him from one place to another.

Except if the person performing the teleportation spell had the same amount of divine energy as him.

[I have no other choice but to send my Soul Beasts to Neoma's Soul Beast in the meantime.]

His thoughts got disrupted when he felt some familiar divine energy near them.

[What is he doing here?]

The carriage suddenly stopped in the middle of the forest that served as a shortcut to the Golden Field Villa.

'Calm down, it's not an enemy,' he told Dion and Jeanne who both looked tensed and alert when the carriage suddenly stopped a while ago. 'Get out and let His Holiness in.'

Dion and Jeanne both looked shocked when the two realized who the 'intruder' was.

[Yes, it's Saint Dominic Zavaroni.]

After the two Paladins got over their shock, they both bowed to him and quietly got out of the royal carriage. Then, a few moments later, the saint entered the carriage and sat on the couch across from him.

'Greetings to the one and only moon of the Great Moonasterion Empire,' Saint Zavaroni greeted him politely. 'Fancy meeting you here, Your Majesty.'

He didn't miss the sarcasm, so he retorted with one. 'Your Holiness, is the Royal Capital your vacation house now? I thought the Astello Temple wanted to be an independent country. Thus, my ancestors allowed the Valmento to exist as its own sovereign state.'

Valmento was the country known as the 'Holy Land' where the saint resided.

His Holiness smiled at him. 'Lord Yule wouldn't have blessed me with the ability to open portals if he does not want me to use it.'

He just rolled his eyes. Then, he froze when he realized that the saint wouldn't be here without a valid reason. And the only reason His Holiness had reconnected with him was because of Neoma. 'Your Holiness, you know, don't you? You know that my daughter's life is in danger.'

'I don't know the details, Your Majesty. But Lord Yule warned me to protect Princess Neoma.'

His jaw clenched. 'Yule wouldn't have intervened if it isn't serious.'

'Where is Princess Neoma, Your Majesty?' the saint asked worriedly. 'I couldn't detect her presence when I arrived at the Royal Capital. Thus, I tracked down your divine energy instead and created a portal to follow you.'

'Neoma is in Oxspring. To be precise, she's somewhere near Mount Kimbro,' he said. 'But I don't know the details so don't ask anything else.'

'We should hurry to get to Her Royal Highness then.'

'I'd love to but you know that I can't teleport, Your Holiness.'

'You can't, but I can,' His Holiness said casually. 'Don't you know that I used to wander around the continent with Princess Nichole in the past? During that time, Princess Nichole was a lot stronger than you were. Thus, I'm confident that I can take you with me when I teleport.'



‘I’m stronger than Nichole now.’

‘I’m also stronger now than I was before, Your Majesty,’ Saint Zavaroni said, then he paused for a few seconds. ‘But I can’t bring your Paladins with us. You’re already too much for me.’

And he said he was confident with his teleportation skill, huh?

Well, it didn’t matter.

‘That’s fine— they can just follow us later,’ Nikolai said in an urgent voice. ‘We should leave now before my daughter goes wild, Your Holiness.’

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TREVOR was woken up by strong hands strangling him until he was lifted from his seat.

That was when he realized that he had fallen asleep on the emperor’s office table. His Majesty left the Royal Palace a few hours ago. He had been sitting in his office ever since then, and the servants weren’t allowed in there.

Obviously, the assassin had mistaken him for the emperor since he changed his appearance to look like His Majesty.

‘Who are you?’

He opened his eyes to see a familiar face.

[Ah, it’s not an assassin.]

Well, he should have known who it was as soon as he realized that the hands strangling him were owned by someone’s shadow.

[It’s the Shadow Duke, of course.]

‘Who are you?’ Duke Rufus Quinzel, whose golden eyes were glowing menacingly, asked threateningly. ‘You’re not His Majesty.’

Ah, as expected of the Quinzel Clan Head.

He grabbed the shadow hands and peeled them off of his neck.

‘For the record, I’m here because of His Majesty’s order,’ Trevor said with a smirk, his disguise melting to show the duke his real appearance. ‘You’re late to the party, Duke Quinzel.’

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‘THERE’S a horrible stench in the air,’ Nichole commented with a scowl as soon as they landed in Oxspring using the Devil’s portal. She and her company could see Mount Kimbro from the hill they were standing on. But aside from the tower that shouldn’t be there, she couldn’t help but notice the stink that she wouldn’t mistake for something else. ‘They’re here,’ she said with clenched hands, anger rising up to her chest instantly. ‘The crows are also here.’

Gin and Gavin Quinzel both turned to her.

‘Are you sure, Princess Nichole?’ Gavin Quinzel asked. ‘How could you tell?’

A bitter smile etched on her face. ‘How could I not?’ she asked back to the clueless former commander. ‘I was imprisoned in their hide-out for ten horrible months, and each day felt like an eternity as they tortured the hell out of me.’

Sympathy crossed Gavin Quinzel’s eyes.

Like the other people working for her twin brother at the time, the former commander didn’t know what exactly happened to her during the months that she was abducted by the crows. All they knew was when she was ‘rescued,’ she had already been reduced to a broken doll.

Of course, everyone knew that she had been tortured.

They just didn't know exactly how.

[Nikolai probably has an idea about what I went through, but he never asked so I never confirmed anything to him.]

'I'm sorry,' Gavin Quinzel said softly, the sympathy in his eyes earlier was now replaced with guilt. 'I'm sorry that it took us a long time before we were able to rescue you back then, Princess Nichole.'

Her bitter smile only grew wider. 'Well, it can't be helped since during that time, you were busy babysitting my 'sick' twin brother.'

The former commander looked like he was about to say something when Gin, the humanoid cat that looked like a pre-adolescent boy with a cat head, interrupted them by literally placing himself between her and Gavin Quinzel.

'Stop making me feel out of place,' Gin whined like a child. Did his mental age also regress when his appearance changed to a kid's? 'We still have work to do...'

The cat trailed off when the ground suddenly shook hard.

She gasped when all of a sudden, the sky 'cracked.'

[This teleportation skill...]

And the divine energy that she felt as soon as the sky 'cracked' could only belong to one person.

[No...]

As if on cue, the person on her mind literally fell from the sky.

[Dominic...]

Her heart thumped against her chest fast and hard when she saw Dominic's gentle face.

[It's really him.]

When their eyes met, she almost cried from all the emotions that rose up in her chest. After all, no matter how much she missed this man every single day of her life, she knew that she no longer had the right to be with him.

[I don't deserve someone like you, Dominic. Not after what they did to me.] She clenched her fists tight. [No, this isn't the right time to think about those things.]

What was the saint doing in that place anyway?

'Nichole,' Dominic said softly when his feet landed on the ground. He didn't move from his spot. In fact, he looked too shocked to see her that he couldn't approach her. Perhaps, the foolish saint was thinking that she was just an illusion that his mind created to ease his yearning for her. 'You're really here...'

She took a step backward when the saint took a step forward.

Nichole was about to tell Dominic off when she realized that she had been too focused on the saint to notice that he didn't come alone.

His Holiness arrived with Nikolai.

And Gavin Quinzel was still there.

[No!]

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NIKOLAI was surprised to find Nichole at the place where Saint Dominic Zavaroni's teleportation spell literally dropped them off.

But as soon as his feet touched the ground, his attention drifted away from his twin sister.

Another presence caught his eyes, and it wasn't the humanoid cat that looked like a child with a cat's head.

The man standing behind the black cat seemed familiar to him.

To be honest, he already recognized that face as soon as his eyes locked with those golden orbs. He refused to accept it as a reality at first. But when it became clearer that he wasn't mistaken, anger instantly rose up to his chest. For the first time after a long while, his body trembled from too much rage.

[Gavin Quinzel... ?]

It didn't look like a 'skin disguise' or a human doll.

The mix of resentment, guilt, and envy that he could see in those golden eyes couldn't be faked. Only real humans could convey such intense emotions in a single gaze.

'It's been a while, Your Majesty,' Gavin Quinzel said in a stern voice, his golden eyes now aglow. 'In case you're wondering, I'm the real Gavin Quinzel.'

He could tell that.

And that was exactly the cause of his wrath at the moment.

'Why... ?' Nikolai asked in a cold, angry tone. Just judging by the intense hate in his chest, he could already tell that his eyes had turned glowing red at the moment. 'Why are you still alive, you damned traitor?!'

Why was Gavin alive when Mona wasn't?

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

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