

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

### Chapter 261 – LONG OVERDUE REVENGE

JURI WISTERIA was starting to get worried.

She and the others couldn't enter the fortress because of the strong barriers around it. Yes, there were at least three barriers around the fortress at the moment. No one could enter it but people inside were free to come out.

A while ago, Duke Jasper Hawthorne and his butler came out leading (estimated) a hundred children behind him. Since there were also children from the tower that needed medical assistance, they divided their group into two.

Sir Geoffrey Kinsley, Lady Jeanne Audley, and Greko went back to the tower to care for the children left in there. Since there were only a few kids left in the tower, Sir Geoffrey Kinsley said that the three of them would be enough. Greko would serve as the group's Healer.

Her grandmother Madam Hammock was the one leading their group (the one assigned to take care of the children from the fortress). The members of their group were her, Jeno Dankworth, and Sir Dion Skelton. And since Duke Jasper Hawthorne and his butler were already there, the two became additional members of their group.

'The barrier has weakened,' Jeno Dankworth, standing beside her, whispered to her. 'The giant gate that I saw when I checked the sky earlier also disappeared.'

Ah, right.

A while ago, Jeno rode on his cloud and soared high to survey the situation from above. According to him, he saw a giant gate in the sky. But he said it was covered with a cloud of thick smoke so he didn't really see what the gate was for.

'Do you think you can smash the barrier this time?' the young lord asked, then he turned to her. 'You're good at breaking things, barbaric lady.'

'If it has weakened, I think I can break it...' Juri trailed off, then she glared at Jeno and grabbed him by the collar. 'What did you just call me, you cloud punk?'

'Juri, dear, can you really break the barrier now?'

She immediately let go of Jeno's collar and turned around to face her grandmother.

Just like what she noticed earlier, there was a strange look on her grandmother's face. It was like a mix of worry and fear. Moreover, her grandmother kept looking up ever since the Black Phoenix appeared. But even when the mythical bird disappeared, her grandmother still kept on checking the sky as if she was afraid that it would appear again.

'Grandma, is everything alright?' she asked worriedly. 'You look pale. Did treating the children take a toll on your health?'

Adouz vuz ezfrtqmovuz efsu qutahfi àllalofrhu om hvaitzur jvm ruutut ao, Dpcu Jflnuz Hfjovmzru frt val gpoiuz epatut ovu hvaitzur om f lfduz nifhu. Svuvuzt ovfo ovu wmpre tpcu jmpit quoo pn jaov Saz Gumddzuw Karliuw frt Lftw Jufrru Aptiuw fo ovu omjuz.

Apparently, Sir Geoffrey Kinsley already called for reinforcement.

'I'm alright, dear,' her grandmother assured her with a weak smile on her face. 'But I'm really worried about the p-princess.'

It was strange to hear her grandmother stutter.

[I think this is the first time that I heard Grandma stammer like that...]

‘Juri,’ her grandmother said, then she held her by the shoulders. ‘Can you do it?’

She nodded hesitantly. It wasn’t because she wasn’t confident with her ability. She was just worried because her grandmother was acting strange. ‘I can do it, Grandma.’

Well, she needed help.

The fortress was big so she couldn’t break it on her own.

She turned to Sir Dion Skelton, the quiet Paladin. To be honest, she was about to ask for his help but it wasn’t needed anymore. After all, Sir Dion Skelton already pulled out his sword.

[Al uknuhout md f Pfiftar.]

‘Don’t worry, Grandma,’ Juri assured Madam Hammock with a smile. ‘We will save Her Royal Highness as soon as possible.’

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‘IS THERE something on my face?’ Neoma asked Lewis while they were walking in the hallway leading to the room where she last saw Curtis Smit. The fortress seemed like it was empty now. Thus, the silence. Well, if someone was using a barrier, then it was also possible that the room that they were headed to had turned ‘soundproof.’ ‘You can’t take my eyes off of on me, you know?’

Lewis, who had already turned back into his original (child) form as well, tilted his head at one side. ‘You cut your hair?’

It was weird that it was the only thing that Lewis noticed.

Come to think of it, even her appa didn't ask about what happened to her face earlier. Were the two trying to protect her feelings ?

'Aren't you going to ask about what happened to my face ?' she asked, then she smiled sadly before touching the burn mark on her face. 'It's okay to ask, Lewis...'

She trailed off, then she completely went silent.

The other side of her face that was supposed to be burnt was... smooth and clear ?

'Lewis, my face,' she asked curiously. 'How does it look ?'

'Pretty.'

'I already know that,' she said. Well, her ego was boosted when her son praised her beauty. But it wasn't the time to be vain. 'I'm asking if you can see the huge burn mark on my face.'

Her son looked confused, then he shook his head. 'There's no burn mark on your face, Princess Neoma.'

She was rendered speechless while her brain worked overtime.

[The burn mark disappeared ? But how ? Why ? Did the Devil retract the contract ? If that was what happened, I'll kill that bitch.]

'Have you seen Trevor, Lewis ?' she asked, then she clicked her tongue.

'Just where is that annoying brat when I need him ?'

'You need him ?' Lewis asked in a hurt tone. 'But I'm here...'

Ah.

Was her son being jealous ?

‘How cute,’ she said, then she gently pinched Lewis’s cheeks. ‘But yes, I need Trevor because he’s the one who can help me at the moment. Don’t be jealous, Lulu.’

Calling Lewis by the pet name that they came up with seemed to improve his mood.

[Good.]

‘Let’s go, Lewis,’ Neoma said, then she let go of Lewis’s cheeks to stretch her arms. ‘Let’s harvest Curtis Smit’s soul and call it a night.’

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‘DOMINIC.’

‘Hmm?’

Nichole smiled bitterly when she recognized the old lady running in her direction. She was alone, but she could feel several strong Mana behind. That meant they would have more company later. But for now, the old woman was all hers. ‘Didn’t I tell you earlier that aside from the Royal Family, it was my doctor whom I trusted that hurt me the most?’

Dominic Zavaroni nodded, his eyes fixed on Madam Hammock. Then, he turned to her with a smile on his face. ‘Is it Madam Judy Hammock?’ he asked carefully. ‘The renowned Healing Sage in the empire?’

She nodded, her smile disappearing as the Healing Sage approached her. ‘She didn’t only fail to support me during the time that I needed a friend the most,’ she whispered bitterly. ‘She also stole something from me.’

The former saint didn’t say anything. It wasn’t because he had nothing to say. He kept his mouth shut because the Healing Sage was already in front of them.

She clenched her hands tight until her nails dug deep into her skin. The anger that she felt towards Madam Hammock was greater than the rage that she had for the Royal Family. Maybe it was because she trusted the Healing Sage the most.

And also...

‘If she didn’t steal that thing from me, I could have called you,’ she whispered to Dominic as she walked past him to approach Madam Hammock.

‘P-Princess Nichole...’ Madam Hammock said softly. There was a mix of relief and fear in her eyes. Eyes that looked like two pieces of marbles because of the tears that made the orbs look sparkly. ‘You’re really alive...’

She chuckled bitterly. ‘I bet you would have preferred it I died,’ she said, then she leaned down to whisper in Madam Hammock’s ear. ‘Then, the crime that you and your household committed would be buried forever. Isn’t that right, you goddamn thief?’

Ah, that felt refreshing.

She pulled away from Madam Hammock to see her expression. To be honest, she expected the madam to look scared and guilty. But she was taken aback when she saw sadness and regret on Madam Hammock’s face as she cried silently.

‘I know that I don’t deserve your forgiveness, Princess Nichole,’ Madam Hammock said, then she fell on her knees and bowed her head until her forehead hit the floor. ‘But allow me to say that I’ve regretted the harmful things that I’ve done to you in the past, Your Royal Highness. I’m sorry, I really am. I was blinded by my greed back then...’

‘I don’t care about your reason, and the harm was already done,’ Nichole said coldly. She didn’t live as the Devil’s substitute all these years just to accept the apology of the bastards that hurt her in the past. She wanted blood,

not peace. Because the blood of the people that wronged her was the only thing that could give her peace of mind. ‘Madam Hammock, you’ll pay with your life.’

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JURI WISTERIA, along with Jenó and the Paladins that arrived when the barrier was broken, immediately ran after her grandmother.

She didn’t know why her grandmother was in a haste. But she thought the Healing Sage knew where Princess Neoma was. Thus, afraid that something terrible had happened to the royal princess, she ran after her grandmother. It seemed like Jenó and the Paladins were also thinking of the same thing.

But when they arrived at the room where her grandmother rushed to, the scene that greeted her made her freeze in shock and fear.

[Grandma... no...]

The former Princess Royal had her hand pierced through her grandmother’s chest. And when Princess Nichole pulled her hand back, she saw her grandmother’s heart in the Princess Royal’s hand.

Her heart thumped against her chest painfully.

The soft thud that her grandmother’s body made when it hit the floor snapped her out of her trance.

Her anger got the better of her.

She screamed at the top of her lungs while launching an attack. With her sledgehammer in her hand, she approached Princess Nichole with anger. Just when she thought she could hit the Princess Royal with her weapon, she suddenly found herself mid-air...

... and a scepter was pierced through her chest, barely missing her heart.

She dropped her sledgehammer on the floor, her body still suspended in the air.

[No, I can't die here...]

She glared at the man who threw the scepter at her. She wasn't sure if she was being delusional from pain or what. After all, she recognized the man as Saint Dominic Zavaroni.

But how could the saint be there ?

And why would she attack her ?

[Perhaps... is His Holiness protecting Princess Nichole ?]

'Stop!'

Juri turned in the direction where she heard Princess Neoma's angry yet devastating cry.

[Ah, Princess Neoma is angry...]

She noticed at least three different colors of energy bursting out of Princess Neoma's small frame. Then, the whole room suddenly felt heavy. The next thing she knew, she already fell on the floor, her hands and knees touching it.

It felt like she was being crushed by a mountain.

And she wasn't the only one who experienced that.

Everyone in the room, including Princess Nichole and Saint Dominic Zavaroni, were kneeling in front of Princess Neoma. All of them were being crushed by the tremendous Mana coming out of the royal princess's body.

[I think this is the first time that I think Princess Neoma is deadly and frightening.]



'I thought I was the only one insane here,' Princess Neoma, her eyes now glowing red, said in a cold and angry voice. 'Just what the hell is going on here?!'

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

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