

8. He is a irt!!!!

I kept glancing in between my birth parents and the young man who now looked completely serious. He looked nothing like the mischievous irt he was a minute ago. He kept his eyes constantly on the king, not even stealing glances in my direction.

"It would be my pleasure, your majesty." He bowed once again.

"Excellent!" Father exclaimed and all I could do was stare, abbergasted. "We will start the training sessions tomorrow!" he stated.

"Yes. Your highness." Elliot's reply made me look in his direction, still in a state of shock.

He too looked completely different. He no longer had the mischievous sparkle in his eyes or the irritable smirk on his lips. His eyes looked focused on his superiors. His face remained void of emotions and if I hadn't seen him attempt to irt with me earlier, I would have thought that he was the most handsome and serious warrior I had ever seen.

"I shall leave, your majesty." He bowed, his eyes not even giving me a single glance. I felt like scong. How in the world was he able to be a completely different person around his king and queen?

"Yes. You may." My father allowed him to leave. I glanced at my father. Well, it looks like Elliot is not the only one who is good at putting up a serious face.

Elliot looked at me before he left and offered his hand to shake hands with me.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Cassandra." He said professionally and so politely I felt like giving him the stink eye. But of course, I had to keep it all toned down. I was the princess, but no one is supposed to know that yet.

Holding back my urge to roll my eyes in frustration, I shook his hand. His face remained the same, expressionless. However, as we shook hands, I felt him scratch the centre of my palm with his forefinger before he let go of my hand.

What the hell was that supposed to be? My jaw dropped open as I watched him walk away. Squinting at him, I gritted my teeth. Would he act the same way if he knew that he was messing with the future heir to the throne?

"Carina?" my mother's voice made me tear my gaze away from the retreating back of the irt that I had just met.

"What?" I asked, grimacing.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Why him?" I asked them straight forward, now that we were left alone.

"Because he is the best warrior I have right now. I would have asked the master who used to train all the warriors, including Sir Elliot, but the master is very sick right now due to old age. And I need to create younger trainers. So far, sir Elliot has shown steady progress and the best performance among all the warriors I have," he stated.

I felt like crying out loud. Does this mean I have to be stuck with him during training, every single day? Ugh. I hate my life.

"But...." I pouted.

"But what?" asked my father, frowning at me.

"He just....he....argh. He is such a huge irt!" I blurted out, holding out the rose he had given me.

They exchanged glances and then burst out laughing.

"Honey. Maybe he was trying to be friendly," mother commented.

"And even if he did irt, it's because you are beautiful, just like your mom," Father stated, making me groan.

"Daaaaad!" I groaned out loud. Why do fathers have to be so annoying, regardless of being the king or not?

"Richard," mom smiled softly.

"I mean it, babe. You are the most beautiful...." he stated, caressing her cheeks. I could see that they were lost in each other's eyes. Oh s**t. Not now!

"Uh... I am right here! Guys!" I quickly called out, fearing that I might witness something that would scar me for life.

"Hmm?" my father murmured.

"Guuuuyyys? Come on! Don't scar me!" I pleaded, arching my eyebrows.

"Why would you be scarred?" father asked innocently, but to my relief, he turned around.

Whew. That was close.

"I am unmated and besides, seeing your parents go mushy is just gross," I told them and started to walk towards the palace.

"And on top of that, I'm not happy that I will be stuck with that irt every day!" I added as I stomped towards the palace.

I heard their chuckles. Did they find it funny? Well, I was fuming! And it is the least bit funny. Pouting, I walked briskly towards the entrance of the palace.

"Carina. Give him a chance to teach you, okay? He seriously is the best in the army." Father answered as he and mother followed me.

Scong, I turned around.

"Carina?" I asked, a small smirk curving my lips.

"To us, you are Carina. You were always Carina. But for now, we need to keep it hidden, honey." He shrugged.

"Okay." I huffed. "And by the way, he had said that I looked a lot like the queen. He even asked me if I was related to you." I added, looking at my birth mother.

"So if he asked me that question again, what should I tell him?" I asked.

"Tell him that you are a relative who used to live abroad and was here to train because you have turned eighteen recently." She answered. "I have some relatives who moved to Europe several years ago. So he wouldn't suspect anything." She added.

Sighing, I nodded. I guess that could be done. If I said that we were not related, he would know that I was lying. Anyone who didn't notice our resemblance would be blind. I was simply a younger version of her. The only difference was that we dressed differently. She wore heavy gowns for a queen, while I insisted that I was comfortable wearing shirts and jeans.

I was told that once I was crowned queen, I would have to wear the gown, at least during the royal functions and gatherings. I was not with that. But having to drag that huge dress everywhere I went was not ideal for me.

"Yeah. You look exactly like your mother." Father agreed. "I don't want him to suspect anything yet." He added.

As we reached the palace, I started to feel rather lethargic. I suppose the effects of the numerous medicines I had to take were still in effect.

Yawning, I walked through the huge gate. "I am getting tired," I stated, stifling another yawn.

"Yes. Let's just go back to your room. You need to rest well. I will take your dinner to your room. Have it and sleep."

I covered my mouth, as I yawned again. Yeah. I need to sleep. Sleeping sounded like a great idea to me.

The next day was hectic. I woke up early and my mother was going crazy about me drinking some weird soup that she promised would make me energetic. It tasted funny but I forced it down my throat, just for the sake of the hysterical lady who sat in front of me, making sure that I drank every drop of it. As soon as I did, I was allowed to freshen up and get dressed as my training was scheduled to begin in two hours.

Great. That gave me enough time to get ready. I took a quick shower and wore the yoga pants and loose shirt over my sports bra. There was no way I was showing a lot of skin to that irt. I had enough time to relax before my mother came to fetch me.

"Are you ready? Good! Let's go. Your father has already gone to the arena to speak to Sir Elliot." She stated hastily, gesturing to me to hurry up with her hands.

"Why are you always calling him 'Sir' Elliot?" I asked.

"Well, he is the son of a duke and he is the highest-ranked warrior in our army. He is a ferocious fighter, as your father had said, he is the best we have." She shrugged.

I rolled my eyes. "And a irt," I added, making her stifle a chuckle.

"Honey. Maybe he was trying to be friendly." She said, grinning from ear to ear.

"Uhg. Mom." I grimaced.

"Well, if he irted, that's not. Isn't it? I mean, he is handsome and you are unmated," she stated as we walked out of the room.

"Ewww. Mom!" I protested.

"He is not handsome?" she asked, smirking and raising her eyebrows at me as though she was teasing me.

"No! I mean yes! Ugh!" I groaned, making her laugh a little.

"Honey. Just relax. You are just going to train with him. Okay. Just do the needful." She said, squeezing my hand as we walked together.

I smiled. Well, I needed that. I looked at her. She now didn't look like the mischievous woman who had been teasing me a short moment earlier. She looked like a serious and professional queen, who everyone looked up to.

"How do you do that?" I asked, curiously.

"What?"

"That? You are good at changing your demeanour, rapidly," I expressed my curiosity.

Chuckling, she placed a hand on my shoulder as she opened a door painted white.

"Years of training and experience honey." She winked and we entered through the door.

Father was talking to him on one side. But what caught my attention was the grand platform, which now I knew was the training arena. It was gigantic. It has a vast space for anyone to run and do any kind of exercise. In addition to that, all kinds of equipment were there. I was gawking at the equipment and the vast area. This place was the ultimate training station. Nolan would have loved this place.

Smiling, I thought about him. He was very passionate about his training sessions. I was always so proud of him. If only I could bring him here. I was certain that he would simply go crazy.

"Miss Cassandra?"

I was so lost in my thoughts that I didn't realise that Elliot was calling me. I looked at him only to see that annoying smirk on his face. I looked around and realised that we were alone.

"Huh? Where are"

"The king and queen? They have to attend royal duties, of course. So that leaves me to train you. We will start with some laps. Run with me seniorita." He grinned and started to jog.

Scong and rolling my eyes, I followed him, only because I didn't have a choice and because I seriously wanted to be trained well. I just hope that Elliot doesn't get on my nerves.

"Faster seniorita!" he called.

Ugh. And he better stop calling me that.