

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 100 - ENDLESS NIGHTMARE (2)

SHIT just got real.

Neoma was horrified when she found herself in the next "scene."

This time, she was inside the cabin while having tea with Dahlia. She already noticed this in her first life, but the Black Witch didn't really live up to her reputation. Despite looking "edgy" because of her all-black outfit, Dahlia was a klutz.

She hated the Black Witch's free spirit in the past because she was jealous. After all, Duchess Quinzel raised her as an exact replica of Hanna.

But now, all I can see is how cute Dahlia is even though she's a little clumsy.

"I'm sorry," Dahlia, with her cheeks rosier than normal, said apologetically while cleaning the wooden round table with a rag. After all, she accidentally bumped into the table a while ago, causing the tea in their cups to spill. "It's been a while since I had a client so I'm quite nervous. And you're very pretty, Lady Quinzel. It makes me want to just stare at your face—"

"Enough with your blabber," Neoma said in a cold, condescending tone. Argh! If she could only control her body, she would have already been friends with Dahlia. She liked bright girls like the Black Witch. Too bad her past self was a miserable bitch. "And sit down. I don't have any intention to drink cheap tea anyway."

Dahlia's face turned red from embarrassment.

Wow, Neoma wanted to punch her past self in the face. She knew

that she was hurt. But she already learned that punishing other people for her misery was wrong. And thus, she felt so guilty while watching how she acted in her previous life.

"I'm sorry, Lady Quinzel," Dahlia said shyly, then she sat down on the wooden chair from across her. "My master sent me here but the only thing she told me was to expect a client named 'Lady Quinzel.' I'm sorry but may I know what kind of assistance do you need?"

"You specialize in performing forbidden spells so of course, I'm here for that ability of yours."

The Black Witch flinched. "I don't do that anymore—"

"Your master already received the payment for this work," she said, rudely interrupting the other girl. God, she was such an awful person in her past life, huh? "I paid a large sum of money for this."

Dahlia looked guilty, then after some contemplating, she asked hesitantly. "What exactly do you want me to do, Lady Quinzel?"

"I have a twin brother," she said. "I want to tie my life force with him."

The other girl's eyes widened in shock. "But that's one of the most forbidden spell—"

"Prepare the potion," Neoma said, then she stood up and looked down at the Black Witch. Ah, right. She remembered that at that time, she found Dahlia's weakness. And that was the reason why she was this arrogant towards her. "If you don't want to lose the most important thing to you, give me the potion that I need on my next visit." She smirked haughtily at the now trembling Black Witch. "Or do want me to go to your master and tell her that you don't want to do it?"

"No, please d-don't do that," Dahlia said in a shaking voice. "I'll do it," she said, then she closed her eyes tight. "I'll make the potion, Lady Quinzel."

God, I'm such an awful bitch here.

And blind, too, for failing to notice the black crow on the tree outside.

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"NO, I WILL never hand you the potion!

Neoma was shocked when she found herself in that "scene."

This time, Dahlia was on the ground while hugging herself. There were several black wh.i.p.s floating above her. And each whip was hitting the Black Witch hard in every part of her body. Yes, even the face.

And yes again, the black wh.i.p.s were her creation.

Ah, I just remember that it was the technique that Duchess Quinzel taught me in this lifetime.

Since Neoma was treated like Hanna's replacement, the duchess taught her how to manipulate her shadow and turn it into kind of weapon that she could imagine. It wasn't easy since she didn't have Quinzel blood in her.

But Duchess Quinzel made it possible by making a little "experiment" on her.

Right, she made me drink her and Duke Quinzel's blood and brought me to a powerful sage. Thanks to their blood inside me, I was able to use their family's technique.

She wasn't that powerful since she was a fake Quinzel. But she was able to overpower Dahlia because of the red marble in her hand.

God, this is hard to relive.

"I guess even your own master is wary of you," Neoma said even though she was already dying inside. She hated herself at this very moment. "After all, she made this." She showed Dahlia the red

marble in her hand. "Apparently, as long as you are near this marble, your powers weaken and you won't be able to move." She walked towards the Black Witch, then she kicked her until she was lying on the ground on her back. "I thought you already agreed to make the potion?" she asked coldly, then she stepped on Dahlia's stomach. "Why are you being stubborn now, you wench?"

"I found out that your twin brother is Prince Nero," Dahlia said in a voice filled with anger and pain, her lavender eyes glowing menacingly. And yet, she couldn't move to fight her or even protect herself from her attacks. "I will not harm the empire's crown prince!"

"A Black Witch afraid of betraying the throne?" she asked mockingly. "Don't make me laugh, Miss Dahlia. Your clan is practically an enemy of the royal family."

"I don't care about my clan's feud against the royal family," the Black Witch snarled. "Prince Nero is an important friend to me!"

Hearing that her estranged twin brother was an "important friend" to the Black Witch made her angry and jealous at that moment. And she lashed out on Dahlia by stepping on her stomach hard until she winced in pain.

"I'll give you three days, Miss Dahlia," she warned the Black Witch. "If you don't have the potion by then, I will kill all the little Black Witches that you're hiding in the orphanage."

Dahlia gasped, then she turned to her with tears in her eyes. "How can you be so evil, Lady Quinzel?" she asked in a cracked voice. "Leave the children alone!"

"I will only leave them alone if you give me what you want," Neoma said coldly, then she turned her back on the Black Witch. "Don't test my patience any longer, Miss Dahlia."

Once again, at that moment, she failed to notice the black crow flying above her.

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THIS IS it.

Neoma knew that it was the moment when her life would end when instead of Dahlia, she saw Nero waiting for her in front of the Black Witch's cabin.

Nero looks so different here.

By that, she didn't mean her twin brother's appearance.

Of course, Nero was also an a.d.u.l.t in this timeline. He wore the red military uniform that the crown prince donned in official events. And his face? Her twin brother looked like Emperor Nikolai in his younger days.

"You're still alive?" Nero asked her with a smirk, his light gray eyes instantly turned glowing red. During that time, the crown prince was already rumored to be a blood-hungry lunatic. And the frenzied look on her twin brother's face confirmed it for her. "A little bird whispered to me that my crazy twin sister is threatening my Dahlia to perform a forbidden spell."

That was the moment that her past self realized that she f.u.c.k.i.e.d up.

She and everyone in the empire heard that their crown prince was apparently crazy in love with an "enemy." During that time, she didn't realize that the woman in the rumor was Dahlia. And when she figured that out, she knew that it was over for her.

Yet, she tried to save her life by sucking up to her twin brother—hoping that their connection would somehow make him spare her life.

"Your Royal Highness, I made a mistake," Neoma said in a shaking voice. "I didn't know that Dahlia is yours. Please forgive me this once..."

"The fact that you touched Dahlia isn't the only reason why I'm

here," he said with a "sweet smile" that sent shivers down her spine. "I heard from my beloved that you wanted her to perform a spell that will bind your life force with me. Do you think I'm stupid to not know what it means, you miserable wench?"

"I won't do it again," she said, desperate. "Please spare my life, B-Brother."

""Brother?"" he asked, surprised. Then, he laughed loudly— like a lunatic. But after a while, he suddenly turned serious. "Don't call me "brother," you f.u.c.k.i.n.g traitor. You let the assassin poison me when we were kids. Have you forgotten about it?"

She dropped to her knees and clasped her hands together. "P-Prince Nero, please forgive me... please! I will live a quiet life from now on. I will never show my face to you or to Dahlia again. Just please spare me this time!"

He just laughed again while pulling out the sword in the sheath attached to his hip. "This is His Majesty's precious gift to me during my coming-of-age ceremony," he said. "Isn't it almost poetic that this gift will cause you your death?"

Before she could even blink or move to run from her crazy brother, she just found herself bleeding because of the sword pierced through her heart.

So fast...

When he pulled out the sword effortlessly, she dropped to the ground— her whole body numb from pain.

"I only gave you a quick and painless death because you look like my female version. I don't want to see my face writhe in pain," Nero told her as he was leaving, his voice void with emotion. "You should be grateful that you have a generous older brother, my poor little sister."

She lost consciousness for a while and when she felt a light kick on her body, she woke up.

And when she opened her eyes, Regina Crowell's smiling face greeted her.

"It's so easy to manipulate everyone around you, Lady Quinzel," Regina said with a smirk that she wanted to rip off of her ugly face. "Rubin, Duchess Quinzel, and now His Royal Highness Prince Nero." She laughed softly while shaking her head. "It was so easy to turn them against you because they never really loved you, Ne-o-ma."

Neoma couldn't talk at that moment but in her head, she could only think of one word.

Bitch.

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WHEN NEOMA opened her eyes again, she thought the nightmare finally ended when she relived her death in her first life.

But much to her shock, she once again found herself inside the closet while watching Rubin and Regina make out in the office. It was the exact, same position that she found herself into when she opened her eyes after Gin brought her to hell.

"No," Neoma whispered to herself. For the first time after a long while, she genuinely felt scared. "Am I going to experience this life again and again forever?"

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GIN smiled while watching Princess Neoma inside the closet where she witnessed the affair of Rubin Drayton and Regina Crowell.

It was fun watching the royal princess's "darkest" memories stored in her heart.

Princess Neoma was "sleeping" on the ground where he found her a while ago. He could see her "nightmares" because his mind was

connected to hers. And since he was able to enter her consciousness, he could "play" the memories that she hated again and again in her head.

"Your greatest fear is so simple, Princess Neoma," Gin said to himself with a soft laugh. "Who would have thought that a brave young princess like you is afraid to die alone?"

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

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