

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 103 - WELCOME BACK TO MYSELF

"I'M FINALLY free from that f.u.c.k.i.n.g nightmare!" Neoma, still in her pretty a.d.u.l.t form, screamed at the top of her lungs. Since she didn't have the appearance of a five year old child, she didn't feel bad for cursing. And she felt so badass doing so while riding the back of a f.u.c.k.i.n.g Red Dragon. "Love live, Neoma Ramsay's big brain!

Ah, yeah. She just decided that she would go by the name of 'Neoma Ramsay' from now on. The royal family didn't want her anyway so why would she force herself to be a part of them?

But don't worry, Mama. I will honor your wish and protect Nero and Papa Boss. I just realized that I don't have to be a de Moonasterio to do so.

"Thug princess, don't celebrate prematurely," Tteokbokki aka Crimson (what an awful name), scolded her in his mature and "manlier" voice. Gosh, her baby dragon was also an a.d.u.l.t now, huh? How time flies. "We're still inside the demon's territory."

Well, her Soul Beast spoke the truth.

When they finally broke the "glass" where her consciousness was trapped for god knows how long, she found herself back in the part of hell where Gin brought her. From where she was, she could see the haunted mansion, the dead tree, and the dry soil that she had seen in the past when she "visited" hell with Rubin Drayton.

Anyway, she couldn't see Gin yet but she didn't want to put her guard down.

"Crimson, let's go down," she told her Soul Beast. She couldn't call him 'Tteokbokki' because he might not hear or see her again. "I feel like throwing up."

And it wasn't because of flying with a dragon for the first time.

Luckily, Tteokbokki didn't tease her about it. He just quietly flew down until he landed safely on a dry soil away from the haunted mansion.

When she stepped down from his back, the Red Dragon reverted back to its "small size."

"Are you okay, thug princess?" Tteokbokki asked while floating in front of her. In fairness to her Soul Beast, he looked worried when he saw her clutch her stomach. "Did I fly too fast?"

"No," she said, then she covered her mouth with her free hand when she literally threw up.

It was kind of gross but she puked a marble up. Wait, it was the Marble— as in the Marble that the enemies wanted from Lewis.

"How did it get inside my stomach?" she asked while wiping the Marble clean with the hem of her sleeve. Ah, yes. Aside from her a.d.u.l.t form, she also maintained the clothes that she had before Nero killed her in her nightmare. "As far as I remember..." She turned to Tteokbokki with furrowed brows. "Didn't I make you swallow Lewis's real Marble?"

"I did," Tteokbokki said. "And I delivered it to that person before I went to find you. That must be the decoy Marble that you asked the fox boy to make."

"Ah, so that's what happened."

She immediately handed the Marble to her Soul Beast. "Swallow the Marble, Crimson."

Tteokbokki, without hesitation, immediately swallowed the Marble. Then, he returned inside her without being asked to. Maybe

Tteokbokki knew that allowing her to use his abilities as a Red Dragon would give them a higher survival rate than him fighting in a form that he wasn't used to yet.

Wow, her wit was rubbing off on her Soul Beast, huh?

I won't call you 'ketchup-colored donkey' from now, Tteokbokki.

"Well, well, well," Neoma said, then she looked up at Gin who was seated on a tree's branch. He was back to his cat form. She noticed that the suit that he wore was now almost torn into pieces. Plus, he had several cuts all over his torso— especially his arms. "Did you lose an alley cat fight or something?"

Gin smiled "sweetly" at her. "Are you worried about me, Princess Neoma?"

"Of course I am," she answered with a "sweet" smile of her own. "I can't let anyone else f.u.c.k you up, you sly cat."

The black cat looked surprised by her foul mouth. "Using such vulgar words is unbecoming of a princess like yourself, Your Royal Highness."

"Nah, I just disowned the royal family," she said with a dismissive wave. "From now on, call me Neoma Ramsay— the Lady of Leisure."

She just made up that title on the spot but whatever.

"You're really interesting, Princess Neoma," Gin said, ignoring the fact that she wished to be called 'Lady Ramsay' instead of her powerless title as a hidden royal princess. "It's a shame but we need to make an empress out of you— whether you like it or not."

"Let's stop talking and get down to business," she said while cracking her knuckles. "I'll make you a filling for a steamed bun."

"A what?"

"I know a country where they use cat meat as a filling for steamed buns," she said with a smirk. "I've always wanted to know what it tastes like."

Gin looked surprised by what she said, then he laughed. "Hard pass on that, Princess Neoma," he said, then he jumped down from the tree branch and landed gracefully— just like how real cats were flexible. "Before we start, may I know how you managed to hide the real Marble from me?"

"I know that talking with you gives you an advantage," Neoma said, then she smirked at him. "But let me humor you for a while, Gin the Bad Black Cat."

"SLEEP," Dominic Zavaroni said, then he waved his hand in front of Duke Jasper Hawthorne.

Like what he expected, the young duke was knocked out in an instant.

I apologize, Your Grace.

"Princess Neoma where?"

He turned to Lewis Crevan. It seemed like he had the tendency to revert back to his broken speeches when agitated. And he looked very impatient as well. "According to Mr. Tteokbokki, Princess Neoma's Soul Beast, Her Royal Highness was taken to hell by a black cat named Gin."

Lewis Crevan's golden eyes glowed menacingly. "Kill."

"Before you kill the cat, let me return this to you," he said, then he pulled out the Marble from the inside pocket of his jacket. Then, he handed it to the fox boy. "The Soul Beast delivered it to me, then he asked me to personally come here to protect you. He said it was a part of Princess Neoma's plan."

The fox boy nodded firmly, then he swallowed the Marble without hesitation.

Just like that, Lewis Crevan's Mana became stable.

And he became stronger.

"I don't know what exactly is happening but if Princess Neoma is missing, then it means the coronation might be cancelled," he said. "But the royal family will be put in an awkward position if the coronation gets cancelled tonight."

"I don't care."

"You should," he told the fox boy. "The coronation is important for both Princess Neoma and Prince Nero. But I understand that saving Her Royal Highness is your top priority."

The fox boy nodded in agreement.

"I will show myself inside the hall and stall for as long as I can," Dominic Zavaroni said, then he opened his hand while summoning his Holy Sword. "Lewis Crevan, I will send you to hell— to the part where I could feel Princess Neoma's faint divine power. Please find her at all cost."

Lewis Crevan nodded, his glowing golden eyes filled with determination. "I will find Princess Neoma."

Oh, he can speak in a complete sentence again.

HANNA knew that she shouldn't meddle with the royal family affair.

Sir Glenn and her father were there but they stepped aside when Emperor Nikolai said that he would deal with Prince Nero. Even her mother stood protectively in front of her. It was a subtle way of telling her to not move an inch.

And to be honest, she was kind of frozen on her spot.

She was scared and confused.

The Devil is Princess Nichole?

She knew what Princess Nichole looked like because she was studied the family tree of the de Moonasterios, just like any ordinary noble child. But she wasn't really worried about how the supposedly dead Princess Royale came back to life.

Prince Nero, please don't follow Princess Nichole's order...

She was confused because as far as she knew, it was Neoma who was supposed to be controlled to kill His Majesty. That was why they made several plans to stop her in case the Devil took over her body. But her cousin was missing, and the royal prince came back.

I can't let Prince Nero attempt to kill His Majesty.

Because if that happened, royal prince or not, Prince Nero would be sentenced to death.

No, I don't want that to happen!

So she took a deep breath, then she clasped her hands together and finally did the forbidden technique that her mother and father begged her not to use.

Mother, Father, please forgive this disobedient daughter of yours.

She closed her eyes, recite the forbidden incantation in her head, and hide her presence while doing so.

Honestly speaking, it wasn't really a "forbidden" technique. Her parents only forbade her of using it because her heart couldn't handle the huge amount of Mana that the spell required. But she was willing to sacrifice her life for Neoma and Prince Nero.

It's my duty as a noble to protect the royal twins, too.

"Freeze," Hanna said after she said the incantation in her mind. Everyone in the room turned to her with a shocked look on their face— especially her parents. But her gaze was fixed on her "target."
"Prince Nero, dance for me."

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