

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 105 - I WANNA BE THE VERY BEST

HANNA scowled when she felt her heart thump against her chest hard and fast.

A moment later, she was already coughing blood. But she didn't stop. She focused her attention on controlling her Shadow Monster that she named Marionette.

Just like its name suggested, the Shadow Monster that she created from her own shadow was shaped like a marionette. The shadow Marionette was huge and it was holding a control with several strings attached on it— and those strings were now attached on Prince Nero's shadow.

She was relieved to see that Prince Nero couldn't move now.

"Hanna, stop it!" her mother pleaded her in a desperate voice. Her face turned pale when saw her cough blood a while ago. "Your heart cannot handle that amount of Mana!"

"Let go of the Marionette, Hanna," her father begged her as well. "Let the a.d.u.l.t.s deal with His Royal Highness, sweetheart."

"If you "deal" with Prince Nero, you're just going to hurt him," Hanna said between deep breaths. The mere act of talking was already exhausting for her. "I won't let you hurt His Royal Highness."

His parents looked confused and a little shock that she addressed the royal princess casually.

"Hanna, what are you doing?" Prince Nero asked, his jaw clenched hard. It seemed like he was trying really hard to regain the control of his own body. After all, his Mana was increasing steadily. But

luckily, it wasn't enough to break the strings of her Marionette attached to his shadow yet. "I don't remember asking for your help."

"You didn't ask for my help, Prince Nero," she said. She was used to the royal prince's aloof attitude that his tone didn't hurt her anymore. And she had no time to feel upset when all of them were in danger right now. "But Neoma did."

The royal prince looked surprised what she said.

But it was her turn to be surprised when they all felt a "shift" in the room.

The next thing she knew, her parents along with Emperor Nikolai and Sir Glenn were already at the far end of the room— away from her.

Worst of all, an angry Princess Nichole was now standing in front of her.

She tried to move away from the Princess Royal but the heavy bloodlust directed at her froze her on her spot.

"Young Quinzel, don't get in my way," Princess Nichole threatened her. Then, she raised her hand as if she was going to hit her. "Don't end up like your stupid uncle."

"Hanna!" both her mother and father yelled at the same time.

She could only close her eyes and wait for the inevitable.

But much to her surprise, she heard gunshots. For a moment, she thought she was the one shot. She only realized that that wasn't the case when a few seconds passed and she still didn't feel any pain in her body (aside from her heart).

"It's okay, Hanna," said a gentle voice from behind her. Then, she felt a warm hand on her back. "I will control your Mana so it doesn't

end up eating at your life force."

Madam Hammock?

She turned to her side and she was relieved when she saw Madam Hammock beside her. The Healing Sage's warm hand was on her back. She could feel the madam's healing power stabilizing her Mana.

Thanks to that, the painful thump against her chest began to subside as the erratic beat of her heart slowly returned to normal.

"Oh, I missed."

Hanna turned to the lady standing on her other side.

Princess Brigitte?

It was indeed the first princess of Hazelden Kingdom. Right now, Princess Brigitte had a men's blazer suit draped over her shoulders. But aside from the additional piece of clothing in her outfit, there was one particular "accessory" the princess possessed that stood out: a handgun.

Princess Brigitte just didn't bring a pistol in His Majesty's presence—she even fired a shot even though the emperor is in the same room!

Princess Brigitte looked unapologetic while wielding a pistol. She held the weapon in her hands with confidence. Then, she pointed the mouth of the gun at Princess Nichole's direction. "I won't miss again."

Hanna turned to face Princess Nichole. She was shocked when she saw the Princess Royal covering her right eye with her hand. It seemed like Princess Brigitte managed to shoot Princess Nichole's eye a while ago.

But instead of blood, a strange black liquid was coming out from Princess Nichole's eye.

"Blasted puny humans," Princess Nichole said in a deeper voice that almost sounded like it came from a man. "You'll pay for this."

Hanna felt scared when the Princess Royal's bloodlust overwhelmed the room.

But when she saw her mother (and her glowing green eyes) and father (with his glowing golden eyes) behind Princess Nichole, the fear in her heart vanished. She knew that her parents wouldn't let anything bad happen to her. Now, she could focus on making sure that Prince Nero wouldn't be able to hurt His Majesty.

Prince Nero, hang in there, Hanna thought to herself while looking at Prince Nero. The royal prince still couldn't break the strings of her Marionette. His shadow was now practically the puppet of her Shadow Monster. But she noticed that Prince Nero wasn't trying to get out of her control as much as he did a while ago. Neoma will definitely return for us.

WHEN NIKOLAI saw that the Quinzels (along with Madam Hammock and Princess Brigitte) could handle Nichole, he decided to leave his older twin sister to them. "Glenn, step aside," he ordered the knight who was literally standing between him and Nero. "Don't worry too much. I can handle my own son. Rufus and the rest can deal with Nichole."

Glenn turned to Rufus's side quickly before he turned to him again. Then, he nodded. "I'll stay behind you, Your Majesty."

He just walked past the knight (who immediately followed him behind). Then, he stood in front of Nero. Thanks to Hanna Quinzel's shadow manipulation technique, his son currently couldn't move.

The young lady's Shadow Monster had the form of a giant Marionette. It was effective to stop Nero (who was still too weak for a de Moonasterio) so he'd say she did a good job. But Hanna Quinzel, as the new heir of the Shadow Clay Technique (the official name of the technique), was still inferior compared to her predecessor.

Commander Gavin Quinzel could create Unholy Beasts using his shadow.

"It's time to stop playing now, Nero," Nikolai told his son. Now that Nichole was occupied, the barrier that she created around the royal prince a while ago weakened. He managed to break it this time by simply releasing a huge amount of Mana in the form of an energy ball. As soon as the mirror-like barrier broke into tiny pieces, he proceeded to grab the handle of the Death's Scythe. "You don't need this."

Nero just glared at him, then he grabbed the Death's Scythe tighter. "Neoma is more important to me than you, Your Majesty."

"I know that," he said. He flinched a little when the Death's Scythe began attacking him by trying to electrify him. It stung a bit, but not enough to seriously harm him. "I won't let Neoma die either, Nero."

He smirked at him bitterly. "Do you think I'd believe you? You already tried to kill my twin sister once!"

"I won't try to kill Neoma again," he said seriously. "I can no longer do it."

"Like I said, how can I believe—"

"Neoma is my daughter," Nikolai said sincerely. Even he was surprised by the amount of honesty that he heard in his own voice. Well, it couldn't be helped since this was the first time in a while that he allowed himself to be true to himself. So yes, he was speaking as a father and not as an emperor this time. "The empire may never recognize her as the royal princess. And to be honest, I want to keep it that way. Not because I want to deny your twin sister her birthright, but because I want her to be free from the shackles of being a female royal."

Nero looked very surprised by his words. His son definitely realized that he was voicing out his real feelings.

This is a little awkward.

If he could, he would deny his growing fondness for Neoma. But it didn't come out of nowhere. The royal princess gradually won him over.

For that reason, he let his daughter curse at him, treat him the way he treated her, and let her live even after all the offensive things that she did to him. It was true that he once tried to sacrifice Neoma to extend Nero's life. And he regretted it until now.

Unfortunately, he was really bad at expressing himself.

"I can't promise that I will treat Neoma gently because to be honest, she's not the fragile type. She'd hate it if you treat her like a glass," Nikolai told his son. "But I swear on my life that I will never try to kill your twin sister again, Nero."

When Nero was about to say something, he suddenly went rigid. Then, much to his shock, the royal prince screamed at the top of his lungs as if he was in deep pain.

"Nero!"

"I SAW this hell dog on my way here," Dominic Zavaroni told Lewis Crevan, then he made the sleeping three-headed dog float in front of the fox boy. "The dog was hidden from human eyes. But I saw it because the Devil's corrupt power is a bad match to my divine power. Anyway, I made the dog sleep. But I believe that it's the door that the demon that took away Princess Neoma used to open the gates of hell. I will use that dog to send you to hell, Lewis Crevan. If it wakes up, you may use it to help you locate Princess Neoma."

Lewis Crevan only nodded as a response to his long instructions, then he carefully put the three-headed dog in his arms.

"You're really not much of a talker, are you?" he asked with a smile. Of course, the fox boy just looked at him blankly. Ah, his face

wasn't as blank as before. In fact, he looked impatient. "Alright, I will now open a gate to hell. I also have a job to do after this anyway."

He didn't come to the Royal Palace alone this time. He just went ahead of his company when he felt the Devil's presence. But he could feel that his people were near the palace now.

When Princess Neoma's Soul Beast came to the temple a while ago, he knew that the royal princess wasn't only hoping for his presence. Her Royal Highness probably needed his influence as the saint.

"Take care, Lewis Crevan," Dominic Zavaroni said, then he raised his hand with his palm facing the fox boy. "Please bring Princess Neoma back safely."

Lewis Crevan only gave a firm nod as a response.

KYLE SPROUSE was in a pinch.

He didn't know what exactly was going on. But he was pretty sure that the emperor and the royal princess were in danger. After all, he felt the presence of the Devil a while ago.

But the coronation can't be postponed.

And so, he did what he could do at the moment: he put the whole Castillo Hall under his Sphere. 'Sphere' was his family's technique that could affect the mood of the people "inside" his Sphere. This time, he used it to make the guests feel serene— too serene for them to notice the negative presence in the hall.

It seemed like it was working because the mood of the guests remained comfortable.

My Sphere won't work for so long though. Especially on people with high Mana, or higher nobles who have resistance against abilities like mine.

In short, he had to come up with a plausible reason for the ceremony's delay.

I should ask for a salary raise after this.

He was about to lose his mind when all of a sudden, the doors of Castillo Hall burst open.

My Sphere was broken!

His technique also served as a barrier so people without his permission couldn't enter the hall. Supposedly. But his barrier wasn't only broken— he also didn't feel their presence!

But when he saw who the "uninvited" guests, he was shocked.

"His Holiness," Kyle whispered to himself in disbelief. But it wasn't just Saint Zavaroni's appearance that made his eyes widen in shock. To be honest, the knights behind the saint were the reason why almost everyone in the hall was as stunned as he was. "The Holy Knights almost never leave the temple so why are they here now?"

WHILE NEOMA was on her knees with her head hanged low, she placed her hands on the dry soil flatly. Of course, she was still acting like she was so amazed by "Big Lewis's" blinding visual. But in reality, she was preparing for a surprise attack.

"Are you really that shallow, Princess Neoma?" Gin asked with a laugh. "If I had known earlier that you like good-looking people that much, I would have asked the Devil to turn me into a very handsome human."

Neoma looked up at Gin with a disgusted look on her face. "I don't want to offend your kind but I'm not into animals. Sorry."

The bad black cat just laughed it off.

Gullible bastard.

As soon as Gin was distracted, she slammed her hands on the dry soil hard. "Crimson, let's use fire attack!" she ordered Tteokbokki as if he was a P*kemon. "Go!"

Tteokbokki roared in her mind as a response.

Then, her Soul Beast's red flame spread between the cracks of the dry soil as if it was lava. Then, when the flame reached Big Lewis and Gin, it grew big until the two were caught in fire.

`Gotcha!

She hated her brain for this but while giving a surprise attack, a song from her childhood back in her second life suddenly played in her head. And she sang along with it!

I wanna be the very best. Like no one ever was...

She noticed that Gin managed to jump away from the fire. It was inappropriate by the song was still ringing in her head.

To catch them is the real test. To train them is my cause...

Then, she realized that Big Lewis was suddenly out of sight.

I will travel across the land. Searching far and wide...

"Hey, thug princess!" Tteokbokki yelled at her in her mind. "Above you!"

She looked up and was surprised to see Big Lewis who came from above her. And his claws were ready to maul her. To avoid his attack, she rolled quickly away from her previous spot.

Teach P*kemon to understand. The power that's inside...

She immediately got up to see Big Lewis crouching silently a few meters away from her. He wasn't even a little bit burned by her fire

attack a while ago. But the fact that he came out unscathed by her flame wasn't the only thing that surprised her.

To say that she was shocked by her (not) son's physical changed would be an understatement.

Big Lewis's golden eyes glowed menacingly, and he suddenly grew nine white tails! And the battle song in her head still wouldn't shut the hell up!

P*kemon! `Gotcha catch them all! It's you and me...

Judging by her (not) son's dangerous Mana, she knew that she was in danger. Also, it kind of scared her that Big Lewis wasn't growling. In fact, he wasn't making a single sound. But he had the look of a predator. Obviously, she was his prey. To say that she was in a life or death situation wouldn't be an exaggeration.

She knew that and yet, the stupid battle song just wouldn't stop playing in her head!

I know it's my destiny. P*kemon! Oh, you're my best friend. In a world we must defend...

"Crimson, let's switch to gear mode," she said, then she crossed her arms in front of her chest. Thank goodness the song finally stopped playing in my head!

Anyway...

Slowly, her skin began to be covered by Tteokbokki's red hard scales.

This time, she focused really hard on Big Lewis. God, she knew that her son came from the Silver Fox clan. But she couldn't remember if she found out in her first life that he actually a nine-tailed fox!

Dayum. Lewis's Mana as a grown nine-tailed fox isn't a joke...

Her thoughts trailed-off when all of a sudden, Big Lewis disappeared from his sight. His presence also vanished into thin air.

Shit. Even in his first life, he's too quiet!

"Thug princess!" Tteokbokki cried. "Behind you!"

She immediately turned around. Then, she raised her crossed arms together when she saw that Big Lewis was about to maul her using his sharp and long nails. When his claws hit her scales, it made a screeching sound as if two metals hit one another.

Heh!

She smirked when she saw that one of his nails was broken.

It was a bad move.

Big Lewis used her moment of distraction to give a follow-up attack by clawing at her face.

She managed to jump away from him the moment he raised his hand. But she still got caught by his long nails. As a result, she now had several, long scratches on her cheek.

The cuts were deep and her face bled heavily.

Her. Beautiful. Face. Was. Mauled.

By her son!

"The f.u.c.k.?" Neoma snarled at Big Lewis who flinched a little when she cursed. "How dare you maul your mother's beautiful face, you rebellious child?!"

Big Lewis, much to her shock, tilted his head at one side. "Who's your son?"

Was it just her or Big Lewis's deep, husky voice really sounded hot even though his tone was rude?

Neoma gasped when she realized something horrible. Did I just

think that my son is hot?!

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