

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 108 - THE BROKEN SHIELD

NIKOLAI saw red.

First, Neoma was pierced through the chest with a spear.

Second, his daughter was taken away by Nichole when he hadn't finished treating her wound yet.

And third, as soon as his supposedly dead twin sister touched his daughter, Nero collapsed. It looked like his son was in pain. He had the same look on his face the first time that his curse was activated.

"Your Majesty," Glenn, who still stood behind him, said in a cold tone that he rarely used. He could also feel the knight's rampaging Mana. "Permission to attack the former Princess Royal."

"Stay here and guard Nero," Nikolai told his knight, then he walked towards his son. "Nero, did your curse return—"

"Go," Nero said while glaring at him. His light gray eyes had turned glowing red. But it wasn't because of anger. His eyes turned that way because of pain. "Don't mind me. Save Neoma first!"

He nodded at his son's request.

Knowing that Nero was guarded by Glenn, he moved to save Neoma from Nichole.

To be honest, he didn't want to use his full Mana. He could feel Kyle's technique all over the hall. The count was using his Sphere to hide the fight happening in the royal parlor. But if he unsealed his power, Kyle's Sphere wouldn't be enough to hide his use of power. That meant the guests would be aware of the fight.

But to hell with that.

Instead of summoning his Soul Beasts, he just drew his sword. But it wasn't just any weapon. Since it was the coronation ceremony for the crown prince, he was obligated to bring Calypso— the sword passed down to every emperor in the history of the royal family.

He poured his Mana on the blade of his sword. The emperor's Mana was the only thing that could "awaken" Calypso. When it glowed beautifully, he knew that it had just become the strongest blade in the whole continent.

That means my sword can slash anything and anyone smoothly.

And thus, he was able to decapitate Nichole with only one slash.

The blood from his twin sister's body spurted right away. He barely had time to create a thin barrier to protect Neoma from getting blood on her.

"I told you before that you can have your revenge on me," Nikolai snarled at his twin sister's decapitated head. "But hurting my children is unforgivable."

Nichole, much to his shock, cried silently.

Of course, a part of him felt bad for his poor twin sister. He knew that he was one of the reasons why she ended up that way. But still, it was hard for him to forgive her after she hurt both Nero and Neoma— his children...

... and Mona's precious gift.

Blinded by rage, he was about to completely end Nichole. But it wasn't only to punish her. To be honest, he wanted his twin sister to rest in peace. She had died a long ago, and she didn't belong in this world anymore.

The storm in his head suddenly disappeared when he felt a firm grip around his ankle. When he looked down and saw his daughter, he instantly calmed down.

"Papa Boss, you're scaring me," Neoma said, but there wasn't an ounce of fear in her eyes. She might have only said that to distract him from killing Nichole. "And what happened to Nero? Is my twin brother alright?"

Ah, these two, really.

Nero asked him to save Neoma first, and now Neoma was asking if her twin brother was alright even if her own chest was still bleeding.

He relaxed a little because he wanted to make sure first that his daughter was fine.

Moreover, after Calypso hit Nichole a while ago, he knew that his poor twin sister didn't have the energy to fight anymore. He wasn't being too complacent though.

"Nero is fine," he assured her, then he cleaned the blade of his sword with his Mana. When the blood disappeared, he put Calypso back in the sheath. As soon as he did that, the whole sheath around his waist vanished. Calypso would only appear when summoned. Most of all, it wasn't for everyone to see. "You should really worry more about yourself, Neoma."

Neoma, as weird as she was, just raised her little hand to give him what she often called as "thumbs up." "I'm Neoma, I'm okay."

"You're not," he deadpanned, then he got down on one knee and pressed his hand on her bleeding chest once again. Much to his surprise, he realized that the wound had already closed. The blood that he saw on his daughter's clothes was only stain. Did Nichole heal her?

He also realized that as soon as Nichole touched Neoma a while ago, Nero collapsed and withered on the floor.

That was when his son's curse returned to his body.

"Did you do this, Nichole?" he asked, then he turned to the decapitated head of his twin sister. "Did you heal Neoma and return Nero's curse?"

He heard his daughter let out a soft gasp.

Nichole, despite getting beheaded, was still alive.

In fact, the part where her neck was cut was now engulfed with a black flame. A few more moments and the former Princess Royal's head and body began to get re-attached once again. Then, his older twin sister stood up as if nothing happened.

Of course, he already expected that. Thus, he didn't bother to stop her from fixing her body.

It would only be futile because Nichole is now an undead.

"I heard that the Devil was once a Necromancer," he said to his twin sister. "Is that how you returned from the dead?"

"I am not obligated to answer that, Your Majesty," Nichole snarled at him. "You won for now. But I will return," she threatened him. "And the next time we see each other, I will take Neoma away from you."

"I won't let that happen, Nichole," Nikolai said firmly. He didn't want to admit this but he felt a painful thump against his chest as he exchanged cold, cruel words with Nichole. After all, there was a time that he and his poor twin sister vowed that they would become the shield and the sword of the empire. "I will protect both Nero and Neoma from you— you who have now become the enemy of the royal family."

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NICHOLE smiled bitterly after Nikolai declared her as the enemy of

the royal family. Right then, she felt a lump in her throat. She already cried a while ago when Nikolai beheaded her a while ago so she held it in.

But because of her twin brother's words, a fleeting moment in her old memories flooded her mind...

"You're really good at creating barriers, Nichole," Nikolai once told her when they were children. "I'm not good at defense so I'm quite envious of your ability."

"You don't have to be good at creating barriers because it's my job to protect you and the whole family," the young Nichole told her twin brother then. "Nikolai, I will be the empire's unbreakable shield. In that way, you as the future emperor, would become invincible."

"Then, I'll become the sword of the empire because I'm good at offense," Nikolai said. "Nichole, let's be the sword and shield of our home."

Then, he smiled at her.

Her twin brother rarely smiled, and to be the receiving end of that smile was a huge honor. It brought her genuine happiness, too. Even after the terrible things that happened between the two of them, she still cherished that particular memory.

"That's right," Nichole said while nodding sadly, her whole body was slowly getting covered with black flame. "I am now an enemy."

And also a coward who needed to run away now.

Nikolai used Calypso when he beheaded her a while ago. His sword wasn't only good for cutting. In fact, the blade of Calypso drank her blood and Mana when it hit her. To simply say, she didn't have the energy to fight anymore.

Of course, her twin brother knew that. It was the only reason why he wasn't being aggressive anymore.

"Nikolai, let me ask you a question before I go," she said. "Why didn't you think of transferring Nero's curse to Neoma instead? We were taught how to do that when we were kids."

"Nero would have killed himself if I did that," Nikolai said bluntly. "Unlike us, Nero and Neoma's sibling bond is strong." He paused, then, he looked at her with somewhat sad eyes. "And I hope they don't end up like us, Nichole."

She could only smile sadly as a response.

"Nichole?"

She froze when she heard the familiar voice of the only person who would call her using such a gentle tone. When she turned to the owner of the voice, she was greeted by Dominic Zavaroni.

And the poor saint had a devastated look on his face.

Ah, he didn't know what I have become until now.

"No," Dominic whispered to himself as he walked towards her in a fast pace. Then, tears began to fall down his cheeks. Ah, despite being a saint, he was still the crybaby that she knew, huh? "Nichole, please tell me this is just a bad dream."

Nichole smiled sadly at him. "Goodbye, my pitiful Dominic," she whispered as her body slowly vanished. "May our paths never cross again."

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