

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 119

### CONFESSION OF THE SEDUCTRESS PRINCESS

AS SOON as Neoma felt Tteokbokki's scales melt on her face, she gasped. Then, knowing that she couldn't move in time to avoid Lewis's punch, she just closed her eyes and waited to be hit.

But as expected, she felt Lewi's energy wave but it went passed her without hitting her. That meant he stopped his fist when it was only a breath's face away from the tip of her nose.

When she opened her eyes, she confirmed that she was right.

'Sorry, Princess Neoma,' Lewis said, then he dropped his arm to his side. 'Did I hurt you?'

'Nope,' Neoma said with a smile, satisfied to know that Lewis noticed when her 'Gear Mode' was suddenly 'switched off.' 'Good job, Lewis.'

He just nodded, then he pulled out the ointment from the pocket of his pants.

Then, he silently put the gel in the ointment that felt like aloe vera on her skin. It was cool and sticky.

She let out a sigh of relief when she felt the cool feeling on her hot face. Since Tteokbokki's scales were scalding hot, they always left a burning sensation on her skin. It wasn't enough to literally burn her. But it still stings a little.

Still, I need to endure. After my fight with the grown-up Lewis, I decided to learn how to cover my whole body with Tteokbokki's scales. At this rate, I will die if I happen to meet other strong opponents.

'Is this seriously what you mean when you say you're going to 'play' with us?'

She turned to Trevor on the ground under the shade of a huge tree. The demon boy was lazily lying on his side while eating the fruits meant for her. But since they were alone in her personal training ground, nobody would criticize Trevor for eating the crown prince's snacks.

Ah, right. Sir Glenn was there a while ago to guard her (more like keep an eye on Trevor). But the knight was

summoned by her Papa Boss to escort Nero. Apparently, her twin brother wanted to visit Hanna.

Thank goodness Nero didn't sulk in his room.

'Uh-huh,' she said. 'This is how Lewis and I usually play. If we're not roasting bad guys, we train to be stronger together.'

'It's no use though,' Trevor said, then he put a piece of grape in his mouth before he spoke again. 'Your soul doesn't resonate well with your Soul Beast. You have to be in sync with him first before you could use your dragon's full power.' He put another fruit in his mouth. 'As far as I know, you have to find out your Soul Beast's real name— the name given by Yule.'

'I know that, of course,' she said, then she crossed her arms over chest while thinking. 'I have a feeling that I already heard Tteokbokki's real name. I just can't remember it.' When she tilted her head at one side, Lewis also did the same. She almost laughed at how cute her son was. 'I also can't remember where or from whom did I hear Tteokbokki's real name.' She opened the link in her mind to connect with her Soul Beast. 'Tteokbokki, do you remember it?'

‘No,’ Tteokbokki said. ‘All I remember is how powerful I felt back then.’

After saying that, Tteokbokki cut off the link in their mind.

Gosh, it seemed like her Soul Beast was going through a rebellious phase. These days, she felt like he was avoiding her. He would only answer to her call during training time.

If he continues acting this way, I’ll go to his place and spank him.

‘Well, I guess we can’t use that mysterious ‘cheat code’ again,’ she said, then she turned to Lewis who just finished putting ointment on her face. ‘Thank you.’

‘Are you done ‘playing?’“ Trevor asked, then he got up and stretched his arms. ‘I have something to discuss with you.’

‘Ah, right,’ she said, then she sat on the picnic blanket on the ground. She picked up the towel on top of the picnic basket. Then, Lewis handed her the glass bottle of cold water. ‘Thanks, Lewis,’ she said, then she drank from the bottle.

Lewis, who looked satisfied after serving her, stood stiffly behind her.

‘So, what are you going to discuss with me?’ she asked when she turned to Trevor. ‘Papa Boss also told me that I need to talk to you.’

‘I need your help to create a strong security around my territory,’ Trevor said while moving his head side to side. ‘To be exact, I need you to return the Death’s Scythe in the throne that you saw in my place before.’

She gasped when she heard that. ‘You’re taking Skewer away from me?’

‘Yes. I’m sorry but I need it so that the Devil and their minions wouldn’t be able to enter my territory again.’

‘How sure are you that it will work?’ she asked him with a raised brow. ‘My crazy aunt just controlled the Death’s Scythe when she convinced Nero to kill my father. She even managed to change its form from a scythe into a spear.’

‘But the Devil didn’t touch the Death’s Scythe,’ he reminded her. ‘Your crazy aunt was only able to control it because Prince Nero was the one holding it. But it

doesn't change the fact that she couldn't touch the scythe herself. Especially not after the saint purified it.'

'Then, are you really sure that Nero will be safer if you lock your territory with the Death's Scythe?'

'Uh-huh.'

She let out a deep sigh. 'Then, I have no choice but to return it to you.'

He laughed softly. 'Don't worry, Princess Neoma. I will return it to you as soon as Prince Nero is fully healed.' He smiled brightly at her. 'After all, everything that's mine will be yours if we get married—'

'I thought I told you to stop flirting with me, you grandpa?'

Thank goodness Trevor wasn't in his grown-up form right now. She didn't want to admit this but she was really weak to this demon boy's face. But despite being a sucker for good-looking people, she still knew how to use logic.

'Hey, I'm not that old,' Trevor said in a defensive voice. 'If you combine your ages in all lifetimes that you lived, how old would you be?'

‘Forty if I combined the first and second life that I have, and forty eight if I add my eight years in this timeline.’

‘See? The gap between our mental ages isn’t that big,’ the demon book said. ‘I was thirteen years old when I was sacrificed to be the Devil’s Grimoire. Forty two years have passed since then. That means mentally, I’m fifty five years old. So I’m only seven year older than you, Princess Neoma.’

She ignored everything else he said except for one thing: ‘You were sacrificed?’

‘I’m sorry but I won’t divulge on that topic,’ he said sneakily, and he turned to Lewis before changing the topic fast. ‘If we’re talking about age, then wouldn’t Lewis be the oldest among us? After all, a nine-tailed fox has to live for a thousand year as a fox before it gets to be born as a human.’

‘Oh,’ she said, surprised. Now that Trevor mentioned it, she remembered that it was also the case in the Kdrama that she watched in her second life. She decided to tease Lewis then. ‘Lewis, you’re a grandpa,’ she said when she looked up at him. ‘Is that why your hair is silver?’

Trevor laughed aloud at her joke.

Lewis, on the other hand, went pale and looked at her as if she just betrayed him.

‘Sorry!’ Neoma said right away, feeling guilty that she threw a joke that might have offended her son. ‘Please don’t be upset, Lewis!’

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‘I ALREADY said that I’m fine, Nowell,’ Brigitte Griffiths assured Count Nowell Elwood, her cousin (from the mother side) and personal assistant, for the nth time. ‘Look.’

To prove to him that she was really fully recovered, she stood up in her high heels and twirled around in front of him. Well, to be honest, she still wasn’t supposed to wear those kinds of shoes but she insisted.

Nowell was able to hide her flashy and ‘scandalous’ clothes though. According to him, she should put on more clothes to avoid having a cold.

So right now, she wore a stylish set of pink pantsuit. Since she was still not in the mood to doll up, she just tied her hair in a cute, messy bun. Then, she applied light make up and just let her natural beauty shine.



‘The king will still hear about this incident, Princess Brigitte,’ Nowell, who wore a completely dark suit, said with his arms crossed over his chest. Her cousin was muscular and looked big overall, thus he looked intimidating for most people. It didn’t help that he had a huge scar on his forehead and he was always scowling. ‘I can’t believe that the Great Moonasterion Empire let a high-esteemed guest like you to get hurt during the crowning ceremony. Is His Majesty’s power deteriorating now?’

‘Shh,’ she scolded her cousin, then she slightly hit the back of his head. If she wasn’t wearing heels, she wouldn’t have been able to do that. After all, Nowell was a foot taller than her. ‘I’ll kill you if you report that incident to my father. You should take it to your grave, okay?’

Nowell glared at her.

She glared harder at him.

Thanks goodness only the two of them were in the infirmary right now. A while ago, Madam Hammock brought Hanna Quinzel to the other room for more

treatment. Duke and Duchess Quinzel followed their daughter, of course.

And thus, she was left alone with Nowell.

‘I don’t understand you, Princess Brigitte,’ Nowell said in frustration. ‘You can totally use this incident to blackmail His Majesty to marry you. That’s our purpose for attending the crowning ceremony.’

‘Well, I changed my mind.’

His cousin’s eye widened in shock. ‘Excuse me?’

‘I said I changed my mind,’ she said, then she twirled a strand of her hair around her finger. ‘I won’t follow Father’s order anymore. I never wanted to marry His Majesty anyway.’

‘But you need to do it for your goals.’

‘My new friend made me realize that I don’t need to depend on a man to do what I want to do,’ she insisted. By her ‘new friend,’ of course she meant His Royal Highness Prince Nero. Even though he was a child, the crown prince was mature for his age. He was also ten times more decent than most of the noblemen that she

knew. 'I will protect my people without relying on a political marriage.'

'That's a nice ideal and all but in reality, you're only a princess in title,' Nowell said bluntly. 'If you lose your father's favor, you will also lose the little amount of power that you hold over the empire, Princess Brigitte.'

She bit her lower lip because even though Nowell's words hurt, he only spoke the truth. 'I don't want to see you anymore,' she said, then she waved her hand dismissively. 'Leave. I can walk on my own,' she said, then she walked past him. 'Hmph!'

When she was near the exit, she froze when she heard a knock.

Then, when the doors opened, she was surprised when Sir Glenn entered the room. She almost got blind at how bright the knight's smile was.

'Princess Brigitte, I'm glad that you're already up,' Sir Glenn said, his beautiful smile almost made her drool. 'I was thinking of carrying you to your new room if you were still asleep.'

She blinked in surprise.

He was going to carry me... ?

‘Ah, His Majesty prepared a room for you in the Blanco Palace,’ the knight explained. ‘And Madam Hammock put a spell in the room that will heal you faster while sleeping. That’s why the madam ordered me to bring you to that room as soon as possible. But since Lord Elwood is here and you can already walk— Princess Brigitte!’

Sir Glenn yelled in surprise when she fell on the floor.

Of course, that was all just an act. She fell on purpose to look weak in front of the knight. Nowell was aware of that since her cousin knew her very well. That was the reason why Nowell just stood there and watched her act.

‘Princess Brigitte, are you okay?’ Sir Glenn, who got down on one knee to check on her, asked. ‘Did you get hurt?’

‘No, I’m fine,’ she answered in a soft, sweet voice that suited her ‘damsel-in-distress act.’ ‘Thank you for worrying about me, Sir Glenn. To be honest, I’m trying to see if I can already walk on my own. But it seems like I’m still too weak to move.’ She looked up at Nowell and gave him a silent ‘go-away’ look. ‘Too bad Nowell is on his way to send a report to my father.’

‘Ah, right. I need to deliver an urgent message to the king,’ Nowell said in a disinterested tone. ‘Sir Glenn, may I implore you to escort our princess to her room in my place?’

‘I don’t mind, Lord Elwood,’ Sir Glenn said, then he turned to her. ‘But of course, only if Princess Brigitte will allow it.’

She immediately turned to the knight and nodded vigorously. ‘I’ll be in your care, Sir Glenn.’

He smiled and nodded. ‘Then, please excuse me.’

After saying that, Sir Glenn carefully carried her in his arms like a princess that she was.

It took her all she got not to squeal from giddiness. Then, she ‘calmly’ wrapped her arms around the knight’s neck.

They said goodbye to Nowell before leaving the room.

Oh my gosh! Sir Glenn’s arms feel so sturdy! His chest and whole body are solid! And most of all, he smells so good!

‘Please don’t hesitate to tell me if you’re uncomfortable, Princess Brigitte,’ Sir Glenn said with a smile.

‘No, I feel comfortable in your arms,’ Brigitte said while looking at him straight in the eye. ‘So comfortable that I want to stick to you like glue...’ She trailed-off when she realized that she said it aloud. ‘Damn.’

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

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