

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 122 - I WILL ALWAYS HAVE THE LAST LAUGH

‘THIS IS too heavy for Neoma.’

Hanna turned to Prince Nero and saw him pick up Aster, the crown of the heir apparent. Although the royal prince wore a wig and a dress to hide his real identity, his aura still screamed of power and grandeur. To think that Prince Nero was only eight years old. ‘It’s too heavy for Neoma not because she doesn’t deserve it. The only reason why it’s too heavy for her is because she sees the crown as a burden, Prince Nero. She just wants a peaceful life.’

Right now, she and Prince Nero were in the Royal Treasury Room. Aside from the rare treasures that were gifted to the royal prince, the Three Sacred Crown Jewels were also kept there. That included the crown, the scepter, and the vial. To say that the room was luxurious would be an understatement.

Even though she grew up in luxury as the daughter of House Quinzel, she was still impressed by the Royal Treasury Room. She didn’t dare to touch anything. After all, the rare and antique treasures in the room deserved respect. Admiring them would be enough.

To be honest, she was surprised that she was allowed in the room. As far as she knew, only members of the royal family were allowed inside.

Is it because I’m a candidate for the crown princess position ?

‘I know that,’ Prince Nero said, then he turned to her with a mild pout. ‘You like Neoma too much, Hanna.’

‘Is that a problem, Prince Nero?’

‘I’m still the person who likes Neoma the most.’

She laughed softly. ‘Although I like Neoma, I wouldn’t dare to compete with you regarding that matter, Your Royal Highness.’

‘You don’t have to call me so formally.’

‘Hmm?’

‘Just call me by my name,’ Prince Nero explained. ‘You call Neoma casually so you don’t have to be formal with me.’

She felt her cheeks flush. But thanks to her strict upbringing, she was able to remain calm and hide her giddiness. Instead of squealing from delight, she just smiled polite. ‘If that’s what you want, Nero.’

He just nodded, then he carefully placed the crown inside the glass box where it belonged. Then, the crown prince turned to her and faced her properly. ‘Hanna Quinzel, thank you for saving my life back then. And I’m sorry that you got hurt because of me.’

‘Nero, as a noble, it’s my duty to protect the royal family. Any noble in my position then would have done the same,’ she said. ‘Instead of saying sorry to me because of that incident, I’d rather hear you say ‘thank you’ again and again.’

‘Someone is being greedy, huh?’

She just smiled as a response.

‘Alright, I understand,’ he said. ‘You can ask me anything, Hanna. Instead of thinking of it as compensation, please look at it as a token of gratitude from me. As long as it is within my power, I will grant whatever you *désiré*.’

‘Nero, you’re the crown prince so you shouldn’t say such things easily,’ she scolded him. To be honest, she couldn’t believe that she had the courage to scold the crown prince now. She used to be scared of him because Nero seemed to hate everyone but Neoma. But after they conversation a while ago, he seemed to soften up to her. That was probably why she felt more comfortable with him now. ‘What will you do if I take advantage of your offer?’

‘I only offered it because it’s you,’ he said without missing a beat. ‘I know that you won’t take advantage of me.’

She was honored to hear that. ‘Thank you for trusting me, Nero.’

He just nodded as an acknowledgement. ‘So, what’s your wish?’

She could only think of one thing at the moment. If Nero didn’t ask her what she’d like to receive as a token of his gratitude, she would have been too shy to ask him what she really wanted. But since the opportunity presented itself to her, she grabbed it without hesitation.

This is now or never.

She let out a deep sigh before she spoke. Her heart was beating hard and loud against her *chêst* at the moment. And although she felt very anxious, she also felt very excited. ‘D-Dance,’ she began carefully. ‘I’d like to have your first dance at the Moon Festival, Nero.’

‘Alright,’ he said right away. ‘His Majesty said I can stay until the end of the festival anyway.’

She blinked in surprise.

Il ao zufiiw oval uflw om vfsu f tfrhu jaov Nuzm ?

‘Thank you,’ she said, still stunned that she just secured Nero’s first dance. But then, she suddenly realized that her plan might not go smoothly. ‘Oh. I just remembered that I am required to dance with Neoma since she’s acting as you right now, Nero.’

‘Don’t worry,’ he assured it. ‘I’ll take care of it.’

She smiled and nodded. ‘Thank you,’ she said. ‘Ah. Does it mean you plan to make up with Neoma now?’

Nero’s face turned red. Then, he scratched his cheek as if he was shy. He also couldn’t look at her in the eye. ‘Hanna, can you help me make up with Neoma?’

‘Of course,’ Hanna said with a smile. ‘You can always depend on me, Nero.’

HOLY MACARONI is finally here.

‘Your Holiness, I thought you already forgot that you made an appointment with me,’ Neoma lightly complained when Saint Macaroni— ahm, Saint Zavaroni finally arrived at the tea room where she waited for him for a few minutes. ‘I almost fell asleep.’

‘I apologize, Princess Neoma,’ Saint Zavaroni said with an apologetic smile, then he sat on the sofa from across her. ‘Truth be told, I fell asleep.’

Sounvfrau luzsut ouf dmz ovu lfaro.

After that, she asked the head maid and the head butler to leave the tea room. The only one who was left to guard her was her son, of course.

Lewis stood behind her.

Thankfully, Trevor left when she said that she’d meet Saint Macaroni. Apparently, the demon boy wasn’t good at dealing with people with divine power.

Good riddance.

‘Your Holiness, how’s Nero’s condition?’ she asked worriedly. ‘Is he really going to be fine even if he stays awake for a few days?’

‘The spell that Mr. Trevor used to slow down the effect of the curse on Prince Nero is quite strong,’ the saint explained. ‘It’s more effective than the time you transferred some of your Mana to stabilize the crown prince’s condition.’

Ah, she remembered that time.

It was when her Papa Boss planned to sacrifice her to extend Nero’s life.

‘But it will soon lose its effect,’ His Holiness continued. ‘Prince Nero still needs to return to Mr. Trevor’s territory and carry on with his treatment.’

She let out a frustrated sigh. ‘Poor Nero.’

‘You really care about the crown prince, don’t you?’

‘Of course,’ she said. ‘He’s my twin brother.’

‘What if the heavens make you and Prince Nero fight for the throne?’

‘Nah, that won’t happen,’ she said, then she sipped her tea. ‘How many times do I have to say that I’m not interested in the throne, Your Holiness?’

The saint sipped his tea before he spoke. ‘Princess Neoma, the Devil will do everything in their power to make you the empress. And with the threat of the resurrection of The Crow that kills Moonasterion Princesses, you can’t be too complacent.’ When she didn’t react, he continued speaking. ‘I heard from Miss Gale that you want to fight like a Roseheart and learn how to make strong barriers like Princess Nichole.’

‘Yes, Your Holiness.’

‘I will teach you how to create barriers while Miss Gale will teach you how to summon Spirits,’ he said, then he put his tea cup down on the table. ‘We will prepare you for whatever may happen in the future.’

To be honest, she was honored to know that Saint Zavaroni was willing to take her in as his disciple.

In her first life, she heard that the Holy Saint refused to teach Nero how to make barriers. She thought there was still a wall between the royal family and the temple even in this lifetime.

But she needed all the help that she could get so she wouldn't question why His Holiness decided to help her.

I have an idea anyway.

'Your Holiness, you make it sound like you're expecting me to fight Nero in the future,' she said, then she sipped her tea.

'Your Royal Highness, it's inevitable.'

'You have that mindset because you're not looking at the bigger picture, Saint Maca— I mean, Saint Zavaroni,' she said, relieved by the fact that she was able to stop herself before she called him 'Saint Macaroni.' 'The Devil wants me to become the empress while there's this cult led by The Crow or something that wants me dead, right?'

'That's correct, Princess Neoma.'

'Then, that only means that the Devil won't let me get killed by The Crow. They probably plan to kill Nero though since my brother is an obstacle if they want me to be the empress,' she said with a smirk. Well, she wasn't being rude to the saint. Her arrogance was just taking over because her big brain was working again. 'But The Crow won't let the Devil kill Nero. They want to kill me to make sure that Nero will be the sole heir to the throne, after all.' She snapped her fingers. 'Your Holiness, are you thinking what I'm thinking?'

Saint Zavaroni fell silent for a while, then his eyes widened in shock.

'Princess Neoma, are you planning to make the Devil and The Crow kill each other instead?'

‘Bingo!’ Neoma said, glad that the Holy Saint was quick to catch on. ‘Let’s discreetly send a message to the Devil that The Crow might have been resurrected and it’s trying to kill me. I’m sure my crazy aunt will take care of the cult.’ She sipped her tea before she continued. ‘After the Devil and The Crow fight, Nero and I will take care of whoever wins between the two.’

ALTHOUGH Neoma left big words to Saint Macaroni (Zavaroni, but whatever), she knew that her plan to make the Devil and The Crow kill each other wouldn’t be easy. Especially since they had no solid evidence yet that the cult had been resurrected.

But the biggest problem would be her strained relationship with Nero, of course.

Is he still mad at me?

‘Princess Neoma,’ Lewis said when he walked towards her. He went to meet Alphen outside her room when the head butler delivered a letter. ‘It’s a letter from House Hawthorne.’

Neoma, who was lying on her side on her bed, didn’t move an inch while thinking who the hell was House Hawthorne. Then, she remembered that it was the young duke that she needed to meet.

‘Duke Jasper Hawthorne,’ she said, then she got up and stretched her little arms. ‘I didn’t see him during the crowning ceremony.’

‘I did,’ her son, who now stood in front of her while holding a golden tray where the letter was seated, said. ‘I think I almost killed him.’

‘Huh?’

‘After my fight with the stinky black cat, I was approached by a noble around my age,’ he explained. ‘He said he’ll save me if I give him Mount Kimbro. But I almost killed him, then the saint arrived and knocked him out.’

‘Oh, so something like that happened.’

He nodded. ‘Unless there’s another young noble interested in that property, then it must be Duke Hawthorne.’

She smiled because aside from the fact that her son talked a lot today, she was also happy to know that he was good at analyzing stuff. Maybe Lewis inherited her big brain. ‘Lewis, you should be thankful of my smart and witty genes. Aren’t you glad that I’m your mother?’ When Lewis began to open her mouth to deny that he was her son, she smiled and extended her hand to him. ‘May I have the letter now?’

He let out an exasperated sigh before he picked up the letter and silently handed it to her.

‘Thank you,’ she said, then she stared at the letter.

She was mesmerized by House Hawthorne’s family crest. The symbol of the young duke was a Blood-red Glider Butterfly. If she remembered it correctly, Duke Jasper Hawthorne was referred to as the ‘Bleeding Butterfly.’

Gosh, that sounds badass.

Anyway, after admiring the crest, she finally opened the letter and read the content. It didn't take her a minute to finish reading it because it only has one sentence.

['When can I meet the two Prince Nero?']

Her eyes widened in shock when she realized that Duke Jasper Hawthorne somehow discovered that there were 'two' Nero. Obviously, the young duke already knew that there was a fake crown prince.

'Princess Neoma?'

She raised her head to look up at Lewis. He probably noticed the change in her mood because he suddenly looked worried. 'Lewis, Duke Hawthorne somehow found out that there are two Nero.'

Lewis innocently tilted his head at one side. 'Should I kill him for you?'

'Nah, I know how to shut him up,' Neoma said. She wouldn't waste the memories of her first life, duh. She may have been a pushover back then, but as a noblewoman, she was still aware of the gossips that circulated around the high society. 'If Duke Hawthorne knows my secret, then I have to let him know that I also know the darkest secret of House Hawthorne.'

'YOUR GRACE, we already received a reply from Prince Nero.'

Jasper Hawthorne smiled when he heard Tate's report. He put down the document that he was reading to raise his head and look at his butler properly. 'That was fast.'

Tate handed him the letter. 'If I were the fake Prince Nero, I'll give a quick response, too. I wonder what His Royal Highness will offer you for your silence.'

'I just want Mount Kimbro,' he said while opening the letter. Since the crest of the letter contained the crown prince's seal, he was sure that the letter was real. Moreover, Tate wouldn't let him receive it if it was a fake. 'I hope His Royal Highness is good at negotiation so that I wouldn't feel bored while...'

He trailed off when he read the content of the letter.

It said: ['Maybe if you give me a tour to your family's Black Market, I might consider meeting up with you.']

The Black Market was supposed to be a secret that even His Majesty didn't know about!

He crumpled the letter in his hands the same time his Mana spiked. With the sudden burst of his aura, his office was suddenly turned upside-down.

'Your Grace?' Tate asked carefully. 'Is something the matter?'

'Prince Nero knows about my parents' Black Market,' Jasper said in disbelief. 'How did His Royal Highness find out about it?'

NEOMA, who was enjoying a dip in her tub, hummed happily.

She had a long day so a bath filled with fragrant rose petals was a good way of reliving her fatigue.

‘You seem to be in a good mood, Your Royal Highness,’ Stephanie, who was scrubbing her arm with a sponge, commented. ‘Did something good happen?’

‘I think I just roasted someone that I haven’t personally met yet,’ Neoma said cheerfully, then she laughed softly while imaging how angry Duke Jasper Hawthorne might have been after reading her letter. ‘I hope he knows by now that I will always have the last laugh.’

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