

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

### Chapter 129 - A FATHER'S TROUBLES

‘YOU’RE going to pass down your technique to Neoma?’ Nikolai asked Saint Zavaroni. Right now, they were in the shrine that was connected to Astello Temple. The saint needed to return to the temple since he had been gone for too long. ‘Are you really serious about taking Neoma in as your disciple?’

Saint Zavaroni nodded as a response. ‘I’ll teach Princess Neoma the three forms of the Divine Field Technique, Your Majesty.’

Once again, he was surprised.

The three forms?

‘It’s the same technique that you taught Nichole in the past, isn’t it?’

The saint, who now looked solemn, slowly nodded as a response to his question. ‘The former shield that I created has already been broken. It’s time for me to create a new one.’

Nichole was the previous ‘shield’ that His Holiness mentioned.

In fact, the holy barrier around the Royal Palace was created by the former Princess Royal. Now he understood why a demon was able to break the barrier to kidnap Neoma before. But after that incident, he created another layer of the barrier using his own Mana.

He couldn't simply remove the holy barrier that Nichole made. After all, his twin sister's barrier was the strongest in the empire. And that still stands true even now.

'I haven't talked to Princess Neoma about this matter yet, Your Majesty,' the saint said. 'I wanted to talk to her before I leave. But unfortunately, High Priest Wellington is already nagging me to return to the temple.'

'How will you teach Neoma then?'

'I will return as soon as I finish my tasks in the temple,' Saint Zavaroni said. 'I hope you keep this portal room open for me until then, Your Majesty.'

'When did I ever close the portal room to you?'

His Holiness just smiled at his question. 'I thought you wouldn't allow me to pass down my technique to Princess Neoma, Your Majesty. After all, you don't want her to excel more than Prince Nero.'

'Your technique is a valuable Art of Defense that has been protecting the empire for many years now. It wouldn't hurt the royal family if you pass it down to Neoma,' he said. 'But I'll admit that I wish you'd teach Nero your technique as well once he has fully recovered. After all, he's the real Crown Prince— the one who will inherit the throne in the future.'

'I'm passing down my technique to Princess Neoma not because I want her to be the new shield of the empire,' Saint Zavaroni said

seriously, his blue eyes now glowing. ‘I’m going to turn her into a shield so no one— not even you— can break her, Your Majesty.’

‘Interesting,’ Nikolai said. He didn’t bother to refute the saint’s wrong assumption about him wanting to break Neoma. After all, he knew that His Holiness wouldn’t believe him anyway. ‘I can’t wait to see what kind of unbreakable shield you’ll produce this time, Your Holiness.’

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‘HANNA,’ Rufus called his precious daughter lovingly as soon as he entered her room in Blanco Palace. When Hanna stood up to greet him, he ran towards her. Then, he got down on one knee and was about to lift her up. But when Hanna gave him a stern look, he gave her a playful pout. ‘Am I not allowed to hug and carry my princess anymore?’

‘Father, that’s too embarrassing,’ Hanna scolded him lightly. ‘I love you and I’m grateful for your affection. But I’m already a young lady so please stop treating me like a baby, dear Father.’

He chuckled. To be honest, it sounded cute and funny that he wanted to laugh out loud. But he didn’t want to offend his precious daughter so he held it in. ‘The fact that you’re saying that just proves that you’re still a baby, Hanna.’

His adorable daughter’s face turned red from embarrassment, then she pouted. ‘Father, I’m already a young lady so please stop teasing me.’

This time, he couldn't help but laugh. 'Oh, my daughter is really adorable.'

Hanna's face turned a deeper shade of red if it was even possible.

He couldn't hold himself back anymore. Despite his daughter's warning look, he still hugged her and kissed her on the cheek.

Hanna's 'grumpy' façade slipped off when she giggled and hugged him back.

'I missed you, Father,' Hanna said, then she kissed him on the cheek. 'I know how busy you are because of the upcoming festival. Thank you for making time for me.'

Ah, his daughter's maturity never failed to amaze her.

But at the same time, he felt sad because, at her age, Hanna was already aware that he couldn't spend most of his time with her because of his duties.

'I'll take a short vacation after the festival,' he promised his daughter. 'I will bring you and Amber to Edevane.'

His daughter's face lit up.

Edevane, their dukedom, was in the South East region of the empire. And their territory was one of the most prosperous lands on the continent. They had a villa in Edevane that Amber and Hanna both loved.

In fact, if his brother didn't betray His Majesty, he wouldn't have inherited their father's title. His original plan was to live a quiet and peaceful life with his family. He never wished to become a duke.

But he knew that he had to atone for his older brother's sin by pledging his loyalty to the emperor as the Duke of Edevane.

'Thank you, Father,' Hanna said, obviously delighted by his promise.

'Ah, may I know where Mother is? Did she already return home?'

'Your mother was summoned by her family,' he said. 'But don't worry, sweetie. It's nothing serious. Your grandparents just probably want to see your mother before the Moon Festival begins.'

His daughter just smiled and nodded.

Their moment was interrupted when they heard a knock on the door. Then, it was followed by a voice that he didn't expect to hear.

'Hanna, it's me.'

His daughter gasped softly when she heard Prince Nero's voice. It was probably the real one because Princess Neoma, albeit having almost the same voice as her twin brother, talked in a cheerful tone.

Anyway, Hanna didn't have knights or aids outside her room because she probably knew that Prince Nero would come and visit her unannounced. It was quite worrying for him. But he trusted that Blanco Palace had tight security since it was the Crown Prince's residence.

My daughter refuses to bring her own guards so it's quite worrying.

Anyway...

Hanna seemed to know that her visitor was the real Crown Prince because her cheeks turned pinker than normal. 'Please come in, Nero.'

He raised a brow at that. So, my precious daughter is on a first-name basis with Prince Nero now?

When the door opened and the Crown Prince entered the room, they greeted him properly.

He bowed while Hanna curtsied.

‘Ah, I didn’t know you were here, Duke Quinzel,’ Prince Nero said. ‘I apologize for interrupting your time with your daughter.’

‘Please don’t apologize, Your Royal Highness,’ he said. This was definitely the real Crown Prince. Aside from the voice, he was also a little bit taller than Princess Neoma. Although he had to say that the twins’ faces really resembled each other despite having different genders. ‘By the way, is it really safe if you walk around the palace without covering your face?’

Security-wise, he could tell that Prince Nero was safe.

The two balls of energy on either side of his head were definitely His Majesty’s Soul Beasts in their spirit form. Only people of his caliber could see those. So if a fool that couldn’t see the Soul Beasts dared to attack the Crown Prince, they would be shredded to pieces in a heartbeat.

‘I made sure that no one saw me coming this way, Your Grace,’ His Royal Highness assured him, then he changed the topic. ‘I went here to ask for Hanna’s help. But since you’re here, I might as well ask you instead of your daughter. Would that be alright, Duke Quinzel?’

‘Of course, Prince Nero,’ he said. ‘What can I do for you?’

‘I heard that the Quinzels use a technique that can hide a certain space with their shadow technique,’ the Crown Prince said. ‘Will you lend me that ability of yours, Your Grace?’

‘That’s not going to be a problem, Prince Nero,’ he said. ‘May I know what do you need my ability for?’

‘Oh, I’m going to fight Neoma.’

To say that he was shocked to hear that would be an understatement.

Hanna also looked like she had a lot of things to ask. But perhaps, her upbringing held her back. After all, she grew up being taught that she shouldn’t butt in a conversation between men especially if the topic had something to do with war or politics.

Of course, he taught his daughter that it shouldn’t be the case all the time. Women had the right to express their opinion after all. But Hanna, adamant to be a ‘proper’ lady of Moonasterion Empire, decided to follow the ridiculous ‘etiquette.’

‘Prince Nero, I know I’m not in the position to stop you,’ Rufus said carefully. ‘But may I know the reason for your fight with Princess Neoma?’

‘I want to see the real Neoma,’ Prince Nero said firmly. ‘I need to disillusion myself from the Neoma that I have in my head.’

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‘GLENN, if you’re going to dance with Princess Brigitte Griffiths during the Moon Festival, tell me in advance. I’ll have Kyle stand next to me as your replacement,’ Nikolai told the knight. When he

tore his gaze away from the papers in his hand to look up at Glenn who stood in front of his desk, he smirked when he saw how red the knight's face was. 'Why are you blushing like a love-struck fool, huh?'

Glenn tried to hide his blushing face by covering it with the back of his hand. 'I d-don't know w-what you're talking about, Your Majesty.'

He almost laughed when the knight stuttered.

If people who dubbed Glenn as the 'Mad Dog' saw him now, they would probably cry. The knight looked so naïve right now. And that was a far cry from how he truly was on a battlefield.

'I don't mind if you settle down already,' he said. Although it might sound like he was just annoying Glenn, there was still some gravity in his words. Glenn was at that age anyway. 'It will be hard to ask for a foreign princess's hand in marriage. But I will support you.'

Glenn came from a prestigious family. But he had already cut his ties with his family a long time ago.

So as a childhood friend, it was now his duty to help Glenn settle down.

His thoughts were cut-off when he felt a strange aura in the office.

Glenn immediately drew his sword and stabbed the moving lump of Mana on the marble floor.

'Careful!' the lump of Mana, that sounded like Rufus's voice, complained. 'It's me.'

‘Rufus,’ Glenn said in surprise, then he pulled out his sword from the lump of Mana. ‘What are you doing here in that form?’

A few moments later, the lump of Mana had changed its appearance and took the form of Rufus’s shadow. Yes, it was one of the Quinzels’ shadow techniques. They could separate their own shadow from themselves and control it like a puppet.

‘Your Majesty, we have a little problem,’ the duke said. ‘Prince Nero and Princess Neoma are fighting.’

He let out a sigh while shaking his head. ‘Again?’

‘It’s a bit different this time,’ Rufus said in a nervous voice. ‘The twin royals are in the training ground and they’re about to have a brawl.’

Glenn let out a loud gasp. ‘A brawl?’

Nikolai closed his eyes tight while pinching the bridge of his nose. ‘Those two brats...’

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

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