

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 136 - NEOMA IS THE REVOLUTION

NERO already knew that Neoma would get wild as soon as he saw the fire in her eyes.

His twin sister's small body was filled with vigor and sass, and that was probably the reason why she had a huge presence. All she had to do was stand or sit somewhere and she would definitely gain attention. Moreover, she always acts with confidence.

'Neoma looks like she's having fun,' Hanna, seated beside him, said with a soft laugh. 'She only introduced herself but I already feel bad for whoever is behind this atrocity. But on second thought, they deserve to be punished.'

Nero nodded in agreement. 'Not only did they insult the Crown Prince. They also hurt innocent people.'

Right now, he and Hanna were seated on the stone railing of the gatehouse built over the gateway to People's Palace. They didn't have to enter the gatehouse using the entrance to get there. When Gale showed up after fulfilling the task that Neoma gave her, the Wind Spirit carried them with her wind and placed them there.

The gatehouse was a little far from Illumina Plaza.

But he and Hanna could see what was going on just fine. After all, both of them had sharper eyesight than ordinary people. Especially Hanna.

Their family isn't called the 'Black Hawks' for nothing.

Anyway, from where they sat, they could see the knights and the other civilians helping those who had been hurt and injured by the explosion a while ago.

On the other hand, the group who started throwing insults at Neoma was being held down by the Black Hawk Knights led by Duke Rufus Quinzel. But even without the knights, he was pretty sure that the commoners wouldn't be able to reach People's Palace anyway even if they used another bomb.

After all, the palace was protected by His Majesty's Holy Barrier.

'There's no way a group of young commoners would have pulled off this kind of attack on their own,' Gale, seated between him and Hanna, said. Hanna could only see the Wind Spirit's bunny form and not hear her voice. 'There must be someone powerful behind this attack.'

'Don't worry, Miss Gale,' he assured the Wind Spirit. He didn't feel weird talking to Gale even though Hanna couldn't hear the bunny. After all, Hanna already knew that Gale was a Spirit. 'Neoma knows that. I think she already has an idea as to what kind of faction is behind this attack.'

'Neoma introduced herself using Lady Roseheart's name even though she knows that it will anger the faction that still supports the late empress,' Hanna said, impressing him once again with her quick thinking. 'I wonder if she thinks that this attack is planned by that group.'

He nodded in agreement with Hanna.

Maybe one of the families that follow House Lennox is behind this. After all, House Lennox hates House Roseheart. But they are too proud to personally lay a hand on the emperor's heir. That doesn't mean they wouldn't subtly express their intention to destroy the Crown Prince's image though.

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‘I have reasons to believe that as well,’ he said. ‘Moreover, a lot of noble families, especially the oldest ones, think lowly of our mother.’

‘This is definitely a campaign to kill the Crown Prince socially through public humiliation,’ Gale said. ‘I don’t think that it’s their goal to hurt or kill the Crown Prince. But I’m certain that the mastermind has hired assassins to silence the children to avoid getting caught.’

‘I agree with you, Miss Gale. The children are just pawns that the mastermind wouldn’t hesitate to kill,’ Nero said while scanning the crowd. All he had to do was find people who had murderous intent at the moment. It was one of the first things that His Majesty taught him how to do before he got cursed. ‘Shall we bring the assassins to Neoma?’

‘PAPA, let me deal with them,’ Neoma said. She had to drop the ‘boss’ from the usual ‘Papa Boss’ that she uses because of the in-ear microphone attached to her ear. Calling Emperor Nikolai ‘Papa’ instead of ‘Father’ was already strange enough. The citizens of their empire would have a heart attack if they heard her call His Majesty ‘Papa Boss.’ ‘I want to talk to them up-close.’

‘Alright, I’ll let you deal with them,’ Emperor Nikolai said. ‘Bring Lewis Crevan with you.’

She smiled and nodded. ‘That’s a given, Papa,’ she said, then she turned to Lewis. ‘Let’s go.’

Lewis bowed to her. Usually, he would just nod and she preferred him acting casually with her. But since all eyes were on them at the moment, Lewis had to act like a stiff knight instead of her cute son.

Anyway...

Waovmpo vulafoamr, lvu iufnut frt lommt mr ovu zfaiare.

Then, she jumped off the railing and landed quietly (and elegantly if she may say so herself) on her feet. Of course, Lewis landed the same way. If she wasn't aware of his presence behind her, she wouldn't know that he was there because he didn't make a sound.

Duke Rufus Quinzel and the other knights bowed to her when she approached them.

'Duke Quinzel, please remove the cuff from the children,' she said to the duke with a smile. 'I'd like to talk to them. I know that no one can harm me as long as you and our gallant knights are with me.'

Her flattery worked because the duke laughed softly.

And despite the Black Hawk Knights' effort to keep their pokerfaced, she still caught them smiling because of her praise.

Gosh, I'm such a smooth-talker. I'll probably be a playgirl when I become an adult physically. I can already picture myself breaking many hearts in the near future.

'As you wish, Your Royal Highness,' Duke Quinzel said with a smile, then he turned to his knights. 'Uncuff the children.'

The Black Hawk Knights bowed to them before they uncuffed the children.

Duke Quinzel was pretty sly though.

She noticed that the duke's shadow was holding the shadows of the children. That was definitely the reason why the kids remained kneeling and seemed like they couldn't move.

Well, it's still Duke Quinzel's duty to protect me.

‘Why did you come down?’ the edgy boy (brown hair, amber eyes) that seemed like the leader of the kids (well, they were teenagers but they looked like children in her eyes) snapped at her. ‘Are you going to personally kill us?’

‘Why would I kill you?’ she asked, then she removed the in-ear microphone and threw it on the ground. Then, she sat on the ground in a lotus position. ‘I said I wanted to talk, didn’t I?’

Ah, even though she wasn’t directly wearing the in-ear microphone now, her voice still echoed.

Anyway...

The children looked shocked by what she did.

But she was more shocked when Lewis and Duke Quinzel that stood on either of her sides suddenly got down on a kneeling position.

The Black Hawk Knights followed suit.

Ah, they probably did it because they can’t be standing up when the Crown Prince was on the ground.

‘What do you mean talk?’ the girl with dark hair and freckles asked her warily. ‘What are we going to talk about?’

‘I’m here to listen to your complaints,’ she said. ‘So go ahead, say it to my face.’

‘Are you mocking us?’ the edgy boy snarled.

‘No, I’m not,’ she said seriously. ‘Do I look like I’m messing with you?’

She didn’t mean to intimidate the kids but whenever she gets serious, she couldn’t help but resemble her father— cold and cruel.

It’s true that I got my father’s beauty but I also inherited his ‘scary face.’

‘W-We have nothing else to say to you. We already said what we wanted to say!’ the edgy boy said. His voice cracked, which meant that she really did intimidate him a while ago. ‘So why would you still want to ‘talk’ to us?’

‘Why not? You and your family probably pay taxes,’ she said casually. She didn’t want to appear too sentimental so instead, she put on a façade of a public servant. ‘Every taxpayer in this continent has the right to demand better governance from us— the public servants.’

‘P-Public servant?’ the freckled girl asked. ‘But you’re the Crown Prince.’

‘Uh-huh, and I work for the people,’ she said. The crowd was obviously listening to her because it suddenly became quiet. Well, whatever. ‘Just so you know, the tax you pay raises revenue for the government. Your money practically pays for programs and services authorized by the empire, and fund other projects that are deemed important like building infrastructures. For that reason, you have every right to express your dissatisfaction with the people running the empire. As long as you do it in a peaceful manner without hurting innocent people, you have the right to protest. And I swear that I will listen to you.’

Tvu hvaitzur immcut difgguzeflout, frt lm jfl ovu hzmjt.

Until one man, obviously horrified, broke the silence.

‘Your Royal Highness, did you just promote rebellion?!’

‘No, a diplomatic protest is one example of peaceful activism and it’s not the same as rebellion,’ she said bluntly, then she turned to the direction where the voice from. ‘Activism is the practice of taking action to effect social and political change. You can express your advocacy through rallies, street marches, strikes, and peaceful protests. After all, activism is politically essential to society.’

She knew that in this era, the idea of activism was too progressive for most people.

Plus, she knew that speaking about it now would endanger her position as the Crown Prince. But she was risking it all to spark change and find allies with the same ideologies as her. So even if she lost some support, she'd also gain new supporters. And she'd rather have allies that had the same vision as her and not just those who were loyal to the throne.

I'm just doing what you've told me to do, Papa Boss, Neoma thought to herself. I'm trying to find genuine allies that can help me create the path that I want to walk.

‘YOUR MAJESTY, please stop His Royal Highness now.’

Nikolai heard Kyle (who addressed Neoma as the Crown Prince because they were in the public) but he remained silent.

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After all, just because she was now officially crowned as the emperor's heir didn't mean that she couldn't be overthrown anymore.

‘Your Majesty, if His Royal Highness continues talking like that, his reputation among the noble families wouldn't look good,’ Kyle continued begging him. ‘A newly minted Crown Prince like him could still be easily crushed by the nobles.’

‘The Crown Prince can handle it,’ Nikolai finally said. Although a part of him agreed with Kyle, his instinct told him to trust Neoma. And if Nero decided to let his twin sister do whatever she wanted as the acting Crown

Prince, then he had to support his children. ‘As long as he has my support, he won’t go down.’

The count let out a frustrated sigh. ‘Your Majesty, please reconsider your decision.’

‘Kyle, stop,’ Glenn warned their childhood friend in a cold and threatening voice that he rarely used. ‘How dare you question His Majesty’s decision?’

‘That’s not what I’m doing, Glenn,’ Kyle said firmly. ‘I’m only doing my job as someone who wishes to protect the throne. If the Crown Prince gets overthrown, His Majesty’s power over the nobles will get affected as well. Stopping His Royal Highness now is the same as protecting him.’

‘That’s not for you to decide,’ the knight insisted. ‘His Majesty is the emperor and the father of the Crown Prince.’

‘Stop fighting, you two,’ he scolded the count and the knight. ‘You’re hurting my ears.’

Kyle and Glenn, despite being raised together with him, didn’t really get along that well. And it seemed like their relationship had gotten worse over the years.

‘Please forgive us, Your Majesty,’ Kyle and Glenn said while bowing to him.

‘We won’t stop the Crown Prince,’ Nikolai said firmly. ‘I’d like to see how things will play out from here on.’

Show me what you’ve got, Neoma de Moonasterio.

NOTE: Hi! I might post around this time (6AM-11AM GMT+8) next month. I usually write in my free time during the day so I could post before midnight (GMT+8). But I write during nighttime instead of daytime these

days, right after my day job, because of my new work-related project. Thus, I tend to post my updates in an awkward time recently. Sorry for the sudden change of schedule. T-T

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