

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 144 - NATURAL ENEMIES

‘ARE YOU alright, Neoma?’

Neoma smiled and nodded at Hanna’s question.

Right now, they were having a break time in her residence’s dance room. Since they were required to dance during the last night of the Moon Festival, she and Hanna were doing their best to perfect the choreography.

Lewis was guarding them outside the room.

I’m so exhausted.

Just yesterday, she had a small fight with Jasper Hawthorne.

She refused to let him use Lewis as bait. But of course, she planned to consult her son about the young duke’s proposal. She would respect Lewis’s decision.

But she couldn’t get the right timing to discuss it with Lewis yet because she was very busy. Since she was always surrounded by different people, she couldn’t bring up the plan. After all, it was a secret that not even Hanna knew about.

I’ll try to talk to Lewis in private later.

‘I’m fine, Hanna. Thanks for asking,’ Neoma said, then she sipped her tea. They were sharing a table on the balcony. They chose to have tea there because the view in front of them was a beautiful rose garden. ‘I just think that I developed an aversion to crows these days. It wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say that I’m wary of them now— for no particular reason.’

The ‘for no particular reason‘ was a lie, of course.

It wasn't like she could tell Hanna about the Crow.

‘Then, I'll protect you from crows,’ Hanna said confidently, then she placed a hand on her chest. ‘I'm a Quinzel and our family is called the ‘Hawks.’ Do you know that the natural enemies of crows are hawks?’

She blinked in surprise, then she remembered that her cousin was right.

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‘That's true,’ she agreed with her cousin. ‘Then, please protect me from crows, Hanna.’

‘As a hawk, I will do my best to protect you from crows, Neoma.’

They both laughed at their silliness.

But deep inside, she found it poetic that Regina symbolized a crow while Hanna symbolized a hawk.

In the past, Hanna and Regina didn't meet. But even though she was the one adopted by House Quinzel, the real person who ‘replaced‘ Hanna in the family was Regina. After all, Duchess Amber Quinzel had been so fond of girlie in her first life.

But how sure am I that Hanna and Regina didn't meet in the past?

In her first life, she remembered that Hanna's cause of early death was due to her weak body. She wasn't close with her cousin back then, so she didn't know how true that was.

And in this lifetime, Hanna wasn't as weak as she thought she was. Her body would only collapse if she used a certain amount of Mana that her heart wouldn't be able to handle. But as long as Hanna would use her Mana moderately, she'd be fine.

House Quinzel wasn't attacked or ambushed in her first life that might force Hanna to use her Mana. So why did her heart combust back then because of 'excessive' use of power?

Could it be that Hanna's death in her first life was also orchestrated by the Crow?

A chill went down her spine when a realization hit her.

The Crow might have killed Hanna to put Regina Crowell in House Quinzel for a purpose. But they probably didn't expect that the emperor would ask Duke Rufus Quinzel to adopt me. I may have stolen the spot that they prepared for their pawn.

Plus, she remembered that in her first life, Rubin made a deal with Duchess Amber Quinzel to make Regina a Quinzel.

What if the Crow target Hanna again this time?

'Neoma, why did you suddenly fell silent?'

'Hanna,' she said, then she grabbed her cousin's hands. 'Please be healthy and extra careful all the time. I want to grow old with you.'

That sounded like a marriage proposal but whatever.

I won't let you die this time, Hanna.

Hanna blinked as if she was confused, then she laughed. 'I also want to grow old with you, Neoma,' she said. 'Aside from that, I really plan to live long to find a good husband and build a family with him. That's my dream.'

'Oh.'

'Are you not going to say that my dream is shallow, Neoma?'

'Why would I say that?'

Her cousin's face turned red as if she was suddenly shy. 'Compared to your dream of gaining your freedom, my dream sounds silly. But I can't help it, Neoma. Whenever I see my mother and father, I can feel how much they love each other. I want to find that kind of love for myself once I'm older.'

Aww...

Hanna is so pure.

'That's an admirable dream, Hanna,' she said, then she squeezed her hands. 'My situation doesn't permit me to prioritize anything else other than my freedom. But once I'm free, I also dream of having a family. As long as it's our choice and not something that society forces on women, then I see nothing wrong with our 'silly' dream.'

Hanna smiled and squeezed back her hands. 'Don't forget our promise, then. We'll live long enough to see each other build her own family.'

She felt a pang in her heart when she heard that.

In her first life, Hanna died when she was eleven years old. Back then, she didn't care about her cousin because they never even met personally. Plus, she kind of resented Hanna because Duchess Amber Quinzel always compared her to her dead daughter.

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She loved Hanna as her cousin and best friend.

'Yes, that's a promise,' Neoma said with a smile despite the anxiousness in her heart. How do I prevent Hanna's supposed early death in this lifetime?

AMBER Quinzel was anxious.

After she was summoned by her family, she suddenly received a message that Rufus, her dear husband, was hurt from protecting Princess Neoma. Although her husband assured her that he was already fine, her heart couldn't calm down.

Thus, she cut her trip short and returned to the Royal Capital.

Does my family really have to get hurt just to protect the royal family? First, it was Hanna. Now, it's Rufus...

She gasped softly when she realized how awful her thoughts were.

No, I shouldn't think like this. As nobles, it's our duty to protect the royal family...

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Much to her surprise, she saw a little girl on the ground. She was probably the same age as her Hanna.

The child had also black hair and green eyes like her daughter.

Beautiful...

'Child, are you okay?' she asked while helping the child get up. Then, she squatted down and gently patted the dust off the little girl's dress. 'Should I bring you to a doctor?'

'Thank you for worrying about me but I'm fine, Madam,' the child answered brightly, then she bowed. 'I don't want to inconvenience you any further.'

'You speak well,' Amber said. She could tell that the child was a noble but judging by her clothes and less expensive jewelry, she must have come from

a humble noble household. For some reason, she was drawn to the little girl. Was it because she resembled Hanna? 'May I know your name, child?'

The child smiled brightly, making her look lovelier. 'My name is Regina Crowell, Madam.'

NEOMA couldn't believe that the week had gone by so fast that she didn't even get to enjoy the 'festival.'

All she did was meet old, stinky nobles that obviously didn't like her.

And oh, her official duties as a Crown Prince also doubled up. The next thing she knew, it was already the last day of the Moon Festival. And she was yet to go wild!

'Papa Boss, I'm so bored,' Neoma complained while rolling on the carpet in front of her father's desk. Yes, she was in his office. Yes, Sir Glenn and Lewis were also there and the two knights just watched her in silent amusement. And yes, she was purposely acting like a child throwing tantrums. 'I want to play outside!'

Gosh, her dignity as an adult was crumbling every minute that passed.

But this was the only way to get what she wanted. Maybe if she annoyed her Papa Boss enough, he would kick her out of the palace and let her 'play.'

'Fine,' Emperor Nikolai, obviously fed up by her 'tantrums,' said. 'Go and play outside.'

She immediately stopped 'crying' and stood up.

But much to her shock, she found her father standing up while putting his jacket on. She suddenly got a bad feeling.

‘Papa Boss, is it your break time already?’ she asked nervously. ‘Why are you dressing up when you have a mountain of paperwork to read?’

‘I can’t trust Lewis Crevan to watch you outside the palace. You can easily persuade him to go along with your crazy antics,’ her Papa Boss said firmly, then he turned to her with a determined look on his face. ‘I’m going with you so let’s ‘play’ together, Neoma.’

What?

Does it mean Papa Boss will go to the festival with me?

Neoma gasped and cupped her face between her hands. ‘Nooo!’

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