

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

### Chapter 150 – CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

‘PRINCESS Bestie, do you really have to leave now?’ Neoma asked, brokenhearted that her bestie Princess Brigitte had to return to the Hazelden Kingdom. ‘I thought you were going to stay until the Moon Festival is over.’

As soon as she and her Papa Boss got back to the Royal Palace, she ran to her room and got dressed as the Crown Prince. Then, she hurried over to the Esther Gate. It was the ‘VIP’ gate that esteemed guests used to safely exit the Royal Palace.

Since Princess Brigitte was a foreign princess that could be assassinated anytime, she was granted the right to use the Esther Gate.

Right now, the first princess’s grand and fancy carriage was on stand-by. Nowell Elwood, her bestie’s cousin and aide, was also waiting for her. Thankfully, he was out of ear-shot so she could talk freely to Princess Brigitte.

‘It seems like one of my brothers has done something stupid,’ Princess Brigitte, the only woman she knew that could look elegant while squatting down in a fancy dress and stiletto shoes, said while hugging her knees tight to her chest. ‘I was summoned by my father. It was a request that I can’t simply turn down.’

If that was the case, then she knew that she couldn’t stop the first princess from leaving anymore.

‘Princess Bestie, please promise me that you’ll return,’ she said in a cracked voice. She only spent a short time with the first princess. But she already felt like a real sister to her. ‘And please allow me to send you letters.’

‘Of course, Your Royal Highness. I’d love to receive letters from you. I promise that I will write back as fast as possible,’ the first princess promised. ‘I know that it’s impudent of me to say this but I really wish that you were my little brother, Prince Nero.’

‘Then, you may call me ‘dongsaeng’ and I’ll call you ‘unnie.’ They are old Solanian language,’ she lied again. After all, those words were Korean words and not from the dead Solanian language. ‘‘Dongsaeng’ means younger sibling while ‘unnie’ means older sister. Let’s use them as secret codes to address each other in the letters.’

‘Yes, we should use secret codes,’ the first princess agreed while nodding her head. ‘People might find it scandalous if they find out that the Crown Prince of the empire and the first princess of a foreign kingdom are exchanging letters.’

Neoma smiled and nodded in agreement. ‘See you later, unnie.’

Princess Brigitte smiled and bowed her head. ‘See you later, my precious dongsaeng.’

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‘NEOMA has returned,’ Emperor Nikolai said while watching his little rogue of a daughter hop happily inside the palace premise. Of course, Neoma was followed by Lewis Crevan. The two came from the direction of Esther Gate. That could only mean that the royal princess sent off Princess Brigitte Griffins. ‘That means Princess Brigitte of Hazelden Kingdom is about to leave,’ he said, then he turned to Glenn who stood quietly behind him. ‘I’m giving you an hour break.’

Glenn looked confused by his order. ‘But I don’t need a break, Your Majesty.’

‘I promised Neoma that I will let you spend time with Princess Brigitte during the last night of the Moon Festival,’ he explained to his personal knight. ‘Since the foreign princess won’t make it to the Yule Dance, I’m going to give you an hour break now.’

The knight’s face turned red, then he scratched his cheek. ‘But Princess Brigitte might have already left the palace...’

‘I ordered the guards not to open the gate until you come and instruct them to do so.’

Glenn still didn’t move an inch, and it seemed like he was hesitating whether to go or not.

‘Chase her,’ he ordered the knight. He wasn’t the type of person to meddle with someone else’s love life. But he didn’t want to receive an earful from his daughter. ‘Just go and chase Princess Brigitte, Glenn.’

‘But—’

‘That’s an order.’

Glenn immediately stood straight and bowed to him. ‘As you wish, Your Majesty,’ he said, then he raised his head. ‘But I won’t chase Princess Brigitte just because I was ordered to. Still, thank you for giving me the courage to do so, Your Majesty.’

‘You should be grateful to Neoma and not me,’ Nikolai said, then he turned his back on his personal knight. ‘That child is hopeless romantic just like her mother.’

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‘IS THERE a problem, Nowell?’ Brigitte asked while talking to her cousin from the opened window of the carriage. When the guards refused to open the gates a while ago, Nowell Elwood stepped out and asked her to stay.

Then, he knocked on the window when he returned. And here they were now. 'Why are we stuck here when we have the documents from His Majesty's office granting us the permission to leave?'

'The guards won't open the gates, Princess Brigitte,' Nowell reported to her in a frustrated voice. 'Apparently, they are waiting for an order before they open the gates for us.'

'That's ridiculous,' she said with furrowed brows. 'Then, why the hell did they give us the pass to leave if they won't open the gates anyway?'

'There might have been a miscommunication somewhere,' her cousin said. 'Shall I return to the palace and demand for an explanation?'

'I'll do it,' she said, then she closed the window before Nowell could stop her.

After that, she stepped out of the carriage. She was seriously about to march back to the palace to complain when suddenly, she saw a familiar figure approaching them.

Oh.

It was Sir Glenn who looked so dashing in his black uniform.

Gmt, gifhc immcl lm emmt mr vaq!

She knew that she said she wouldn't force her feelings on Sir Glenn. But now, she suddenly had the urge to kidnap him and make him her husband.

No, control yourself, she reprimanded herself. You're a princess, for goodness' sake!

Sir Glenn bowed to her and Nowell. 'Greetings, Princess Brigitte.'

She nodded as an acknowledgment of his greeting. 'Sir Glenn, may I know why we can't pass through the gates? We have all the necessary documents

that we need to present before leaving the palace. We also properly got permission from His Majesty to leave. Is there a problem that we're not informed of?'

'Ah, it's my fault,' he said, his face suddenly turning red. 'The guards won't open the gates until I say so.'

Okay, she was confused.

But she had to say that Sir Glenn's red and embarrassed face looked so adorable.

God, I really want to take him home now.

'Until you say so?' she asked with a raised brow. Although she was liked Sir Glenn very much, she wasn't stupid enough to put her guard down. As a woman raised in a patriarchal family filled with toxic men, she was always careful when it came to dealing with the male species. 'Care to elaborate, Sir Glenn?'

'I was hoping to have a dance with you later, Princess Brigitte,' he confessed, effectively making her heart skip a beat. 'But since you have to go now, may I ask for a few minutes of your time to have a dance with you? Right here, right now.'

'What?' she asked in a slightly panicked voice. 'Here? Now? But there's no music...'

Sir Glenn smiled brightly at her, then he extended his hand to her like a gentleman that he was. He didn't need to say anything else. That smile and that hand already assured her that he would lead and take care of everything. 'Would you like to dance with me, Princess Brigitte?'

Brigitte could only laugh softly out of giddiness. Then, she smiled and reached for the gallant knight's hand. Although Sir Glenn wore black gloves (that only made him look sèxier!), she was still able to feel the warmth of

his skin through the fabric. Or maybe it was her own warmth. 'I'd love to, Sir Glenn.'

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MY MOON Princess likes sweets.

For that reason, Trevor was on his way to sneak in the Royal Kitchen. He thought he could bribe Princess Neoma with sweets and convince her to give him her last dance.

Since he was a 'secret' guest, he had to hide his presence. In his current state, only people on the same level as His Majesty could see or even feel him. After all, a person of his caliber could use his own Mana to make himself 'invisible.'

That meant ordinary and above-average Mana users couldn't see him. Thanks to that, he could freely roam the Royal Palace now.

Oh, a chef.

He didn't know where exactly the Royal Kitchen was so when he saw a young chef walking in his direction, he stopped and waited for him. His plan was to follow the young boy to the kitchen. While waiting for the young chef to pass him by, he couldn't help but observe him.

This young chef is probably around ten to twelve years old. If he's already working as a Royal Chef, then he must be really good. But his Mana is pretty weak—

His thoughts were cut off when all of a sudden, he met the young chef's eyes.

He could see me in this state?!

'Excuse me,' the young chef said politely, then he stood aside as if he was avoiding something when he passed him by.

Avoiding something... ?

Can the young boy see the monster behind me – the monster that not even Princess Neoma or Lewis Crevan can see yet ?!

There were only two people he knew, aside from the Devil and the demons back in hell, that could see the monster behind him clearly: Emperor Nikolai de Moonasterio and Saint Dominic Zavaroni. The others like Gale, Sir Glenn, and Kyle Sprouse could only feel the monster and perhaps, see a hazy figure following him around.

But the young chef definitely saw the monster behind him clearly.

That realization sent shivers down his spine.

Trevor smirked and when he turned around, the young chef was already gone but his ominous Mana left a trail. It was a warning for him– a warning not to proceed any further. ‘What kind of monster are you raising here, Your Majesty ?’

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NEOMA gasped when she heard from her Papa Boss that Sir Glenn chased Princess Brigitte.

It happened when she went to her father’s office to tell him that she was ready for the closing ceremony of the Moon Festival. When she noticed that Sir Glenn wasn’t around, she asked the emperor about the knight.

Then, her Papa Boss casually said that Sir Glenn chased Princess Brigitte.

‘Oh my gosh,’ Neoma, standing in front of her Papa Boss’s desk, said excitedly. She was alone in the office because Lewis was waiting outside. Only she (according to her) was free to come and go in her father’s office after all. ‘I wanna hear the tea from Sir Glenn. Papa Boss, let’s spy on them.’

‘No,’ Emperor Nikolai said firmly. ‘We already need to go to People’s Palace for the closing ceremony. Let Glenn have his private time with Princess Brigitte Griffins.’

She pouted but acknowledged that her father was right.

Sir Glenn’s love life wasn’t a rom-com drama that she should watch. Maybe asking for the details later would be more appropriate. Well, it wasn’t really polite to do that. But she probably wouldn’t be able to hold back from asking anyway.

‘Neoma.’

‘Yes, Papa Boss?’

‘You asked for permission to dress up as a lady after the ceremony,’ Papa Boss asked sternly. ‘Are you going to give your last dance to some boy, huh? I heard that the demon boy is adamant about taking your last dance.’ She didn’t know if it was just her imagination or did his gaze really turned sharper than normal. ‘Are you going to dance as ‘Neoma’ with Trevor?’

‘Nah, I’m not that crazy to give him my last dance. But we turned it into a game,’ Neoma said with a shrug. ‘Whoever gets to catch me before the ceremony ends gets to have my last dance.’

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

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