

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 170 - IT'S OKAY NOT TO BE A GENIUS

NEOMA did carefully what Mochi told her to do.

She cut her finger, closed her eyes, and envisioned turning her drop of blood into a beautiful red rose. And she just didn't do it carefully. She did it with the utmost seriousness and concentration as if her life depended on it.

But instead of turning her blood into a flower, she felt her Mana flicker and burn her blood.

When she opened her eyes, she looked down on the floor and she found a burn mark on it instead of bloodstain.

Tteokbokki, Neoma said sternly in her mind. Was it your flame?

It's my flame, thug princess, Tteokbokki admitted in a hesitant and nervous voice. But you were the one who summoned it.

She clicked her tongue in frustration.

Her Soul Beast wasn't blaming her.

Adouz fii, lvu cruj ovfo lvu qaevo vfsu zufiiw lpqqmrut vuz difqu prhmrhampliw. Tvfo mdour vfnnurl jvur lvu jfl ar dpil hmrhurozfoamr.

'Princess Neoma, it's okay to fail on your first try,' Mochi consoled her.

'Your mother's technique is unconventional after all. Should we try doing the normal magic circle first?'

That hurt her a bit.

She only failed once and Mochi was practically giving up on her already. Did the Wind Spirit already see her lack of potential? Well, considering that her Mama Boss was a genius, then that must be it.

‘Princess Neoma can do it,’ Lewis said and even though she couldn’t see him because he stood behind her, she knew that he was speaking to the white bunny. ‘Do you not have faith in Her Royal Highness?’

To be honest, she was kind of bummed a while ago.

But now that Lewis was getting pissed for her, she suddenly felt better.

‘It’s not like that, fox boy,’ Mochi said defensively. ‘I’m just thinking that maybe Mona’s technique is so unique that only her can do it.’

Well, that made sense.

‘Mochi, I want to try replicating my mother’s technique for now,’ she said to the Spirit with a smile. ‘I know when to stop, and I’m capable of acknowledging my own limit. But I can’t just give up after one try.’

The Wind Spirit suddenly turned serious. Then, she nodded. ‘I understand, Princess Neoma,’ she said. ‘I apologize if my words offended you.’

‘It’s okay, Mochi,’ she said. ‘Was my mother really a genius?’

Even in a white bunny form, she saw the warmth in Mochi’s smile. ‘Mona was the hope of House Roseheart, Princess Neoma. She was the one and only Summoner who was able to tame William. To say that she was a genius would be an understatement.’

Neoma smiled, happy to hear that from her mother’s closest friend and ally. ‘Nice, but I won’t lose to my Mama Boss because I’m the Lady Boss.’

GALE excused herself while Princess Neoma was having her afternoon tea.

Right now, she was resting under a tree in front of the young royal princess's residence. Glenn, little Nikolai's personal knight, brought her some vegetables on a plate even though she didn't really need food.

Anyway...

She overlooked the young princess's training for the past four hours. For some reason, despite the huge Mana stored inside her, she still couldn't properly use it to summon Spirits. To be honest, she expected Her Royal Highness to be a genius like Mona. After all, her former master never struggled when it came to summoning Spirits.

Is it because Princess Neoma's divine energy as a de Moonasterio is overwhelming her presence as a Roseheart?

After Mona died, some of the powerful Spirits in the world developed a hatred for humans. To be precise, they hated the de Moonasterios. William was only one of the old and influential Spirit who'd kill a de Moonasterio without hesitation.

Mona will be sad to know that this kind of thing happened after she died.

She was hoping that Princess Neoma would be the one to open the gates of the Spirit World. But at this rate, it seemed like her twin brother inherited a stronger part of the Roseheart Blood instead. She remembered that before Prince Nero left, he asked her one thing.

['Miss Gale, how did my mother summon Spirits when she was alive?']

Since Prince Nero was also a Roseheart, and she promised Mona that she would serve and protect her children well, she answered the young prince's question honestly. She taught His Royal Highness the things that she just taught to Princess Neoma a while ago.

But since Prince Nero didn't have the time to try summoning a Spirit, nor he had the luxury to do so because of his curse, she didn't know if the young prince would make it.

What a shame.

I wonder if Prince Nero is the one who's going to open the door to the Spirit World, Gale thought to herself. There must be a reason why Mona gave birth to a male Roseheart after all.

NERO didn't actually think that it would work.

Budmzu Tzuszuz npo vaq arom liuun, vu hpo val dareuz frt iuo val gimmt tzan. Tvur, vu himlut val uwul frt ursalamrut opzrare ovu tzmn md gimmt arom f zut zmlu gudmzu ao vao ovu dimmz. Wvur Tzuszuz ukhifaqut ukhaoutiw, vu mnurut val uwul frt lfj ovfo vu lphhuutut.

But since there were no Spirits in Trevor's territory, he didn't expect to summon anything.

Thus, he entered a deep slumber for the demon to heal his curse again.

While he was asleep, he tried to separate his soul from his body. He did it one try. Thus, he was surprised that it worked.

Just a while ago, Trevor told him that he had a high fever for the past three days. Then, when he woke up as a soul, his hair color turned pink. But the strangest thing to happen was that his room in Trevor's territory had turned into a rose garden.

Ah, I've awakened my Roseheart Blood.

'I'm leaving for a while, Trevor,' Nero told the demon while looking at the white door that suddenly appeared on the wall. The door was locked, and it

was practically covered with vines. But he had a feeling that he could open it. 'I'll just visit the Spirit World quickly.'

'Are you crazy?' Trevor complained loudly. 'Your physical body would die if your soul leaves it for a long time!'

He turned to the demon. 'How long can my physical body survive without my soul?'

'Average humans would die in twenty-four hours if their soul left their bodies for that long,' the demon explained. 'But since you're half de Moonasterio and half Roseheart, and add the fact that you're under the wing of a genius like me, then I'd say you have five days, max.'

'Then, I'll return in four days.'

Trevor let out a frustrated sigh. 'May I know why you need to visit the Spirit World, Prince Nero?'

'I'm looking for the best Summoner in the world to help me polish my skills,' Nero said, then he placed his hand on the door. Then, the vines moved and wrapped themselves around his wrist. The thorns pierced his skin, then the vines drank his blood. After that, the door creaked open. 'To be precise, I'll look for my mother in the Spirit World.'

'I THINK I'M not a genius,' Neoma said while looking at the pretty pink macaron in her hand. Right now, she was sitting on the floor while leaning against the railing. Lewis was sitting beside her, but he refused to eat with her. After all, knights weren't allowed to do that. 'I didn't inherit my mother's innate talent as a Summoner.'

'Princess Neoma...'

She turned to Lewis when she felt the pity in his voice, then laughed softly when she saw that he looked like he was thinking hard on how to console her. 'It's okay, Lewis. It's okay not to be a genius,' she consoled him instead. 'O*kawa T*oru, a GOAT character in a 2D world back in my second life, once said: 'Talent is something you make blood, instinct is something you polish.'"

Lewis tilted his head at one side, obviously confused. 'I don't understand, Princess Neoma.'

'I may not have a natural talent as my mother did, but I believe that I still have the talent to summon Spirits,' she said cheerfully. 'All I have to do is work hard and push through my limitations. People born with natural talent are called geniuses. But I believe that it would be rude to assume that they are good only because they were born with it. Most of them work hard to achieve what they have achieved.' She finished her macaron in one bite. Then, she stood up and stretched her arms. 'I just need to work three times harder than the so-called geniuses to achieve the same results. Since I'm Neoma, I'll be fine.'

It wouldn't be easy but she didn't expect to walk the flowery road anyway.

Lewis stood up. Then, much to her shock, he gently patted her head. It was so light that she barely felt his hand hit her head though. But for her son to initiate physical contact was already a huge improvement. 'It's okay if you're not a genius, Princess Neoma,' he said softly. 'I can just always hunt down the Spirits you need and make them kneel before you.'

Neoma laughed at her son's 'comforting' words. 'You're spoiling me too much, Lewis.'

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