

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 175 – CROW VERSUS HAWK

‘I’M SORRY but I can’t join you for lunch.’

‘It’s okay, Father,’ Hanna assured her father with a smile. ‘It can’t be helped since it’s your job to maintain the peace and order here in the Royal Capital.’

‘Hanna is right, darling,’ her mother said to her father. ‘Hanna and I will have tea with Regina while we wait for you.’

Her father, as dramatic as ever, sighed deeply and hugged them tight even though they were at the side of the road.

To be precise, the three of them were in front of the café called Sweet Indulgence.

Unfortunately, as soon as their family stepped out of the carriage, a Black Hawk Knight approached her father to bring some bad news.

Apparently, a group of rebels was wrecking havoc at the Central Plaza right now.

Thus, her father had to leave now. After all, the Royal Capital was under the jurisdiction of the Black Hawk Knights. It was Emperor Nikolai himself who assigned her father to be the leader of the Public Order.

‘I’ll be quick,’ her father promised them softly. ‘I’ll be back as soon as possible, I swear.’

Hanna smiled and savored her parents’ warm embrace. ‘Take care, Father.’

After their family's dramatic family embrace, her father left with a small group of Black Hawk Knights at his tail.

'Shall we head inside, Hanna?' her mother asked with a smile. 'Regina must be waiting for us.'

She smiled and nodded. 'Let's go, Mother.'

As soon as she and her mother entered the café, she spotted Regina Crowell right away.

Black hair, green eyes, angelic face— just like how Neoma described her.

Even though Regina Crowell wore a dress too modest for a noble, her beauty still stood out. Despite her young age, she was already a beauty.

When Regina Crowell saw her and her mother, she immediately stood up and bowed to them. 'Greetings, Duchess Quinzel and Young Lady Quinzel,' she said, then she raised her head to greet them with her charming smile. 'I am Regina Crowell.'

She controlled her facial expression and bloodlust.

According to Neoma, Regina Crowell was a good actress. She could see that now. If she didn't know better, she'd think that this girl was really as angelic as her mother thought she was.

Hanna smiled sweetly at the crow, setting aside her personal feelings to be able to act naturally. 'And I am Hanna Quinzel.'

'YOU SEEM to be in a good mood, Princess Neoma.'

Neoma smiled at Saint Dominic Zavaroni's comment. 'Our genius Royal Chef sent some yummy bread to me, Your Holiness,' she said with a big

smile on her face, then she politely pointed at the big basket of bread sitting on the table between her and the saint. 'Ruto made all of these for us.'

Lewis wasn't lying when he said the kitchen in her palace was full of bread.

To be precise, there were plenty of huge picnic baskets in there, and each basket contained five types of bread: baguette, brioche, focaccia, almond sourdough, and croissants. She already had a taste of each one of it and yes, they tasted divine.

The young Royal Chef also left a note for her: ['This is Ruto. Share some of this bread with your friends and colleagues so they'll be good to you. Hang in there, Miss Ramsay.']

'Ah, no wonder these pieces of bread taste better than what I'm accustomed to,' Saint Zavaroni said, then he sipped his tea. 'It goes well with tea.'

'I'm a Spirit so I don't really need to eat food,' Mochi, seated on the table while munching on a loaf of almond sourdough, said. 'But the smell of these pieces of bread tempted me.'

She just smiled and nodded in agreement. 'Ruto is really good at making yummy food.'

Lewis, standing behind her like any good knight, clicked his tongue.

Let's ignore my son's tantrum for now.

Arwjfw...

Right now, she, Mochi, Lewis, and Saint Zavaroni were having tea in the pavilion.

Marvin, who didn't like the saint because of His Holiness's divine powers that could apparently exorcise an evil Spirit like him, dove back in the deepest part of the pond to hide.

‘Your Holiness, are we going to start our training today?’ she asked excitedly. ‘I passed Mochi’s test. We’re taking it easy for now while she’s carefully revising the training regime that she already made for me. Thus, I have more free time now.’

‘I believe Princess Neoma won’t have a hard time training under us at the same time, Dominic,’ Mochi said to the saint. ‘She exceeded my expectations. I thought our little princess will follow in the footsteps of her mother. But since she decided to create her own path, I’m going to support her. Thus, I’m going to make some changes to the training regime that I set before. I don’t mind if you begin your training with Princess Neoma now, Dominic.’

She smiled sheepishly upon hearing Mochi’s praises for her.

‘Thank you, Miss Gale,’ Saint Zavaroni said, then he turned to her with a gentle smile. ‘For today, I only came here to talk to you about my Art of Defense, Princess Neoma.’

‘I’m listening, Your Holiness.’

The saint smiled before he continued talking. ‘My Art of Defense is called The Divine Field Technique and it has three forms: the Coat, the Wall, and the Dome.’

She nodded while taking down notes mentally.

‘The Coat is the first layer of defense in the Divine Field Technique,’ His Holiness continued. ‘It’s the type of Holy Barrier that will cover the entire body of the user. As long as your Coat is in effect, no weapon or attack will hit you. But of course, the toughness of your Coat lies entirely on your Mana. The stronger your Mana is, the more durable your Coat is.’ He sipped his tea before he spoke to her. ‘Princess Neoma, what do you think is the weakness of the Coat?’

‘The fact that the effectiveness of the Coat relies entirely on the user’s Mana is the weakness,’ she said with confidence. ‘If I were to use the Coat, it will probably drain my Mana faster than usual.’

‘That’s correct, Princess Neoma,’ the saint said, satisfied by her answer.

‘That’s why I will recommend that you only use the Coat for a short period of time.’

She smiled and nodded. ‘I will remember that, Your Holiness.’

‘Thank you,’ he said, then he continued his lecture. ‘The second form of the Divine Field Technique is called the Wall. Just like what its name suggests, the Wall is the kind of Holy Barrier that will protect the user and the people near her. The Wall isn’t as durable as the Coat, but it allows the user to protect people other themselves. And since it doesn’t need as much Mana as the Coat demands from its user, the user can attack the enemy while the Wall is still activated. But this time, the effectiveness of the Wall depends on the user’s ability.’

‘That sounds more useful in a fight, Your Holiness. I like the kind of ability that will give me the freedom to attack and defend,’ she said, then her brows furrowed. ‘I’m sorry but I can’t tell what kind of weakness a technique like the Wall could have.’

The saint smiled before he answered her unspoken question. ‘The Wall acts like a literal wall, Princess Neoma. That means your enemies can attack you from above and from behind. You can make a curved Wall, but it still won’t completely protect your back.’

‘Ohh. That makes sense,’ she said while nodding her head. ‘Then, can I make a Wall so high that the enemies wouldn’t be able to climb the top? Or at least I’ll make it high enough to make them think that there’s a roof on top of my barrier.’

‘That depends on you and your enemy, Princess Neoma,’ His Holiness said with a faint smile. ‘Crows can fly after all.’

That sent chills down her spine.

She clenched her fists tight. ‘I’ll be careful, Your Holiness.’

The saint smiled and nodded. ‘Finally, the last form of the Divine Field Technique is the very thing that’s protecting the Royal Palace from outside attackers: the Dome.’

Ah, so the kind of Holy Barrier that protected the Royal Palace all this time was called Dome.

‘The Dome is an absolute defense,’ His Holiness said. ‘But just like the Coat, it demands a huge amount of Mana when used. That’s why the only people who could master this form are the people who have an abundant or infinite amount of Mana in them.’

‘Just like the former Princess Royal?’

‘Yes,’ Saint Zavaroni said with a sad smile on his face. ‘Princess Nichole was the only person in the empire who successfully mastered the Dome. If His Majesty didn’t absorb Princess Nichole’s infinite Mana along with her life force, there’s no way your father would have been able to control the Dome that Princess Nichole created to protect the Royal Palace.’

‘It’s really such a waste,’ Mochi said in a bitter voice while shaking her head. ‘For a person as talented as poor Nichole to be sacrificed for the sake of her twin brother...’

Ah, this was a little awkward.

Mochi and Saint Zavaroni both fell silent.

‘Don’t worry, Mochi and Your Holiness,’ Neoma assured the two gently. ‘Princess Nichole will be the last royal princess to be sacrificed for the sake of the throne.’

HANNA should probably thank her upbringing for being able to talk casually to Regina Crowell right now even though she was seething inside.

After all, her etiquette teacher would always remind her to act gracefully especially when dealing with an unwanted company. She wasn’t as good as Regina Crowell when it came to acting, but she definitely beat the crow at manners.

‘Look at the two of you,’ her mother, who was watching her and Regina Crowell talk animatedly, said. It was obvious that her mother was happy that she got along well with the girl that she was somehow fond of. ‘You talk as if you’ve known each other for years now.’

The three of them shared a table while having tea and some sweet pastries.

Thankfully, the café wasn’t filled with a lot of customers. Thus, they were able to enjoy their time there while casually talking about the things that she and Regina Crowell should bring to another country.

Yes, they were already planning what they would do once they reached Gonora.

Regina Crowell smiled, her cheeks turning rosier. ‘It’s because Lady Hanna is easy to talk to, Duchess Quinzel,’ she said shyly. ‘This is the first time that I met a young lady who treats me equally.’

She almost rolled her eyes at that.

But her mother seemed to have believed the crow’s acting like a victim.

‘Regina, we’re friends now,’ she said, then she held the crow’s hand. ‘Just call me by my name. It’s awkward if it’s only me who calls you by your first name.’

Regina Crowell acted like she was touched by it. ‘Can I really do that, Lady Hanna?’

She smiled and nodded. ‘Let’s drop formalities, Regina.’

The crow’s smile grew bigger, then she nodded. ‘If that’s what you want, Hanna.’

Hanna smiled, thinking that her plan was sailing smoothly.

If she only knew what would have happened that day, she should have just listened to Neoma.

[‘NEOMA...’]

Neoma stopped eating her loaf mid-way when she heard Hanna’s voice in head.

She was still at the pavilion with Mochi, Lewis, and Saint Zavaroni. But for some reason, it seemed like time suddenly stopped.

Hanna...?

[‘Neoma, I’m sorry,’] Hanna said weakly to her in her mind. [‘Please say goodbye to Nero for me.’]

‘Hanna,’ Neoma said loudly, surprising her companions. She couldn’t help it though. She was as nervous as heck right now. ‘What happened to you?’

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