

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 178 - OUT FOR BLOOD

THIS was the first time Glenn saw Princess Neoma cry.

Well, he had seen and heard her cry when the royal princess was a baby. But that didn't count since it was natural for babies to cry all the time.

Seeing Her Royal Highness cry at this moment was different.

It broke his heart to see the young princess in that state.

Even Lewis Crevan looks anxious.

The young knight was kneeling beside Princess Neoma with a frantic look on his face. It looked like the fox boy wanted to comfort the royal princess but he didn't know how to do so. Lewis Crevan's hands were also hesitating to touch Princess Neoma's trembling shoulders, and thus, the young knight looked helpless at the moment.

And I understand Sir Crevan's feelings.

Princess Neoma, despite her tender age, was the brightest and the bravest girl that he knew. Despite the hardships that she was going through as a female royal in an empire that treats royal princesses poorly, she remained strong and positive.

Her Royal Highness didn't cry even when she was on the brink of death.

To be honest, he'd rather hear Princess Neoma curse than hear her cry.

Should I tell Princess Neoma that His Majesty went to the hospital to try and revive Young Lady Hanna Quinzel? Glenn asked himself with clenched hands. No, I can't disobey His Majesty's order.

After all, His Majesty wanted to keep it a secret from Princess Neoma to avoid giving Her Royal Highness false hope.

NEOMA felt like going crazy.

Ever since she returned in this lifetime as Princess Neoma de Moonasterio, she promised herself that she wouldn't cry. Not in front of other people, at least.

But here she was now, crying her heart out.

To be honest, even though she swore in her dying moment during her first life that she'd take revenge on Regina Crowell, she didn't do much to prepare for it once she had been returned. She had been too complacent because she believed that she had the upper hand. After all, she had the memories of her first life.

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But what she didn't consider that the memories that she had could only be a fraction of what had truly transpired during her first life.

After all, she didn't even know about the existence of the Crow and the cult in the past.

I should have done something as soon as I realized Regina's likely connection to the Crow. But I hesitated just because she's a child. If I had made a move to get rid of that crow, then Hanna would have been still alive.

What was the use of returning back in time if she couldn't prevent the death of the people dear to her?

She should have killed Regina Crowell as soon as that ugly crow showed up.

Her own thoughts scared her.

To be honest, she told Hanna to avoid confronting Regina Crowell not because she was being wary. She decided to prolong the confrontation with the ugly crow because she was hesitating.

She didn't know if she could kill a person.

How pathetic of me.

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But when she was reborn as a daughter of a loving couple, the anger in her heart slowly faded away. She became a bright and positive person because of the love that she received from her parents in her second life.

Moreover, the country that she lived in during her second life, was a peaceful one. At least, more peaceful than this empire that colonizes other nations.

In this world, she'd be killed if she didn't kill her enemies.

And since she hesitated to pull out her sword just because Regina Crowell was a child, her dearest friend died.

Hanna...

It may be too late to regret her cowardice now, but it would never be too late for revenge.

And this time, she'd be merciless.

'Princess Neoma,' Lewis said, her son's voice finally reaching her now that she had calmed down. 'Princess...'

Neoma took a deep breath and waited until her tears finally stopped falling. Then, she turned to Lewis. Her reflection in his golden eyes made her aware that her eyes were glowing red at the moment. 'Lewis Crevan, I think my

mind just broke,' she said coldly. 'Will you still respect and adore me even if turned into an unhinged bitch?'

She knew those words were inappropriate to come out of an eight-year-old child's mouth. But she didn't need to pretend in front of Lewis who knew her secret. Plus, she really felt like she had just gone insane from anger and grief.

All she wanted to do now was to kill Regina Crowell and every single member of the cult.

Her crazy thoughts were interrupted when her son did the thing that he rarely does.

Lewis smiled a genuine smile at her. 'Shall we go crazy together, Princess Neoma?'

Well, in her first life, Lewis was just as crazy as Nero.

'I'm serious, Lewis,' she said, warning him. 'I know that you see me as a perfect little angel, but that's about to change now. I won't be kind anymore. I'll kill them all.'

She couldn't specifically say Regina Crowell's name because Sir Glenn was standing just a few meters away from them.

He was out of earshot, but she still wanted to be careful.

'I want to see you covered with your enemies' blood, Princess Neoma,' Lewis said, his golden eyes glowing with mad excitement now. Even his bright smile had turned corrupt. 'I think you'd still be pretty.'

Huh?

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But come to think of it, Trevor once mentioned that Lewis had lived a long life as a fox before turning into a human. That meant Lewis was actually older than her. Her son was only physically young but his soul, just like hers, was also old.

Ah.

She suddenly realized that her body already stopped trembling.

Lewis's existence is a huge comfort to me.

Raising a son was worth it.

But her heart was suddenly heavy with guilt when she realized just what kind of path did she make for Lewis.

'I'm sorry, Lewis,' she said, then she stood up and extended her hand to his. 'I'm a bad mother for dragging my son to hell with me.'

'You won't be a bad mother because I am not your son, Princess Neoma,' he said, then he gently grabbed her hand and allowed her to pull him up.

She just laughed it off.

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'Sir Glenn, may I know which hospital Hanna was brought to?' she asked, her heart aching with the reminder of her best friend's death. 'I want to see her.'

'I'm sorry, Princess Neoma,' Sir Glenn said apologetically. 'You may not leave the Royal Palace.'

'Why?' she asked, aggravated.

'His Majesty left the Royal Palace to pay his respects to the Quinzal Family,' the knight said. 'It's the royal protocol to not allow the current emperor and his heir to leave the palace at the same time.'

Ah, right.

That protocol existed to ensure that the emperor and the Crown Prince wouldn't be ambushed at the same time. After all, if both the emperor and his heir died, the throne would be empty. If that happened, the nobles would probably kill each other to take the throne.

She knew that...

... but at that moment, she didn't care.

'I'm sorry but I'm not in the mood to follow royal protocols right now, Sir Glenn,' she said coldly. 'Lewis.'

She didn't need to say anything else.

Lewis had already pulled his sword out, then he stood protectively in front of her while waiting for her order.

'This is the reason why His Majesty sent me to your palace instead of bringing me with him, Princess Neoma,' Sir Glenn said with a sad smile on his face. But as soon as he drew his sword, his face turned cold. 'I'm sorry but His Majesty asked me to restrain you here, Your Royal Highness.'

She gulped when she saw Sir Glenn's sword.

He brought Ebony!

Sir Glenn was a renowned Swordmaster second only to the late Commander Gavin Quinzel. He and the former commander both received a sword from her father when he ascended the throne.

But Sir Glenn never carried his sword, Ebony, inside the Royal Palace. Apparently, it gives off a hostile aura. Thus, the knight refrained from bringing it with him in the presence of the emperor. But now that her Papa Boss was outside the Royal Palace, maybe Sir Glenn thought it was the perfect opportunity to bring out Ebony.

She's beautiful.

Of course, she was referring to Ebony, the sword. If it was a person, she was sure that it would be an elegant lady.

Ebony's blade was pure black, and so was the handle. It didn't have a single decoration in it. But back in her first life, she heard that Sir Glenn's sword would turn into a monster once it was bathed with blood.

'Lewis, be careful,' she whispered to her son. 'Sir Glenn is serious.'

Lewis just nodded politely.

'I want to give you the advantage of striking first, Sir Crevan,' Sir Glenn said, the usual cheerfulness in his voice gone. And by addressing Lewis by his title, the senior knight was saying that he sees the younger knight as an equal and therefore, there would be no mercy. 'But His Majesty ordered me to not give you a chance to attack.'

After saying that, the senior knight swung his black sword with enough energy to create a long, horizontal crack on the ground.

But it wasn't the only thing that happened.

She was startled when the crack on the ground continued to spread until she found herself being literally separated from Lewis. Before she knew it, she could no longer move her body. The next thing she knew, a dome made of the earth erected from the ground and rose up as if it wanted to trap her inside.

Lewis turned around and his eyes widened in shock when he saw what was happening to her. 'Princess Neoma!'

'Behind you, Lewis!' she yelled when she saw Sir Glenn swinging his sword again behind her son.

Unfortunately, she didn't see what happened next because the dome was completed then.

Now, she was trapped inside.

Surprisingly, she could breathe in there. It wasn't as confined as she thought it would be. Was it Sir Glenn being considerate to her?

Anyway, she could also move now.

It was a little dark so she opened her hand and summoned Tteokbokki's flame. But much to her shock, nothing happened.

'Tteokbokki,' she said loudly. 'Answer me.'

'I'm sorry but I can't lend you my power right now, thug princess,' Tteokbokki answered her in a weak voice. 'I'm currently being withheld by His Majesty's Azure Dragon.'

Tsk.

It seemed like her Papa Boss really wanted to restrain her, huh?

'Fight the Azure Dragon, Tteokbokki,' Neoma threatened her Soul Beast. 'I'll barbecue the hell out of you if you lose.'

'HANNA Quinzel's soul is still here,' Nikolai said while looking at the faint light hovering above the young lady's 'dead' body. His brows furrowed in confusion, then he turned to Rufus and his wife. 'Your daughter is still alive. Who pronounced her death?'

Rufus and Amber Quinzel both looked shocked by what he said.

'Our daughter is still alive, Your Majesty?' Amber asked, hopeful and confused. 'But the doctors told us that Hanna is gone...'

Rufus nodded in agreement. ‘And Hanna’s Mana completely disappeared already.’

‘There’s a black magic inside Hanna Quinzel’s body,’ he explained to the couple. ‘It’s the kind of spell that would make a person ‘die’ for at least half an hour.’

The duke and duchess were dumbfounded, understandably.

‘Catch them,’ Nikolai ordered Rufus to snap him out of his daze. ‘Catch the people who pronounced Hanna Quinzel’s death, Rufus.’

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