

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 180 - ALL ACCORDING TO PLAN

‘THE CURSE Marks are making this difficult,’ Nikolai said while observing Hanna Quinzel who just began breathing again. But it didn’t mean that the child was now completely out of danger. ‘Those marks are preventing any kind of treatment to enter your daughter’s body,’ he said, then he put a finger on Hanna Quinzel’s finger. He gathered an abundant amount of divine energy in his finger. Then, he let it flow inside the child’s body to purify the Curse Marks. But instead of absorbing his divine energy, Hanna Quinzel’s body rejected it. ‘This is like Nero’s curse that rejects divine energy.’

Amber Quinzel’s Mana spiked up, which only meant that she was anxious once again. ‘Just who put those marks on my poor daughter...’

‘That’s not important right now,’ he said. After all, once Rufus catches the people who pronounced Hanna Quinzel’s death, they could interrogate them later. ‘Hanna Quinzel’s body is deteriorating fast after the Curse Marks were activated.’

Whoever put the black magic and the Curse Marks on Hanna Quinzel was really adamant about killing the child.

The Curse Marks served as a ‘fallback’ plan of the enemy if the black magic was discovered early– and it worked.

But if he didn’t pull out the black magic from the child’s body she’d still die.

His thoughts were distracted when all of a sudden, Hanna Quinzel heaved a deep sigh— and when she exhaled, he saw a part of her soul come out of her mouth.

Dammit!

He covered the child's mouth with his hand covered with divine energy. It would temporarily prevent Hanna Quinzel's soul from leaving her body. But that wouldn't be enough.

'Y-Your Majesty, what's happening to my daughter now?' the duchess asked in a scared voice.

Ah, right.

Only the Royal Family had the ability to see things like souls. After all, Yule, their ancestor, wasn't only a Moon God. He was also known as the God of Light— a title given to the divinity that guides the souls of the dead.

'Hanna Quinzel's soul is trying to leave her body,' he said bluntly. 'This happens when the soul's vessel, which is a person's physical body, is dying.'

The duchess gasped, then let out a sob.

'I can stop Hanna Quinzel's soul from leaving her body. A week, at most,' he assured the duchess. Although he was confident with his ability, he knew that keeping a soul from leaving its body wouldn't be easy. Especially once the Spirit World realized that he was trying to keep a supposedly dead person alive. But he'd manage. 'We need to fix your daughter's body first.'

That would be the more challenging part.

His divine energy was purer than the saint's. If it didn't work on Hanna Quinzel, he doubted if other treatment would work on her. But of course, they'd do anything to save the child.

I can't return to the Royal Palace just to tell Neoma that her friend is gone.

His thoughts were interrupted when he felt another presence entering Kyle's territory.

'Your Majesty,' Saint Dominic Zavaroni greeted him when he appeared beside him while carrying Gale in his arms.

Amber Quinzel looked surprised by the saint's appearance. But she quickly regained her composure and bowed to greet His Holiness. 'Greetings, Your Holiness.'

Saint Zavaroni smiled and bowed to the duchess. 'Greetings, Your Grace.'

'Let's drop the formalities for now,' he said, then he turned to the saint and the Wind Spirit. 'I'm almost done trapping Hanna Quinzel's soul inside her body. But if her physical body dies, I won't be able to catch her soul again.'

Without being told, the saint and the Wind Spirit took a closer look at the young heiress.

When he was certain that he had completely trapped Hanna Quinzel's soul in her body with his divine energy, he pulled his hand away from her mouth.

Fortunately, the child began breathing again.

Hanna Quinzel's heartbeat remained faint though.

'Poor child,' Gale said while looking at the young heiress's awful state. 'I'm so glad you have the sense to forbid Neoma from coming here, little Nikolai.'

He ignored the Wind Spirit.

'I can tell that your divine energy didn't work on purifying the Curse Marks, Your Majesty,' Saint Zavaroni said seriously, then he turned to the duchess. 'Your Grace, may I touch your daughter's physical body? To know the young lady's exact state, I need to touch her.'

Amber Quinzel quickly nodded. 'If it's for the sake of my daughter, you may do so, Your Holiness.'

'Thank you, Your Grace,' the saint said, then he turned to the young heiress. 'Pardon me, Young Lady,' he said politely before putting a hand on top of the child's chest, then he closed his eyes. 'The young lady's heartbeat is faint. But the Curse Marks are preventing any kind of treatment to be absorbed by the young lady's body. Without these Curse Marks, it would have been easy to treat the young miss.'

He nodded in agreement.

'I can only think of one way to fix Young Lady Hanna Quinzel's body,' the saint said, then he opened his eyes and pointed at the visible glowing marks in the child's body. 'We need to gather those marks in one part.'

His jaw clenched when he realized what the saint's plan was.

It took Gale a little while to understand. But when she did, she let out a soft gasp. 'Poor child.'

He was glad that the duchess couldn't hear the Wind Spirit.

His Holiness turned to the duchess with a sad look on his face. 'Your Grace, once we gathered the Curse Marks on one part of your daughter's body, we need to cut it off.'

The duchess covered her mouth with her hands when she gasped loudly. Then, tears silently fell down her cheeks.

'The lower part of Young Lady Hanna Quinzel's body is severely damaged to the point that she may never walk again,' the saint continued.

This time, the duchess fell on her knees and sobbed loudly while covering her face with her trembling hands.

‘Your Grace, I’m thinking of gathering the Curse Marks on Young Lady Hanna Quinzel’s legs,’ Saint Zavaroni said in his usual calm voice. But anyone could see the sadness in his eyes as he relayed the terrible news to the duchess. It even looked like the saint was crying with Amber Quinzel because of how sad he looked at the moment. ‘Then, to get rid of the Curse Marks completely, I’m afraid we have to cut off your daughter’s legs.’

‘That’s also the solution that I came up with,’ Gale said in an unusual sad voice. ‘I feel bad for this little girl but that’s the only way to save her life.’

‘It’s not for us to decide,’ Nikolai said, then he looked down at Amber Quinzel who was still sobbing uncontrollably on the floor. ‘Amber Quinzel, what is your decision?’

‘RUFUS QUINZEL and the Black Hawk Knights are hunting down the doctors that we implanted in the hospital, Regina Crowell.’

‘Yes, I know. But we already expected that His Majesty would get involved,’ Regina Crowell said. Right now, she was sitting on a wooden stool next to Rubin Drayton’s hospital bed while reading a book. The adult black crow with blue eyes was sitting on top of the bed’s headboard. ‘After all, Hanna Quinzel is the top candidate to become the future Crown Princess.’

She and the crow were free to talk like that because of the following reasons:

First, they were in a private room in the Evangeline Hospital– the biggest hospital in the Royal Capital. Most of the victims of the bombing were being treated there.

Suhmrt, Rpgar Dzfwomr jfl tuun fliuun.

Since the young lord was the only son of Duke Drayton, the servants of the Drayton families managed to secure a room with two beds for the heir.

Rubin insisted to bring her with him, thus, she was confined in the same room as him.

The family's servants and guards were waiting outside the room. And apparently, Duke Drayton who just returned to the Royal Capital was on his way to the hospital

Rubin was deep asleep but to make sure that he wouldn't wake up while she was talking to the crow, she put a sleeping spell on him. The young lord would only wake up once she wanted him to. Her motto was to always be safe than sorry.

The young lord woke up a while ago after his head injury was treated by the doctors. He only went back to sleep after she assured him that her wounds were also treated.

'It seems like the chances of Hanna Quinzel to be revived is quite high,' the crow said in its usual metallic voice. 'I just received a report from one of our eyes. Apparently, the saint himself has come to heal the Quinzel heiress. Should we be worried?'

'Of course not,' she said confidently. 'His Majesty and His Holiness may succeed in reviving Hanna Quinzel. But it will be too late for them to fix her physical body. After all, the only choice left for them is to gather the Curse Marks in one part of the heiress's body, then cut it off. I guess they'll sacrifice her legs.' She smiled, then closed the book in her hands to turn to the crow. 'There's a reason why I decided to crush the lower part of Hanna Quinzel's body.'

The crow laughed and she had to admit that it sounded creepy even to her ears. 'And here we are, wondering why you took extra care to drop the 'bomb' on the lower part of her body.'

'I don't like the fact that the Quinzels are known as the 'hawks,' she confessed. 'After all, it's a known fact that hawks prey on crows. I don't

want our family to appear inferior to theirs. Thus, I crushed Hanna Quinzel's 'wings.' Let's see if the Royal Family will still accept a flightless bird like her as the future Crown Princess.'

'Well, setting that aside, are you confident that we won't get caught?' the crow asked. 'Hanna Quinzel is the only daughter of Duke and Duchess Quinzel. They will do everything to catch the criminals behind the 'bombing attack.'

'That's exactly why we manipulated the group of rebels who have personal grudge against Duke Rufus Quinzel,' she said nonchalantly. 'Even if they caught the rebels, they wouldn't be able to relate the attack to the cult. The investigation will definitely end up pointing the rebels as the mastermind.'

'I want to praise but you still failed to kill Hanna Quinzel.'

'I don't want to be praised by you anyway,' she said with a 'sweet' smile on her face. 'Even if Hanna Quinzel lives, everything is still going according to plan.'

'Really now?' the crow asked in an amused voice. 'What else do you expect to obtain from this, Regina Crowell?'

'A conflict between the Royal Family and House Quinzel,' Regina said, then she opened the book and began reading it again. 'If Duke and Duchess Quinzel end up hating the Royal Family for what happened to Hanna Quinzel, then controlling them would be easier for me.'

NEOMA enjoyed the shock on William's face after she called him 'Uncle Scumbag.'

While he seemed to be frozen from shock, she grabbed that opportunity to admire the rude yet beautiful man in front of her.

Just one glance at Uncle Scumbag was enough to tell anyone that he wasn't human.

Gosh, he's so beautiful.

William's pale blue hair looked so smooth and silky. His eyes were as dark blue. But just like Yule's eyes, her Uncle Scumbag's eyes had literal sparks in them. And boy, for a barbarian man like him, he was pretty well-dressed.

But he looked like he was mourning because he wore all-black.

Uncle Scumbag wore a pretty standard suit for noblemen. He even had a shoulder mantle and a pair of black gloves. The only thing that stood out in his outfit was the fact that the dress shirt wasn't buttoned up. Sadly, no part of his well-built torso was exposed. After all, the upper part of his body was covered with black bandages.

Damn, William also had an athletic built. He was also very tall. If her estimation was correct, he must be at least 6'3". Yes, Uncle Scumbag was taller than her Papa Boss.

That was also why William had to lean down just to point his dagger at her.

And wait. Upon looking closer, Uncle Scumbag has a crescent-shaped mole under his left eye. God, he is already beautiful. Does he have to have a beauty mark on his face as well?

'Just where did you receive your education from?' William asked in a cold voice. 'How could a little bug like you possess a filthy mouth at that age?'

'I got it from my Mama,' Neoma said. She wanted to move but she knew that this scumbag wouldn't hesitate to hurt her if she did. 'Are you the ruler of the Spirit World? They're the one I wanted to summon and not you.'

'I'm not the ruler of the Spirit World but...' William trailed off, then he shook his head and changed the topic. 'If you were able to summon me

instead of the ruler of the Spirit World, then it could only mean one thing: you're desperate to revive a dead person.'

She was about to demand him to explain when all of a sudden, he grabbed her head with his other hand.

Papa Boss would look like an angel compared to this scumbag!

'Ah, you're desperate to save the Quinzel heiress,' William said. Judging by what he said, it looked like he just read her mind. 'You don't have to.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'The Quinzel heiress is still alive,' he said, then he pulled his hand away from her head. 'I would know if a person of that importance is already gone.'

She smiled a relieved smile.

Uncle Scumbag may be a scumbag, but he didn't look like a liar to her.

'Don't celebrate yet,' he said, then he leaned down to meet her eyes. Then, he smirked. 'The Spirits around Hanna Quinzel right now just whispered something in my ear, filthy bug.'

Okay, that made her nervous. 'What did they tell you, Uncle Scumbag?'

'Hanna Quinzel will soon be a flightless hawk,' William said, his smirk growing more arrogant as if he was enjoying the fear on her face.

'Apparently, they have to amputate the Quinzel heiress's legs for her to live.'

To say that Neoma was shocked would be an understatement.

She literally felt her heart stop beating. Then, her body turned cold and numb. For strange reasons, she felt eerily calm. She knew from the bottom of her heart that she was beyond angry. She felt like she was about to combust any moment...

... and she did.

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