

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 183 - NEOMA THE VAIN

‘WHO ARE you?’ Gale asked while hopping after the young boy wearing a white chef’s uniform. The strange boy was carrying Princess Neoma’s arms while walking to Yule’s Palace. Ah, right. She remembered that there was a private infirmary in the emperor’s residence. ‘Hey, stop ignoring me. I know that you can understand me since I saw you talking to William earlier.’

She arrived earlier than little Nikolai.

In fact, she was about to stealthily rescue Princess Neoma who was heavily injured on the ground when the young chef arrived. To say that she was shocked when the boy casually walked past William would be an understatement.

As if that wasn’t enough, the young chef confronted the Grand Spirit after he carefully picked up the royal princess.

She almost fainted when she saw that scene.

This was shameful to admit but she was still a little scared of William. Although the Grand Spirit was weaker now compared to his prime years, he was still unbelievably strong. And judging by how he was able to easily hurt an innocent child, she could tell that William’s hatred for the de Moonasterios hadn’t wavered.

Not even a bit.

‘Hey,’ she said when the young boy still ignored her. ‘How long are you going to pretend that you can’t hear me?’

The young chef suddenly stopped walking when they were near the entrance of Yule's Palace. Then, he mumbled to himself. 'Strike, Veton.'

And what followed shocked her once again.

Several 'whips' of electricity came out of nowhere and hit anything but them and the palace behind.

At first, she thought it was a random attack. But then, all of a sudden, several black crows fell on the ground— literally burned to death. Most of the crows seemed to have been hiding in the trees around the palace.

She didn't notice the birds until the young chef killed each one of them.

'Were those birds observing us?' she asked the young chef. 'Is that why you kept on ignoring me a while ago?'

The young chef just nodded.

'Your Royal Highness!'

She turned to the owner of the voice. It was Lewis Crevan, the young princess's loyal personal knight.

'You—' Lewis Crevan began while glaring at the young chef.

But the fox boy trailed off when the young chef carefully handed Princess Neoma to the former without a word. The anger on Lewis Crevan's face a while ago completely disappeared now that the royal princess was in his arms.

'Bring the Crown Prince to Madam Hammock,' the young chef said in a commanding voice as if he was used to giving orders. 'I will hunt down the strange crows around the Royal Palace.'

After declaring what he was about to do, the young chef left and vanished.

He has good control of his Mana, huh?

‘Let’s go, Lewis Crevan,’ Gale said. When she remembered that Lewis Crevan couldn’t understand a Spirit like her, she began to hop towards Yule Palace. Thankfully, the young knight followed her. ‘I hope the Healing Sage could somehow help our Princess Neoma.’

‘YOUR MAJESTY, Princess Neoma has been taken away by Chef Ruto.’

Ruston Stroganoff, huh ?

Nikolai nodded at what Glenn, who was standing behind him, reported to him. ‘Neoma is safe if she’s with Ruston Stroganoff.’

Glenn, who had acknowledged Ruston Stroganoff’s strength a long time ago, agreed with him. ‘That’s also the reason why I decided to stay here instead of chasing the royal princess. Moreover, Lewis Crevan already left to chase after them.’

He just nodded as a response.

If Ruston Stroganoff and Lewis Crevan worked together, he was positive that his daughter wouldn’t be attacked by the enemies again.

‘Did you lose your touch now that the empire is peaceful?’ William asked mockingly when his body regenerated. ‘You should have finished me while I was still in the middle of regeneration, Nikolai de Moonasterio.’

‘I would have died a long time ago if I lost my touch,’ he said to the Grand Spirit. ‘I simply don’t want to waste my time fighting that puppet body of yours.’

William was a Spirit who could create several fake bodies to hide the real one. Even if he killed that puppet body of his now, he would just simply return to his original body.

Moreover, he was saving his divine energy for Neoma’s treatment later.

It also seems like William hasn't completely recovered yet from the injury I gave him a few years ago. If he was in his prime condition, he would have attacked me as soon as he saw me.

'But don't worry,' he said to the Grand Spirit. 'Do you think I'd kill you easily after you hurt my daughter?' His jaw clenched as he gripped the handle of his sword tighter. 'I will ruin your face the way you ruined Neoma's as soon as I find your real body.'

The Grand Spirit smirked bitterly. 'I couldn't believe that you grew a heart during the time that we haven't seen each other. I hope your love doesn't kill your daughter the way you killed my master.'

He flinched at those calloused words.

'Ah, should I say 'children?' William wondered loudly to himself. 'I remember that my master gave birth to a princess and a prince.'

The Grand Spirit suddenly fell silent, then he tilted his head to one side as if he was leaning into an unknown and unseen presence whispering in his ear. Some Spirits were probably giving him a report.

'Ah, so the real Crown Prince was cursed,' William said while nodding his head. 'Now I know why your daughter is pretending to be the Crown Prince.'

Ah, so the Spirits lingering in the Royal Palace had loose mouths, huh?

'So, your son isn't here, huh?'

He glared at the Grand Spirit. 'Why are you suddenly interested in my son?'

'Why not?' William snapped back at him. 'The real Crown Prince is the first male born into our clan after a long time. Your son is the same as me.'

'He's not.'

‘That’s not for you to decide, de Moonasterio,’ the Grand Spirit said arrogantly. ‘I’m sure your son and I will get along well.’

This time, it was his turn to smirk arrogantly. ‘You don’t know my son,’ he said haughtily. ‘He’ll kill you as soon as he learns that you tried to kill his precious twin sister.’ The Grand Spirit looked confused so he explained. ‘Nero, my son, treasures Neoma so much. In fact, he loves his sister more than he loves the throne.’

It was a fact that he tried to deny for years.

But after being cursed at by Neoma for the past few years, he had come to accept that his children were different from the rest of their family and that was okay.

‘If that’s true, then I need to straighten out Nero de Moonasterio.’

He didn’t want to show it but the Grand Spirit’s confident words made him worry. Although Nero was under the care of Trevor, he knew William was still capable of finding his son.

‘A male child being born into House Roseheart is as rare as seeing a god shed tears,’ the Grand Spirit said. ‘Moreover, only I can raise Nero Roseheart properly.’

‘My son is also a de Moonasterio.’

The Grand Spirit just smirked as if he was trying to provoke him. But his smirk immediately turned into a frown when he clutched his stomach. Ah, the cut that he gave the Grand Spirit a few years ago may not have been completely healed yet. ‘It seems like my time is up,’ he said, then his lower body began to vanish in a silver-ish light. ‘I was awakened by your daughter from my deep slumber so I was in a bad mood. But now, I feel better. I was able to teach your arrogant daughter a lesson, and I just confirmed that your son isn’t under your protection right now.’

‘Don’t you ever return to your deep slumber if you want to live, William Roseheart,’ he threatened the Grand Spirit coldly. ‘Remember, Mona is no longer here to stop me from killing you.’

William could only glare at him as a response before he completely disappeared.

‘Your Majesty, aren’t we going to chase after Lord William?’ Glenn asked. ‘We can’t just let him get away after what he did to Princess Neoma.’

‘Neoma is my top priority now. Punishing William will come later,’ he said while putting Calypso, his sword, back in the sheathe. ‘If Neoma was in the same state as Hanna Quinzel a while ago, then Madam Hammock won’t be able to treat her.’

His personal knight suddenly looked like he was about to cry. ‘Then, what should we do, Your Majesty? I briefly saw Princess Neoma’s state a while ago. Although Princess Neoma will always be Princess Neoma to me, I’m certain that Her Royal Highness would be heartbroken if she sees herself in the mirror...’

The knight’s concern was valid.

After all, everyone who knew Neoma also knew how vain she was. And rightfully so because his daughter’s beauty could be regarded as the empire’s treasure...

His thoughts trailed off, then he shuddered.

Dat ovmlu lfnw ovmpovol zufiiw hzml qw qart?

‘Your Majesty?’

‘Let’s head back to my palace,’ he said, erasing his sentimental thoughts with a shake of his head. ‘I have a method in mind that I hope will work on Neoma.’

‘What is it, Your Majesty?’ Glenn asked, his face full of hope. ‘How will you heal Princess Neoma’s injuries?’

‘I’m going to use Yule’s tears on Neoma,’ Nikolai said seriously. ‘It didn’t work on Nero but I have a feeling that it will work on my daughter.’

But if Yule’s Tears really worked on Neoma, then it could only mean one thing...

NIKOLAI felt a painful throb in his chest when he saw Neoma’s awful state.

When he saw Hanna Quinzel in the same condition a while ago, he pitied the child. After all, the Quinzel heiress was still his niece.

But now that it was in Neoma in such a state, he felt his heart break for his poor daughter.

‘Everyone, leave the room,’ Nikolai ordered to the people behind him: Glenn, Madam Hammock, and Lewis Crevan. ‘Don’t come in unless I call for you.’

‘As you wish, Your Majesty,’ Glenn and Madam Hammock said, then the two left the private room.

Yes, only the knight and the Healing Sage left.

‘Are you defying my order, Lewis Crevan?’ he asked sternly, then he turned around to face the fox boy. ‘Didn’t I tell everyone to leave?’

‘Can you really save Princess Neoma?’ Lewis Crevan asked, then he paused as if he just remembered who he was talking to. ‘Your Majesty.’

‘I won’t let her die,’ he said seriously.

‘Can you bring back Princess Neoma’s beauty?’

He paused before he answered the young knight truthfully. ‘That will be hard, I admit. But I will do my best to bring Neoma back her physical body in its perfect condition.’

‘I know Princess Neoma is very vain but I don’t care if you can’t bring back her physical beauty, Your Majesty,’ Lewis Crevan said with a pained look on his face. ‘Just please don’t let her die.’

The young knight’s feelings for his daughter were crystal clear.

And he hated it.

‘I won’t give my daughter to you.’

‘I’m good at stealing, Your Majesty.’

He shut his eyes tight and pinched the bridge of his nose.

Neoma’s brazenness has rubbed off on this sly fox, huh?

‘I’ll let it slide for now because Neoma needs my immediate care,’ he said when he opened his eyes. ‘Leave while I’m asking nicely, Lewis Crevan.’

Lewis Crevan, who seemed to be satisfied with their conversation, bowed his head. ‘Please do everything you can to save Princess Neoma, Your Majesty.’

After that plead, the fox boy finally left the room.

Now that the nuisance was gone, he could finally focus on healing his daughter.

He sat on the edge of the bed and looked at Neoma’s poor state. Once again, he felt his heart break. Now he fully understood how Rufus had felt earlier.

‘I stopped praying to Yule a long time ago,’ Nikolai said softly while opening the lead of the vial that contained Yule’s Tears. ‘But you’re making me want to keep my faith in our god, Neoma,’ he said. Then, he put his hand

on the back of his daughter's head. After that, he carefully brought the tip of the vial near his daughter's dry lips. 'Yule, if you save my daughter, I will call you 'Grandfather' again.'

NEOMA screamed at the top of her lungs again.

Ever since she woke up in that white room with floating white chairs and tables, all she did was scream into the void. She said 'void' because the 'room' that she was in had no walls and no roof.

And yet, all she could see around them were thick, white, fluffy clouds.

In a normal circumstance, she would have loved the aesthetic vibes of the room. But after Yule showed her current state after William blew her up, she went batshit crazy. Yes, she was grateful to be somehow alive. But seeing what happened to her physical body made her snap.

Thankfully, she was in her normal and beautiful appearance in that room.

But that wasn't enough to lessen her anger.

'I swear I will fućkínġ kill you the next time we meet, Uncle Scumbag!' Neoma yelled at nothing, then she took a deep breath and fell silent. Now that she had relieved her frustration, she had calmed down and had the time to clear her thoughts. 'Oh, well. It doesn't matter if I lose my beauty and limbs. As long as I'm alive, I can always start over.'

Of course, she was just trying to cheer herself up.

In the deepest part of her heart, she was still afraid. This was embarrassing to admit but as a vain person, losing her beauty and some of her limbs made her feel like it was the end of the world. It wasn't, but she also didn't want to invalidate her own feelings.

Thankfully, there was something that was keeping her sane during these trying times.

‘I’m glad that Hanna is safe and fine now,’ she said, genuinely happy for her cousin. Then, she turned around to face Yule. The Moon God was seated on a floating white chair while having a cup of tea. ‘Lord Yule, you weren’t lying when you said Hanna is 100% healed now, right?’

‘I’m a trickster but I’m not a liar,’ Yule said defensively. ‘Ne-Ne, don’t you have faith in me?’

Duh, you didn’t help me when I was suffering during my first life. It’s your fault why I lost my faith in you in the past. And right now, I’m still wary of you.

‘Hanna Quinzel is fully healed now,’ the Moon God assured her when he saw the distrust on her face. ‘Shouldn’t you be more worried about yourself, Ne-Ne?’

It was true.

She wanted to know what happened after she was attacked by William.

Plus, she was worried about Lewis. Her son probably witnessed it when her Uncle Scumbag blew her up. She just hoped that Lewis wouldn’t go too insane.

‘Well, you assured me a while ago that I’m still alive,’ she reasoned. ‘Plus, I’m very angry right now. As much as I want to kill William, none of this would have happened because of those stupid crows so my anger is divided between the two of them.’ She let out a huff that kind of blew her bangs before the strands fell back on her forehead. ‘My enemies should be grateful that I don’t have Death N*te or else, they wouldn’t last more than forty seconds with me--- especially that stupid cult that kills de Moonasterion princesses.’

Thus, Regina Crowell was still the #1 on her hit list.

The crow was closely followed by William on the list though.

If only she was reincarnated in an anime series instead...

‘If you hate the cult that much, then why don’t you become an empress?’
Yule said casually, followed by a soft laugh. Then, he sipped his tea before
he continued. ‘The cult hates nothing more in the world than to have a
female de Moonasterio ruler, Ne-Ne.’

‘Then, I’ll fućkínġ take the throne,’ Neoma declared angrily with clenched
fists. ‘I know I’m being petty but I’ll become the first empress out of spite
and make the cult seethe until they drop dead at my feet!’

Yes, she didn’t breathe while yelling that long sentence filled with her new
resolve.

Neoma wasn’t kidding when she said she was petty, okay?

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