

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 196 - RED EYES

‘PAPA BOSS, here’s the detailed report that I made regarding the ultimate team that I want to have,’ Neoma, while standing in front of her father’s desk, said. Then, she carefully placed the stack of papers on the table. She was in a good mood right now even though she was ‘working’ because she was dressed up as a lady today. She was free to do that for five more days. ‘As I said before, Lewis will take the position of Fighter so I only need five more people in my dream team: a Tank, a Marksman, a Mage, an Assassin, and a Support. I guess by their names alone, you could already guess what kind of people I’m looking for.’

‘What is a ‘Tank?’” Emperor Nikolai asked while scanning the detailed report that she just submitted, then he raised his head to meet her gaze. ‘I can’t guess what kind of position its name suggests.’

Oh, of course.

She just got the position from the mobile game that she used to play back in her second life.

Anyway, right now, she was in her father’s office. Sir Glenn and Lewis weren’t there yet because the two were currently discussing the security measures that they made to ensure her safety. After all, she would secretly visit Hanna in the Quinzel Mansion later.

‘It’s like the defense specialist of the team, Papa Boss,’ she explained. ‘In short, a Tank is the shield of the group.’

‘Alright,’ her father said. ‘I will ask Glenn to find the best people suited for each position. But aside from skills, they should also know how to keep a secret.’

‘Oh,’ she said when she realized what her Papa Boss meant by that. ‘Should I reveal to them that I’m a girl?’

‘Yes,’ he said. ‘That’s why we need to find trustworthy people.’

She smiled wide when she remembered something. ‘I can take care of that, Papa Boss. Lord Yule gave me a Holy Weapon.’

Her father looked surprised by that. ‘A Holy Weapon? What kind of weapon is it?’

‘Scissors,’ she said casually. ‘I asked for a Holy Weapon as one of the three terms that I gave Lord Yule before I signed the contract.’

‘Smart.’

‘Thanks,’ she said, then she continued with her story. ‘Anyway, Lord Yule said that the scissors that he used are a Holy Weapon. He asked me if it will do. Since the pair of scissors look very aesthetic to me, I agreed to take it.’

She wasn’t sure if it was just her imagination or if her father really ‘coughed’ to hide his laughter. But she definitely heard a weird sound coming from him before he covered his mouth with his hands.

Papa Boss is acting sus.

‘It’s not an ordinary pair of scissors, Neoma,’ her father said in a serious tone when he pulled his hands away from his face. ‘You must be talking about Holy Twin Blades. It’s the only scissors in the Upper World that could cut human souls and bind them into a contract.’

She nodded eagerly. ‘That’s what Lord Yule told me as well, Papa Boss.’

‘Where is it now?’

‘Lord Yule said that I can’t bring it with me physically all the time,’ she said.

‘But he taught me how to summon the Holy Scissors.’

It sounded better than ‘Holy Twin Blades.’

‘Good,’ her father said. ‘We can use that to ensure the silence of your future knights.’

She just smiled and nodded. ‘Can I leave now, Papa Boss?’

‘Are you that excited to see Hanna Quinzel?’

‘Of course,’ she said brightly. ‘Hanna is my bestie.’

He just gave her a blank look before he changed the topic. ‘Saint Zavaroni will return to the palace tomorrow so come home early.’

‘I’ll try, Papa Boss.’

He just sighed while shaking his head. ‘Neoma, you should learn His Holiness’s technique as soon as you can. Yule basically confirmed that the cult has returned. If he wants you to destroy the cult and retrieve his eyes, that only means he has seen a future event where you’d get entangled with the cult.’

Oh, she didn’t realize that.

‘The Crow’s red eyes are Yule’s real eyes, Neoma.’

Her eyes widened in shock when she heard that. ‘Really?’

‘Gods have red eyes, Neoma,’ her father explained. ‘Our eye color changes into red when we’re upset or if we’re using our power. That’s because we have Yule’s blood. Our eye color is proof that we inherited the blood of a god.’

That shit was cool enough to give her goosebumps.

Of course, she had always known that the de Moonasterios were descendants of Yule. But only now did she finally feel what it meant to be a god's descendant.

Someone, please turn my life into a webcomic or anime.

'You already probably heard from Yule about Callisto de Luca— his half-brother— since you asked me a while ago to change Callisto Hall into a random person's name.'

'G*rdon R*msay isn't a random person, Papa Boss.'

'Who is he then?'

'My OC,' she lied smoothly. 'As in original character in a novel in my mind about a foul-mouthed chef that is also a judge in several cooking shows.'

'Right,' her Papa Boss said, obviously not interested in her story. 'Callisto de Luca, the person who changed the Crown into the Crow cult, also carried the blood of a god. Don't underestimate the crown, Neoma.'

'I am not underestimating them, Papa Boss.'

Not anymore.

'That's good to hear,' her father said. 'Anyway, I have someone I'd like to recommend to be a member of your 'dream team.''

'Who is it, Papa Boss?'

'Ruston Stroganoff.'

'Ruto?' she asked, confused. 'I don't need a chef in my team, Papa Boss.'

'Do you seriously think that I'm recommending Ruston Stroganoff in your team just to be a mere chef?'

‘Papa Boss, Ruto is an amazing chef but he doesn’t belong in the battlefield,’ she said. ‘He’s weak.’

‘Who’s weak?’

‘Ruto.’

‘Neoma, if you don’t like my recommendation, just say so instead of speaking nonsense.’

‘My sincerity to protect my vulnerable favorite chef isn’t nonsense, Papa Boss.’

Emperor Nikolai just gave her a blank stare, then he waved his hand dismissively. ‘You’re dismissed, Neoma.’

Neoma saluted to her father who dismissed her as if she was an officer or something. ‘Sir, yes, Sir!’

NEOMA couldn’t help but notice how cool Lewis look in a commoner’s clothes.

Raevo rmj, vuz lmr jmzu f jvaou iarur imre liuusv lvazo jaov ofr lplnurtuzl, miasu iarur hvarml, frt gzmjr lputu tuzgw lvmul. Tvu daralvare omphv md val msuzfii mpodao jfl val guzuo vfo.

I raised him well.

Lewis was only eleven years old and yet, he was already tall and lean enough to pass as a teenager. Gosh, he looked so handsome.

‘Lewis, you still stand out,’ Neoma, seated on the firm and uncomfortable couch of the rental carriage that she was in, said. ‘Blonde hair and blue eyes also look good on you.’

Since Lewis was also being hunted down by the enemies, Sir Glenn suggested that her son should change his hair and eye color as well. Since blonde hair and blue eyes were common in the Royal Capital, they decided to go for that disguise.

‘Princess Neoma, you stand out more,’ Lewis, seated across from her, said bluntly. ‘You don’t look like a commoner at all.’

Oh, she wore simple clothes today as Miss Ramsay: a plaid knee-length pinafore dress, a white long sleeve turtle neck shirt underneath the dress, black stockings, and a pair of black ankle boots. Like Lewis, she also wore a beret hat.

Aside from her casual outfit, she also asked Madam Hammock’s help again to change her hair and eye color into brown.

‘We can’t hide our good genes, son,’ she said, then she changed the topic right away when she noticed that Lewis was about to deny being her ‘son’ again. ‘Have you met Ruto before I introduced him to you?’

He just nodded.

She waited for Lewis to explain more but he didn’t. And it seemed like her son didn’t want to talk anymore. ‘How did you meet Ruto?’

‘Sir Glenn. Work.’

She clicked her tongue. ‘Why are you talking like that to me?’

He just shrugged.

She shut her eyes tight and pinched the bridge of her nose.

Wait, this is Papa Boss’s mannerism every time he’s stressed out!

She immediately opened her eyes and pulled her hand away from her face when she realized that she unconsciously copied her father’s mannerisms.

‘Fine. I’ll just ask Sir Glenn later,’ she said, then she stretched her arms. She wanted to take a look outside but the window was closed. It was for her and Lewis’s safety so she didn’t dare to take a peek. ‘Anyway, I can’t wait to return to the Quinzel Mansion.’

After all, during her first life, she spent her adolescence in that house.

And yes, they were on their way to the Quinzel Mansion.

Since their visit to Hanna was top-secret, she and Lewis had to ride a rental carriage disguised as one of House Quinzel’s food suppliers. Sir Glenn coordinated with Sir Jaxson Emmett– the vice-captain of the Black Hawk Knights– for her safe and secret entry to the Quinzel estate.

Sir Glenn and Sir Emmett decided to have her enter the estate the same time House Quinzel opened its back gate for the arrival of their food supplies (aka extravagant groceries).

Of course, Sir Emmett would make it so her carriage wouldn’t be inspected by other knights.

‘Plus, I’m really worried about Hanna,’ she added.

‘Me too.’

She turned to Lewis, then she smiled. ‘Oh, right. It seems like you and Hanna have become good friends, huh?’

Plus, she remembered that Lewis would speak to Hanna in complete sentences. Her son would only talk properly to people he liked and respected.

Although sometimes he’d talk properly to people he considers as his rival.

He nodded. ‘I’m rooting for Lady Hanna Quinzel.’

Neoma tilted her head at one side. ‘Rooting for Hanna for what?’

Lewis also tilted his head, mimicking her. 'Love.'

'MISS GALE, may I ask for some advice?' Glenn, kneeling before the white bunny resting under the tree, asked politely. 'I need help regarding Lewis Crevan's request to me.'

'I can give you an advice if the price is right,' Gale said in a lazy voice. It seemed like she was bored because Princess Neoma was out of the palace. 'I already gave you the ability to communicate with Spirits for free, son of Exton. Now I'm going to put a price on everything and anything that you will ask from me.'

'That's fine with me, Miss Gale,' he said. 'And I'm begging you to please stop calling me 'son of Exton.' I've disowned my family a long time ago.'

'You ask too much from me, child.'

He bowed politely. 'I'm sorry.'

'I will listen to your worries but in return, I want you to get me a luxurious room in Princess Neoma's palace,' the Wind Spirit said. 'I may look like this, but I'm still the leader of the Wind Tribe.'

He smiled and nodded eagerly. 'I understand, Miss Gale. I shall arrange a room for you.'

Blanco Palace wasn't his.

But he could always ask for His Majesty and Princess Neoma's permission to prepare a luxurious room for Gale.

'Now, ask me what you need to ask before I change my mind.'

‘Lewis Crevan asked me to help him train to be able to summon all his remaining tails,’ he said worriedly. ‘Apparently, the technique to do that was taught to him by Trevor– the Devil’s Grimoire.’

‘What’s the problem then? The Devil’s Grimoire is a living book stocked with vast knowledge. Moreover, I know that he’s an ally to Princess Neoma,’ Gale said, obviously confused as to what his concern was. ‘Lewis Crevan is Princess Neoma’s personal knight, so it would benefit the princess if that child successfully transforms into a nine-tailed fox.’

‘The technique that Trevor taught Lewis Crevan is deadly,’ Glenn said seriously. ‘Miss Gale, should I still help the fox boy even though the method might kill him in the end?’

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