

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 40 - PATIENCE ISN'T MY VIRTUE

"TTEOKBOKKI, come out," Neoma called her Soul Beast. "I have a job for you."

Right now, she was alone in her private training ground. It was just a huge quadrangle behind her palace though.

[Ah, I'm not completely alone.]

Lewis was there and he was currently setting up the tea table that she asked for. She also requested for a giant umbrella because it was a hot morning. She didn't want to have sunburn.

Anyway, aside from Lewis, she didn't allow anyone else to accompany her. Not even Louisa and Alphen. They didn't insist to accompany her when she said she'd train with her Soul Beast. The servants knew that the Soul Beasts didn't like appearing to people who weren't members of the royal family.

"What is it, thug princess?" Tteokbokki complained as soon as he appeared before her. "Are you in trouble again?"

She laughed when she saw that her Soul Beast was back to his white unicorn form in the size of a donkey. But this time, he had red patches all over his body. "You look funny," she said between giggles. "What happened to your dragon form?"

"Taking up my dragon form is energy consuming," the Soul Beast explained. "Anyway, what do you need me for?"

"I summoned you for two urgent missions," she explained. Then, she pulled out the mirror from her pocket. As soon as she did, it transformed into a proper Royal Grimoire. "Memorize every part of this book, Tteokbokki. The texture, the smell, the energy, etc."

"I'm not a dog."

"Do you want me to hit you with this book?"

"That's animal abuse, you thug princess!"

"So you agree?" she asked with wide eyes and an evil smile. "You agree that you're an animal?"

Tteokbokki groaned in complaint. Then, he plopped on the ground. "Give it to me."

She put the Royal Grimoire on the ground. "I'll leave it to you," she said, then she turned her back on the Soul Beast to face Lewis. "My son, come here!"

Lewis walked towards her. "Princess?◆◆"

"Lewis, help me train," she told him. "I saw you kick my father's Soul Beast before. And even though you kicked it with ease, you still sent it flying. You're like One-P*unch Man, but you use your feet instead. Should I call you One-Kick Lewis?"

The butler tilted his head in confusion.

"Never mind," she said. "Anyway, I want to learn how you gather your Mana in your feet to create such strong force when you kick." She closed her fingers and posed like a boxer. Back in her second life, she used to do boxing as a means of losing weight and gaining muscles. She gave up after a week but at least, she learned the basics. "I want to punch bad guys and knock them out with one hit."

"Princess lazy," Lewis said without missing a beat. "Training. Proper." He crossed his arms together. "Shortcut no."

"But I want to be stronger ASAP," she complained, then she stood up straight. "Should I follow S*itama's 100 push-ups, 100 sit-ups, 100 squats, and a 10k-run workout regime?"

Of course, her butler remained clueless of her blabbering.

"Never mind," she said, giving up on deciphering the blank look on Lewis's face. "Lewis, can you share your training regime with me? I want to be as strong—"

"No," Lewis cut her off in a very cold voice that he hadn't used on her before. "You'll die."

Okay, that gave her goosebumps.

Aside from the fact that Lewis spoke properly, he also looked so serious. If he thought that she'd die if she followed his training regime, then it only meant one thing.

[He had been through hell.]

She remembered that Lewis, in her first life, was a psychopath just like Nero. The fox boy's past as a slave definitely broke him inside. And although he looked fine now, she was pretty sure that he hadn't completely recovered yet.

[I wish therapists exist in this world.]

Unfortunately, the doctors in the empire didn't acknowledge mental health illness seriously.

"Sorry," Lewis said when he went back to normal.

"Why are you apologizing?"

He pointed at her face. "Princess upset."

"Oh, I'm not upset with you," she said, then she smiled at him. "Lewis, if you need someone to talk to, I'm here to listen. Don't bottle up your feelings, okay?"

He looked surprised by what she said. "Princess care me?"

Was he asking if she cared about him?

"Of course, I care about you," she said with a soft laugh. "You're my son, aren't you?"

"No," Lewis rejected her bluntly. "Me not Princess son."

"THUG PRINCESS, I'm done."

"Really?" Neoma asked while catching her breath. Right now, she was lying on the ground beside Tteokbokki. She tried to do push-ups but her small body gave up in a minute. Maybe she should just stick to acting since she excelled at that during her second life. "Do you find anything strange in the Royal Grimoire, Tteokbokki? How is different from other books of spells?"

"The Mana in the Royal Grimoire is alive," Tteokbokki explained in a sleepy voice. "I tried to flip the pages while you were playing around."

"I was training," she corrected him.

"Whatever," the Soul Beast said. "Anyway, the pages I flipped were blank. I believe the spells in the book could only be read by people chosen by the grimoire. Have you tried reading the book, thug princess?"

"No," she said. "I'm not interested in magic spells."

"Fool," the donkey— well, the unicorn, scolded her. "You're still a de Moonasterio even though you don't have an ounce of elegance in you."

She glared at him.

The Soul Beast immediately turned his gaze away from her. "This is a golden opportunity for you, thug princess. I heard your conversation with the fox boy a while ago. You want to be stronger,

don't you?" He finally had the courage to turn to her again. "If you improve your control of your Mana, I'll also get stronger as your Soul Beast."

She fell silent.

The first and last time she tried to get involved with a magic spell, she lost her life. But it was her fault. During her first life, she tried to tie her life force with Nero so she wouldn't die. When her twin brother discovered her evil scheme, he killed her.

Although she knew better now, she still wanted to avoid things that caused her demise before.

[Finding the Devil's Grimoire is handful enough.]

"I don't need to be super strong," she said. "I just want to be strong enough to pursue my dream of becoming a lady of leisure someday."

Tteokbokki clicked his tongue. "You're wasting your potential, thug princess."

"The only two things I need to survive in this world are my charm and my acting skills," Neoma said, then she got up and stretched her short arms. "Anyway, good job," she told her Soul Beast while patting his head. "Now, it's time to commence my plan to capture the young heirs of Lord Thompson and Lord Alberts."

"YOUR MAJESTY, Her Royal Highness Princess Neoma is asking for your permission to "sneak in" your royal library with her friends."

Nikolai stopped drinking his tea midway when he heard Glenn's report. He was still in his office and was simply taking a tea break from work. It seemed like the royal princess was already as busy as him today. "Why does she need my permission if she's going to "sneak in" with her friends anyway? Does she know what "sneak in" means?"

"That's a part of Princess Neoma's drama, Your Majesty," Glenn said excitedly. When he turned to knight, he saw that he was actually holding a piece of paper with the royal princess's messy handwriting. "Her Royal Highness sent us the script."

[Argh. What is the royal princess up to now?]

"Glenn, you're acting like Princess Neoma's personal nanny," he said bluntly. "Do you want to quit your post as my knight and become the royal princess's babysitter?"

"Can I, Your Majesty?" he asked with a soft laugh. "I mean, being the royal princess's babysitter sounds fun."

He was about to scold the knight when he heard a knock on the door.

And then, Kyle Sprouse entered his office with a scowl.

"Duke Sloane is here and he's demanding to see you, Your Majesty," Kyle reported right away. Then, he stood in front of him politely. The three of them only practiced formalities whenever there were other people watching them. But whenever they were gathered like this, they talked to each other casually. "This time, he made an excuse to do so."

He sipped his tea before he spoke. "What does he want this time?"

"It's strange but the duke is asking for your permission to see Lewis, the fox boy," his aide responded. "Duke Sloan claims that the Silver Fox Clan belongs to their clan."

He raised a brow at that. [Duke Sloan, you're getting bolder, huh?]

"How did the Silver Fox Clan belong to House Sloan?" Glenn asked with furrowed brows. "They belong to His Majesty."

"That's what I told the duke," Kyle said in an exasperated voice. Then, he turned to him. "Your Majesty, how should we deal with Duke Sloan and his ridiculous claims?"

"Leave it to Princess Neoma."

Kyle and Glenn looked shocked by his response.

"The fox boy belongs to Princess Neoma now," Nikolai explained with a smirk, then he picked up his tea cup elegantly. "I want to see how the royal princess will deal with Duke Sloan."

[Let's see what you're made of, Princess Neoma.]

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