

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 83 - AND I OOP-

"I THINK you shouldn't be involved in this mission," Neoma said seriously. "Lewis, please stay out of this."

To be honest, she expected Lewis to be angry or to bombard her with questions.

But she never expected him to suddenly burst into tears.

All of a sudden, Lewis's face turned red as big, fat tears rolled down his cheeks quietly. Her son looked so pitiful that her conscience instantly kicked her hard. She was suddenly reminded that Lewis was still an eleven year old child.

"Lewis, did I offend you?" she asked carefully. "I'm sorry."

Lewis shook his head while wiping his tears with his hands. "It's my fault for being inadequate, Princess Neoma."

"Huh?"

"You're firing me because I'm useless," he said in a cracked voice. "I'll do my best to be more of use to you, so please don't throw me away, my princess."

Okay, she was gutted.

She knew what Lewis had gone through in the past so she hated seeing him in pain. And she felt worse knowing that she made him cry this time. She also hurt him by making him feel like she didn't need him anymore.

I'm a bad mother.

"Lewis, I'm not throwing you away," she said calmly. "I just don't want you to relive your trauma if we get to the Death Camp."

"I will be fine, Princess Neoma," he insisted, his voice still cracked from crying. "So please bring me with you."

She looked at her son carefully.

Of course, she was still worried about him. But she realized that as a mother, she had to help her son grow stronger. If Lewis had already decided to come with her despite the danger, then she should support him.

Gosh, I'm such a good mother.

"Alright," Neoma said, then she gave him a thumbs up. "I will protect you, Lewis."

Lewis let out a relieved sigh. "I should be the one saying that, Princess Neoma."

\*\*\*

IT'S ANOTHER secret meeting, huh?

Neoma was pretty surprised when Sir Glenn informed her that they would greet the saint at the prayer room in Yule Palace. It was the room that had a portal connecting to the temple. If that one was used by Saint Zavaroni, it only meant that nobody else knew that His Holiness was coming.

Well, it's not like I don't understand. The saint has the highest position in the temple. But he's often summoned to the palace in

secret.

"Greetings, Your Holiness," Sir Glenn greeted the saint who just stepped out of the portal politely. "I'm glad that you arrived safely."

"Hello there, Saint Zavaroni," Neoma greeted the saint casually. "Long time no see."

Well, only Sir Glenn and Lewis came as her guard. Since stingy Count Sprouse wasn't with them (thank goodness), she allowed herself to loosen up. Just for the record, she wasn't trying to be rude. She just felt comfortable enough with His Holiness for her to speak that way. Plus, she would only do that in the presence of her "safe people." Naturally, Emperor Nikolai and Count Sprouse weren't included in the list.

"Greetings, Princess Neoma," Saint Zavaroni said with a smile. Then, he squatted down to meet her eye level. "It's been a while since we last saw each other. I'm glad that I was summoned here because I have something important to discuss with you. Is that alright?"

"Sure," she said. "But we should greet my father first. He's expecting you, Your Holiness. Did you manage to purify Skewer?"

He smiled brightly at her. "Who do you think am I, Your Royal Highness?"

A man whose last name rhymes with macaroni?

But she didn't say that aloud because she was in a good mood. Although she didn't trust the saint 100%, he was still a lot better than Count Sprouse.

"You're the greatest and sneakiest saint in history, Saint Zavaroni," Neoma said with her usual business smile. "Plus, I think that you're also the saint with the most free time in the whole world."

Sir Glenn stifled his laughter.

Lewis, who stood behind her, remained quiet as usual.

Saint Zavaroni, on the other hand, laughed softly. See? He was cool enough to ride her teasing without getting offended. "That's true," he admitted while nodding. "I will always make time for you, Princess Neoma."

\*\*\*

NIKOLAI observed the Death's Scythe floating in front of him carefully.

Of course, it still had the presence of the Devil's aura since it literally came from hell. But unlike before, he could tell that Saint Zavaroni had sealed its dark power completely. Neoma could still borrow its power. But the Death's Scythe could never be used by the Devil again unless the Devil appeared to take the weapon personally.

And that would only happen if the Devil would risk coming out of wherever they were despite not being fully-recovered yet.

"Job well done, Your Holiness," Nikolai praised the saint. Since their meeting with the saint was a secret, he brought His Holiness to his private tearoom. Aside from him and the saint, only Neoma, Glenn, and the foxy boy were there. "Neoma can now use the Death's Scythe safely again."

Saint Zavaroni, who sat beside Neoma on the sofa from across him, smiled and bowed politely. "Thank you for the praise, Your Majesty. I'm glad to serve the descendant of Lord Yule."

Ah, yes.

That was the reason why the royal family had a tight relationship with the temple. Yule, the Moon God, was the de Moonasterio's ancestor. And people like Saint Zavaroni worshipped Yule. Thus, they see the royal family as the closest thing to their god.

"Papa, may I have Skewer now?" Neoma asked with sparkling eyes. "I missed her!"

There she goes again, treating her weapons like they are people.

"Go ahead," he told his daughter. "Go and check if the seal decreased the power of the Death's Scythe."

"Thank you, Papa," she said with that annoyingly fake smile of hers. "If you're done talking to His Holiness, can I bring him to my palace? I want him to observe me as I wield Skewer to make sure that the seal is really effective."

He raised a brow at his daughter's suspicious request.

Of course, her reason for bringing the saint with her was valid. But since it was Neoma, he couldn't help but think that she had an ulterior motive...

His thoughts trailed-off when he realized that he once again doubted his daughter.

"Alright," Nikolai said. "I'll let you play with Saint Zavaroni."

"Silly Papa," she said between (fake) giggles. It irked him every time she would act like an innocent child that she wasn't. Her foul mouth would agree with him. "I'm not going to play with His Holiness. We're going to train for real!"

He ignored her act. And he wasn't done with what he was saying a while ago anyway. "Before you go, I want you to leave Lewis Crevan and your Soul Beast here. I will ask Glenn to escort you in place of your butler-knight."

The royal princess's facial expression suddenly changed. She turned so serious that it almost gave him goosebumps. Since his daughter looked like him, he wondered if that was how murderous he looked whenever he was pissed.

Even Saint Zavaroni looked surprised by Neoma's expression.

Intimidating, I'll give her that.

"What are you going to do with Lewis and Tteokbokki, Papa?" Neoma asked seriously. "I won't leave them to you unless you convince me with your reason."

"We're going to discuss the security plan that I made for your upcoming banquet," he said and it was the truth anyway. "Lewis Crevan and your Soul Beast are the closest to you. Of course, they should know how to protect you properly."

His daughter looked at him carefully before her expression returned to normal.

"Alright, Papa," she said, then she turned to Lewis. "Behave, Lewis. But if Papa bites you, bite him back."

Lewis nodded without hesitation. "Yes, Princess Neoma."

He rolled his eyes at the two's exchange.

It annoyed him that he often rolled his eyes lately because of Neoma. She had the natural talent for pissing him off effortlessly. But surprisingly, no matter how rude his daughter was, it still wasn't enough for him to punish her.

On the other hand, Saint Zavaroni stifled his laughter.

Is it just me or people around me just laugh it off whenever Neoma is being rude to me?

"Papa, I'm gonna summon Tteokbokki now," Neoma said with a threatening smile on her face. "You better be good to Lewis and my Soul Beast or else..."

Nikolai raised a brow at her. "Or else what?"

And his prodigal daughter just smiled at him.

Rude. Find authorized novels in , faster updates, better experience,  
Please click <a href="/book/royal-secret-i&apos;m-a-princess!\_1719465700695950

5/and-i-ooop%E2%80%93\_50744145601420568"/>/book/royal-secret  
-i&apos;m-a-princess!\_17194657006959505/and-i-ooop%E2%80%9  
3\_50744145601420568</a> for visiting.

\*\*\*

"SO, HIS HOLINESS," Neoma said while moving her head from side to side. Right now, she was in the training ground with Saint Zavaroni. She knew that he had something important to tell her so she asked Sir Glenn to watch them from afar. "What do you need from me?"

"I saw a new prophecy, Princess Neoma," Saint Zavaroni, who sat on the chair under a huge parasol that Sir Glenn prepared (because not even the servants of her palace were supposed that the saint was there), said seriously. "I saw you kill His Majesty during your coronation night."

She almost choked on what she heard.

And I--- oop!

"What did His Majesty do?" Neoma asked with furrowed brows. "I'm sure as hell that I won't kill him if he doesn't try to kill me first."

\*\*\*

NIKOLAI looked down at his daughter's two mighty protectors.

First was Lewis Crevan. Even in his presence, the foxy boy remained pokerfaced as usual. It was as if he couldn't even see him.

His face only lights up around Neoma.

Unlike Lewis Crevan, Neoma's Soul Beast looked scared in his presence. Thankfully, the Soul Beast didn't take the form of a stupid unicorn. This time, he used his original form as a red dragon. But his size was reduced to that of a big snake.

And yes, he knew the beast's name but he would rather die than say

it.

Neoma's naming sense is awful.

"Lewis Crevan," Nikolai said. Much to his annoyance, the foxy boy looked at him straight in the eye. Aside from Neoma, this boy was the only child who would dare to do so. "You really inherited your "mother's" boldness."

Well, he was supposed to say that Neoma's boldness was "rubbing off" on the foxy boy instead of saying that he "inherited" it from her. But for some reason, he remembered that his daughter always referred to Lewis Crevan as her son. Did he just unconsciously accept Neoma's ridiculous claim?

My daughter's foolishness is rubbing off on me.

"Princess Neoma isn't my mother," Lewis Crevan said bluntly. He paused for a while, then he added: "Your Majesty."

It was so obvious that the foxy boy almost forgot to address him properly.

Neoma, you're raising an ungrateful brat.

"Lewis Crevan, I want you to work with Glenn during the upcoming banquet," Nikolai said. "It's not just for Neoma's security but for you as well." When he didn't get a reaction from the child, he continued. "We have found traces of somebody tailing you when you were with the White Lion Knights, Lewis Crevan. It seems like there are still people who are after your Marble. It wouldn't be a surprise if they attack you during the coronation day because it's when the palace will open its gate to everyone. That's why I want you to work with Glenn so you'd know what to do if you were ambushed while guarding the royal princess."

Lewis Crevan just gave him a firm nod as a response.

Ah, he really barely talks to other people.



"You're boring," he told the foxy boy bluntly, then he waved his hand. "You're dismissed, Lewis Crevan."

The foxy boy didn't move from his spot. Instead, he turned to the little red dragon floating beside him.

"I need to talk to the Soul Beast in private," Nikolai said. "Lewis Crevan, if you don't leave right away, I will punish Neoma for raising a disobedient brat like you."

Lewis Crevan turned to him with a glare. But when he saw how serious he was with his threat, the foxy boy conceded. He gave him a curt bow before he left the room with heavy feet.

He also inherited Neoma's rudeness.

Anyway, when Lewis Crevan was gone, he turned to the Soul Beast who couldn't even look at him in the eye.

"You," he said seriously. "Do you still not remember your real name?"

Soul Beasts had names that were personally given to them by Yule, the Moon God.

But every time the Soul Beasts were reincarnated inside a different de Moonasterio in every lifetime, the memories of their past would be erased. They could only retrieve it if their new host became strong enough to resonate perfectly with their soul.

"To bring out your full strength, Neoma has to call you by the name that Yule has bestowed upon you," he continued, his red eyes glowing menacingly to intimidate the little red dragon. "But what are you doing? You let my daughter give you a ridiculous name instead of teaching her how to resonate her soul with yours properly."

"The thug princess— I mean Princess Neoma, has invented a more creative way of using my power without the need to resonate her soul with mine. That's why I thought she doesn't need to learn the traditional way of using a Soul Beast," the Soul Beast said in a

hesitant voice. "The royal princess's soul is different, Your Majesty. It makes me feel that I'll be alright even if I don't remember my real name."

"Don't be ridiculous," he snarled at the red dragon. "You need to remember your real name to draw out your real power."

The Soul Beast paused for a while before he spoke again. "I don't understand you, Your Majesty," he said in a confused voice. "Why do you want the thug princess— I mean Princess Neoma to get stronger when she's not supposed to surpass the real crown prince?"

Nikolai froze on his seat.

He thought that Neoma should get stronger so she'd be able to protect herself properly. But why did he care about that in the first place? Of course, she was valuable as Nero's replacement. But if she died, then he could just steal her power and transfer it to his son.

And yet, here he was, forcing the Soul Beast to draw out his real power for Neoma's sake.

Have I gone crazy?

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*