

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 84 - IT'S NOT HIS FINAL FORM YET

"SO, HOW will I kill His Majesty?" Neoma asked the saint. "What weapon would I use, Your Holiness? Is it Skewer or Tteokbokki? Or perhaps..." She raised her tiny hands. "Would I finally strangle him with my bare hands?"

Saint Zavaroni looked horrified by her questions. "Princess Neoma, is it possible that you really want to kill His Majesty? Even if I'm fond of you, I couldn't protect you once you touch the only moon of the empire."

She laughed a little too loudly. "Your Holiness, the empire owns a continent but you have to know that the world is still vast outside Moonasterion Empire." She closed her eyes and bathed in the warm sunlight. Well, it was already pretty cold so she didn't mind this much sun. "There are "empires" out there with more than one moon, you know?"

By "empires," she actually meant "planets." But she didn't want to explain so she just left it at that.

"That might be the case for the other empires," the saint said. "But here, His Majesty is the only moon in the sky, Princess Neoma. Why are you so calm about this?"

She opened her eyes and turned to the saint. "I know myself, Your Holiness," she said with a confident smile. "I won't kill His Majesty. Even if he tries to kill me, I will still find a way to resolve the problem without having to end his life."

"Your Royal Highness..."

"Did you see how I was supposed to kill my father?"

He shook his head. "This time, the prophecy came as a riddle. I saw the moon bleed, and the blood came from the Second Star in the sky. That's how I figure out that the heaven is warning me about the doomed future of the emperor."

"That's a relief then," she said brightly. "If the prophecy that you saw isn't clear, that means it isn't final yet. All I have to do is to work hard to change it."

But wait.

If the prophecy where the saint saw her sit on the throne was clear as day, did it mean that certain future of hers was already decided?

Let's not think about that for now.

"This is a surprise, Your Royal Highness," the saint said. "I was worried because I know that you hate His Majesty."

"Well, His Majesty is an awful father," she said with a firm nod. "But he's a capable emperor. The countries and kingdoms that he invaded to expand the territory all flourished under his reign. I'm not saying that he's a saint. A person who leads a war can't be good. But in this era, he had to do what he has to do. In short, this kind of world needs a man like my father. Having him killed would be a shame."

"I'm afraid I don't understand what you're saying, Princess Neoma."

"I'm just telling you to relax, Your Holiness," she said with a soft laugh. "Even if I'm hot-tempered, I value other people's lives. I won't easily kill another person even if my own life is at stake. Plus, blood stain is hard to wash off. I can't be bothered."

She meant that literally and figuratively.

"Princess Neoma is correct."

She turned around to greet Lewis who just arrived.

"The royal princess doesn't have to sully her hands with blood," Lewis said bluntly. "Leave the killing to me."

She let out a sigh while giving Lewis a disapproving look.

I know that in this era, it's normal for knights to kill enemies just to protect their master. Still, I feel bad for the kind of life my son is leading.

Lewis just looked at her with a blank look on his face, then he stood behind her.

She had a lot of questions that she wanted to ask her son. But she figured it wasn't the right time to do so. Plus, Tteokbokki hadn't returned yet.

I will ask them at the same time later.

"I trust you, Princess Neoma," Saint Zavaroni said, then he stood up and stretched his arms. "Now, shall we see how the Death's Scythe will perform after I sealed its dark power?"

She opened her hand and summoned her dearly missed weapon. Before she left her father's palace a while ago, the Death's Scythe already returned inside her. Saint Zavaroni accompanied her to make sure that the weapon wouldn't act up. "Come to Mama, Skewer."

She was surprised when Skewer suddenly manifested unceremoniously. In the past, it would take the scythe a few seconds before it answered her call. Plus, she was even more surprised when she grabbed Skewer.

"It's slightly bigger than what I remember but it's light," she commented, then she turned to the saint. "Your Holiness, Skewer feels lighter than before."

Saint Zavaroni smiled at her but for some reason, he looked hesitant. "Your Royal Highness, when I sealed the dark power of the Death's Scythe, it lost its source of Mana. And as the Death's Scythe new

host, it is now relying on your Mana to be functional. Purification doesn't end with me sealing its dark power. The process continues whenever you feed your Mana to the blade. You're a de Moonasterio so you have divine power just like His Majesty. And thus, I'm confident that the purification will be complete earlier than I expect."

"Ah, I see. Did my father hear that explanation beforehand?"

The saint nodded. "I already told His Majesty about it before I came here. I apologize if I'm saying this to you now, Princess Neoma."

"Chill, I don't mind," she said while waving her hand in dismissal. "Papa is in a higher position than me so it's only natural that you report to him first, Your Holiness. I'm just glad that he's not trying to take away Skewer from me."

His Holiness just smiled at her.

She, on the other hand, froze when she felt like an invisible force hit her hard in the chest.

"Tteokbokki," she grumbled. "Can't you return normally?"

Her Soul Beast remained quiet. Usually, whenever she would snap at him, he would snap back at her.

"Did Papa scold you?" Neoma asked with a soft laugh. "Alright, I'll let you sulk for now."

"YOUR MAJESTY, I received a confirmation that Lord Jasper Hawthorne had sent a letter to Lewis Crevan," Kyle reported to him when they were alone in the throne room. "Should I ask the fox boy to surrender the letter to us?"

Nikolai knew that it was a logical thing to do since they had opened an investigation regarding the young duke's strange movements.

They also found out that House Hawthorne was somehow connected to Count Madgwick— one of the most notorious members of the Noble Faction. For that reason, he couldn't ignore the fact that Lord Hawthorne wanted the land that Neoma chose.

But having said that...

"Forget it, Kyle," Nikolai said. "Focus your investigation on Count Madgwick. That old man and his cohorts are getting on my nerves lately. I want to destroy them as soon as possible."

Count Madgwick, even during his father's time, was already known for his connection to the Black Market that sold slaves. Unfortunately, even though they knew that the count was involved in the slave trading, they couldn't prove it.

That damned old man.

"Your Majesty."

"What?"

"I know that you're hesitating to use Lewis Crevan to execute our plan because you don't want to get into a fight with Princess Neoma again. But aren't you being a little too lenient on her?" Kyle asked seriously. "Please don't forget that the royal princess is just a replacement for Prince Nero. Getting attached to Her Royal Highness wouldn't do you any good, Your Majesty. Once the people find out that Lady Mona Roseheart gave birth to a daughter, your position will be put in jeopardy. That's why we must banish Princess Neoma from the Royal Palace as soon as Prince Nero returns. I wonder if you can still do that if you get too close to her."

He clenched his fists hard but he couldn't get mad at Kyle because he knew that he just spoke the truth. "Kyle, stop barking," he said instead of scolding him. "You're giving me headache."

His aide let out a frustrated sigh. "Your Majesty, please be serious."

"Neoma is my daughter," he said firmly. To be honest, he didn't

know why he said that. Was it because he wanted to annoy Kyle for nagging him? "She's a de Moonasterio and therefore, as a royal princess, she's in a higher rank than you, Kyle. Watch your mouth."

Kyle flinched at his words.

"Even if Neoma isn't registered officially as a member of the royal family, she still has enough power and influence to back up her title," he continued. "First, she's dearly loved by Nero— the crown prince. Second, Lewis Crevan is loyal to her. Don't forget that we brought the foxy boy to the Royal Palace because he has the potential to be the future commander of the White Lion Knights." Yes, and that was the reason why he was protecting Lewis Crevan from people who wanted the boy's precious Marble. "Third, if you haven't noticed it yet, His Holiness supports Neoma as a royal princess and not as Nero's replacement." He paused when Glenn's annoying smiling image entered his mind. "There's Glenn, too. Even if he's like that, he's still the son of a rich marquis and the vice-commander of the White Lion Knights." He laughed softly. "I bet Glenn will choose Neoma over his long term friendship with you, Kyle."

"It's not just Glenn, Your Majesty."

He just raised a brow at him.

"Your Majesty, from now on, I will set aside my personal feelings for the Rosehearts," his aide said seriously. "I will treat Princess Neoma as your daughter, just like what you wish for."

"Excuse me?"

"Isn't that what you want, Your Majesty?" Kyle asked as if he was confused by his reaction. "It sounded like you want me to treat Princess Neoma as your cherished daughter."

Nikolai was dumbfounded.

Neoma? As his "cherished" daughter? Hell, no.

NEOMA couldn't help but laugh at Tteokbokki after she heard his story.

"You're really heartless, thug princess," Tteokbokki, now in his baby size red dragon form, complained with tears in his eyes. "Shouldn't you console me after your father scolded me over something out of my control?"

She just laughed even harder.

Right now, they were having a picnic under the shade of a huge tree in her training ground. When she took a break from sparring with Lewis using Skewer, Saint Zavaroni excused himself because the servants were about to bring her refreshments.

Saint Macaroni probably went back to Papa Boss's palace.

"This is the first time I heard that you have a real name," Neoma said when she stopped laughing. "Why didn't you tell me about it, Tteokbokki?"

"Because I can't remember my real name as well," Tteokbokki said. "And I'm afraid of what kind of form I'd take once you call my name. I'm happy being a red dragon."

"So, it's not your final form yet?" she asked, then she laughed when she remembered an old anime series back in her second life. "You're like a Super S*iyon, Tteokbokki." She gently patted his head. "Don't worry, I can make you level up to Super S*iyon 4 without calling your real name."

The Soul Beast grumbled. "I don't understand what you're saying, thug princess. But your father will kill me if I don't "level up," won't he?"

"Chill, I won't let him kill you," she consoled him. "All we have to do is prove to him that we're already very strong even without your real name."

Tteokbokki looked confused. "And how are we supposed to do that?"

"I have a new technique that I want to test," Neoma said seriously. She was lazy as f*ck, but she recognized the need to power up if she wanted to live longer. But of course, she'd do that behind her Papa Boss's back. "Tteokbokki, lend me your red flame."

"SO, HOW is Neoma handling the Death's Scythe?"

"As expected, Princess Neoma's divine power will speed up the purification process," Dominic Zavaronie reported to Emperor Nikolai. Right now, they were having tea in His Majesty's private tea room to hide him from the servants of his palace. "I observed the royal princess for a while, Your Majesty. She reminds me of the Princess Royal, your late twin sister."

Emperor Nikolai sipped his tea before he spoke. "It looks like Neoma inherited my twin sister's sass."

"That's not what I mean, Your Majesty." Find authorized novels in , faster updates, better experience, Please click /book/royal-secret-i'm-a-princess!_17194657006959505/it's-not-his-final-form-yet_50792236367005395 for visiting.

The emperor put his teacup down on the table before he gave him a cold glance. "Then, what exactly did you mean by that statement?"

"All the firstborn children in the de Moonasterio family have a different glow in them, thus they are called the 'First Star' of the empire," he began carefully. "When I first saw Prince Nero, I saw that faint glow in him. I thought his light was quite dim than normal due to the royal prince's weak body."

He noticed that His Majesty's cold glance turned into a murderous

glare, but he still continued.

"But a while ago, when Princess Neoma was using her full Mana to maneuver the Death's Scythe, I had a glimpse of strange glow in her," Dominic Zavaroni said seriously. "Your Majesty, I'm certain that it was the kind of glow that Princess Nichole had when she was still alive. It's the light that only an emperor's firstborn is supposed to have—"

"Stop," Emperor Nikolai warned him, his red eyes glowing threateningly. "Don't finish that sentence if you want to live longer, Dominic Zavaroni."

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