

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 89 - UNEXPECTED FLUFF MOMENTS

NEOMA yelped a little when she felt herself surrounded by a strong wind that carried her up. She didn't feel like her life was in danger. But it didn't hurt to be careful so she gently grabbed the bunny thing that covered her entire face.

Much to her surprise, she was greeted by a fluffy snow-white bunny with pastel pink eyes.

"Kyeopta," Neoma gushed, and the word she used meant 'cute' in Hangeul/Korean language. Well, she was currently floating in the air. She didn't feel scared though. In fact, she was more curious about the bunny that oozed a strange but warm energy. And yes, it was probably the cause of the wind around her. "Where did you come from..."

She trailed-off when she felt a hostile energy from below.

When she looked down, she was surprised to see Lewis holding a dagger. His golden eyes were glowing menacingly. From his posture, she could tell that her son was planning to throw the dagger at the bunny to kill it.

"Lewis, it's okay," she said that obviously confused Lewis. "This bunny isn't hurting me."

Lewis looked unconvinced but in the end, he nodded and put the dagger back in the sheathe attached to his hip.

Gosh, he can be so overprotective sometimes.

Anyway, she turned to the cute bunny now resting in her arms. To be honest, she was amazed by herself. She was floating in the air and yet, she didn't panic. Was it because of the warm and familiar aura that she could feel coming from the bunny?

"Hey, you look like a mochi so I'll call you 'Mochi,'" she said to the bunny. "Is that okay with you?"

The bunny purred "cheerfully" and so she decided that she liked the name.

Ah, it wasn't like she decided that the bunny was a female. She lifted it up and checked on its genitals. Back in her second life, she used to have bunnies for pets so she was kind of an expert when it came to that.

"Mochi, can you put me down?" she asked politely with a smile. "I appreciate that you're giving me a, uhm, "sky tour?" But I have a party to host so will you kindly put me down— ahh!"

She couldn't help but scream when the bunny disappeared in her arms. And when it did, the strong wind that carried her up there also vanished. Then, her "free fall" ensued. She was about to call Tteokbokki to catch her but then, she realized that Lewis was there for her.

She looked down and let out a sigh of relief when she realized that her son was waiting for her to fall in his open arms.

That's my son.

She safely fell in Lewis's waiting arms. It was a literal "princess carry" since she was a legit royal princess. Anyway, she felt comfortable in the arms of her son. He had one arm under her legs and the other supporting her back.

"Nice catch, Lewis," she praised him with a thumbs up. She was relieved that his golden eyes weren't glowing anymore. That meant he already calmed down. "Am I not heavy? I'm surprised you didn't fall when you caught me."

"Princess Neoma, you're only eight years old and I'm officially eleven now," Lewis deadpanned. The birth date that the stupid Black

Market gave him happened a few months ago. But since today was his new birth day, she could understand why he said that he was now officially eleven years old. "And I'm strong."

"Right," she said between giggles. Then, she slowly reached for his head. When he didn't react negatively and gave her permission to touch him through his eyes, she gently ruffled his hair. "Thank you for catching me, my precious son."

He let out a deep sigh and spieled his favorite phrase. "I am not your son, Princess Neoma."

"Oh, I haven't heard that for a while," she teased him. "Can I give you your hug now?"

Lewis's face turned red, then he nodded shyly.

"Tell me once you feel uncomfortable," she said, then she carefully wrapped her arms around his neck. "I know that you're still not used to skinship so if this makes you uncomfortable, you may drop me down. I won't get mad."

"I will never do that," Lewis assured her. "If it's Princess Neoma, then I'm alright with it."

Neoma smiled and gently patted his back. "Thank you for trusting me, Lewis."

GLENN wasn't certain about how to feel while watching Princess Neoma and Lewis Crevan from afar.

The royal princess asked them to wait for an hour to celebrate the fox boy's birthday with just the two of them. There were only five minutes left before the clock hits midnight, and so he was waiting with Lady Quinzal in the balcony of the Royal Library where they could see the pavilion by the pond.

Stephanie and Alphen, on the other hand, went to the royal kitchen

to prepare the feast that the Royal Chef made for the private banquet.

"Are you worried, Sir Exton?"

Glenn flinched when he heard Lady Quinzel address him by his family name that he no longer used. He couldn't blame the young miss though. Officially, he was still an Exton. Only the people close to him knew that he had long disowned his own family. "Lady Quinzel, you may call me by my name," he told the young miss, then he gave her a gentle smile. He didn't want to scare her because people outside the palace probably still knew him as the 'Mad Dog.' "Please feel free to address me like how Princess Neoma does."

Come to think of it, from the beginning, Princess Neoma simply called him 'Sir Glenn.' She never asked for his full name as if she already knew that he'd prefer to be called by his first name— even though that wasn't the right way to address a knight.

Ah, it must be because our precious royal princess is smart.

"I will respect your request, Sir Glenn," Lady Quinzel said in a polite way.

Even though the young lady addressed him the same way the royal princess did, the tone that the two ladies used were different from one another.

Lady Quinzel was nice and polite, while Princess Neoma was warm and friendly.

Ah, it's wrong to compare two different persons so I better stop my thoughts here.

"Lady Quinzel, you asked if I was worried," he said carefully. "May I know what exactly do you mean by that?"

"You're looking at Neoma and Sir Crevan with a disapproving look on your face, Sir Glenn."

Ah, Lady Quinzel might look frail but in the end, the young miss

was still the only daughter of House Quinzel.

Lady Quinzel inherited her mother's green eyes, but she definitely got the sharp look in them from Duke Quinzel.

As expected of the family with the crest of the Black Hawk.

"Lady Quinzel, what do you think of Princess Neoma's relationship with Lewis Crevan?" he asked carefully.

"They have a close relationship," the young miss said. "I don't understand but Neoma often refers to Sir Crevan as her "precious son.""

He chuckled. Lady Quinzel was right. Princess Neoma calling Lewis Crevan her son was ridiculous. But for some reason, they already got used to it that they also stopped questioning the royal princess about it. They just accepted the fact that the fox boy was Princess Neoma's "son" no matter how illogical it was.

"But I know what you really want to know, Sir Glenn," Lady Quinzel said. Even though she was smiling, he could see the sharp glint in her eyes. Ah, whoever said that the daughter of House Quinzel was frail must be blind. "And my answer is..." She smiled sweetly at him that made him suddenly feel nervous. "It's none of our business."

He flinched at how eloquently the young miss "scolded" him for being nosy. "My lady, please don't be too harsh on me," he whined lightly. "Lewis Crevan is a member of the White Lion Knights and I'm the troop's vice-commander. I have to watch how my knights behave around Her Royal Highness."

"The White Lion Knights don't own Sir Crevan the way the royal family doesn't have control over Neoma," the young miss said with sparkling green eyes. "Neoma can do whatever she wants, and that includes forming relationships with people she likes without asking for anybody else's permission. I know that as a royal princess, my cousin has duties that she must perform. But did you know, Sir Glenn?"

"What is it, Lady Quinzel?"

"Whenever I look at Neoma, I can see her wings," Lady Quinzel said, then she turned to the direction of the pavilion by the pond. Princess Neoma was currently feeding the fish in the pond with Lewis Crevan. "I know that someday, once the right time has come, our precious Neoma will open her wings and fly away from this cold palace. When that happens, I will support her in any way I can." The young miss turned to him with a gentle smile on her face. "Sir Glenn, let us protect Neoma's happiness."

Glenn could only smile and nodded.

After all, the last time he "protected" somebody's happiness, he ended up losing two of his dearest friends.

"STEPHANIE, Alphen, have I told you how much I appreciate you?" Neoma asked, touched by her two aides' presents. Alphen gave her a pretty silk ribbon that went well with her outfit, while Stephanie gave her a pair of glass slippers that also matched her dress. Of course, she immediately put the ribbon in her hair and wore the pretty shoes. "Thank you for making me look more a princess tonight."

Stephanie smiled and bowed to her. "It's nothing, Your Royal Highness. I remembered that you mentioned how you'd love to have a pair of glass slippers just like from the unfamiliar fairy tale that you once told me. I'm glad that I was able to find a shoemaker who was able to replicate the glass slippers that you described from the story."

Ah, the head maid was talking about the time that she told her the story of 'Cinderella.' Yes, she was the one "reading" stories to Stephanie during bedtime instead of the other way around because she loved telling stories.

"I've always felt bad that I have to prepare fancy ties to you every

single day, Your Royal Highness. I'm also aware of how much you dislike dressing up as a prince even though you never voiced out your complaints," Alphen said with a faint smile on his face. "I am glad that I had the chance to prepare a silk ribbon that suits your beauty, Princess Neoma."

She didn't want to admit this but she was genuinely touched.

At the beginning, she knew that Alphen and Stephanie only saw her as Nero's replacement. But now, she could feel that it had already changed. The two finally saw her as 'Neoma' and not as her twin brother's proxy.

"Thank you," Neoma said with a bright and genuine smile. "Now, let's start our dinner."

"CHEF Stroganoff did a good job making cakes for us, Lewis," Neoma said cheerfully when she saw the two cakes that the royal kitchen sent. Both round cakes were covered with white frosting. The one had pink flowers for icing while the other had blue flowers. "Now, I really feel like it's my birthday."

"Happy Birthday, Princess Neoma," Hanna and Sir Glenn greeted her.

Lewis didn't greet him but she knew that he would do it later, once they were alone. After all, her son didn't like talking when there were other people around them.

Kids his age are conscious after all.

Anyway, she was happy with the simple set-up of her "private banquet."

Stephanie and Alphen prepared a round table in the pavilion. Then, they prepared the food that she requested from the royal kitchen. Right now, all of them were standing around the table. There were seats, of course.

But as long as she was standing, everyone else would remain standing as well.

"Thank you for attending my mini birthday party," she said excitedly. "Now, let's light the candles on our cakes. Then, I will teach you a song called 'Happy Birthday To You.'"

Her guests appeared confused so she explained.

"It's a song to wish me a happy and longer life," Neoma explained with a big smile on her face. "May I implore everyone to sing it for me?"

"WHAT are you doing here?" Nikolai asked the stupid white bunny sitting comfortably on the tea table. But instead of tea, he was actually drinking alcoholic drinks again. He was already on his fifth bottle when the little creature appeared before him. "You remind me of your former master," he said, then he sipped his drink. "You make me nauseous so get out of my sight."

"Why are you still alive?" Gale, Mona's Wind Spirit, asked. Despite her age and appearance, she still sounded like a young lady. "I want to kill you."

"Unfortunately for you, the spell that the Extons sealed you with would never allow you to kill me," he said with a smirk. "You only gained your freedom because Glenn decided to give you to Neoma as a birthday present. Why don't you just behave and act as my daughter's pet?"

Glenn consulted him before he went back to his family to free the Wind Spirit.

He knew how much his knight hated House Exton. The fact that he was willing to return just to get Gale for Neoma was a testament of his determination. And so, he approved the present that Glenn decided to give his daughter.

Even if that meant meeting the wild Wind Spirit again.

Gale is also the master of teleportation spell. The benefits that Neoma will gain from having the Wind Spirit by her side are greater than my discomfort.

"Mona's daughter can't summon spirits yet. When Mona was her age, she had already summoned me and a few powerful spirits. But the royal princess can't even hear my voice," Gale said in a disappointed voice. "I knew that your blood would only become a shackle to a Roseheart from the very beginning. Mona was a great person, but she had terrible taste in men."

"I don't want to be nagged by a bunny."

"I hate you."

He rolled his eyes at that. Gale was probably more than a century old but she still spoke like a child. No wonder she got along well with Mona in the past. "What do I care? The opinion of my daughter's new pet doesn't mean a thing to me."

"I hope you die a gruesome death."

He smirked to annoy the Wind Spirit even more. "Too bad nobody in the empire could kill me."

Gale let out an annoying laugh that he hadn't heard for ages. "Are you sure about that, Little Nikolai?"

He stopped drinking mid-way and was about to ask what the Wind Spirit meant by that.

But he was interrupted by a loud knock on the door. Then, Glenn entered his room with a distressed look on his face.

Glenn just probably realized that Gale already escaped from wherever he hid her.

"Please pardon my intrusion, Your Majesty," Glenn said, then he glared at the Wind Spirit. "Miss Gale, I begged you to stay in—"

"Don't call me 'Gale' from now oDn," the Wind Spirit rudely cut-off Glenn. "Neoma, that interesting kid, gave me a new name. I have taken quite a liking to her so I decided to stick to her for a while. But if the royal princess turns out to have a boring personality like our Little Nikolai here, I will drop her— literally and figuratively."

He had to roll his eyes for the second time that night.

"Then, I'm relieved," the knight said with a bright smile on his face. "You will never have a dull moment with our precious Princess Neoma..." He trailed-off, then he scratched his eyebrow. "What did Her Royal Highness name you?"

"I don't know what it means but she named me 'Mochi,'" the Wind Spirit said. "So call me 'Mochi' from now on."

Glenn laughed softly. "I also don't know what it means but it sounds cute."

"That sounds awful," Nikolai said while shaking his head. He couldn't even call Neoma's Soul Beast with its temporary name because it sounded mouthful. And he didn't want to utter a word that he didn't know the meaning. "My daughter really has a terrible naming sense."

"And yet, you sound proud," 'Mochi' said in a mocking tone. "Little Nikolai, do you realize how many times you've called that child "my daughter?""

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