

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 94 - PRINCESS BRIGITTE OF HAZELDEN

PRINCESS Brigitte is more beautiful up-close.

Neoma couldn't believe that there was someone in the continent who was more beautiful than her. It was a nice reality-check moment for her, and she felt humbled. She didn't mind though. A true kween would never pit herself against other women.

This world is already cruel to women. In a patriarchal society like this one, girls should support girls.

"Ladies and gentlemen, what seems to be the problem here?" Neoma asked in the most polite manner ever. "May I help you?"

The "stars" of the scene all looked at her with a surprise look on their face.

Of course, Princess Brigitte Griffiths, dressed in a s.e.xy charcoal gray gown that exposed her cleavage and legs, was the main star.

From the looks of it, the main "villain" was the forty-year-old Count Arnold Sullivan— tall, gray hair, quite fit for his age, looked like any average rich old man in the empire. He reeked of wealth and arrogance, just like most noblemen in that world. She decided that the count was the bad guy because his expensive navy blue suit was dripping with champagne, and the first princess of Hazelden Kingdom was holding an empty glass in one hand.

The second villain was the thirty-something Countess Emily Sullivan, the count's (angry) wife. The countess was a short and plump lady that looked lovely on her navy blue dress that was kind of similar to what Duchess Amber Quinzel wore tonight.

Yep, Duchess Quinzel is indeed a fashion icon in the empire.

Princess Brigitte Griffiths had a good fashion sense as well. But showing too much skin was frowned upon in the empire until now.

"Greetings to the First Star of the Great Moonasterion Empire," the star and the two villains greeted her formally.

At that very moment, she suddenly became the center of attention.

Some of the nobles around them stopped talking to watch the scene unfold. Thank goodness she was used to attention. Plus, she was a very good actress.

"We apologize for showing such disgrace during your birthday celebration, Your Royal Highness," Count Sullivan said formally. "Please don't worry too much. I have everything under control."

"My dear husband is right, Your Royal Highness," Countess Sullivan said with a forced smile. To other people, the countess's smile would look natural. But Neoma was an excellent actress, and that also meant that she had good eyes that could see if the person in front of her was acting or not. "In fact, Her Royal Highness Princess Brigitte is about to apologize to my husband."

Princess Brigitte chuckled mockingly. Gosh, even the royal princess's "evil laugh" sounded pleasant to Neoma's ears. "Pray tell me, why would I apologize to your pathetic husband?"

She had to bite her lower lip to stop herself from laughing.

On the other hand, the countess's face turned red with humiliation and anger. But it looked like she was holding back to not make the scene bigger than it already was.

"It looks like the people of Hazelden don't know how to act with grace," Count Sullivan said in a mocking tone, then he looked at the first princess with disdain. "Princess Brigitte, a lady should

apologize when she bumps into a gentleman and pour her drink on him."

"I won't apologize for something I did on purpose," Princess Brigitte said proudly. Her mocking smile was enough to make a person with low self-esteem feel smaller. "Do you know why you're still alive after what you did to me, Count Sullivan?" The princess's deep blue eyes glowed menacingly. "It's only thanks to the rule that forbids us from bringing a weapon in the presence of His Majesty." She paused for a while, then she smiled at the count sinisterly. "But you know what? I bet I could end a person's life with just my bare hands."

Neoma almost clapped in amazement.

On the other hand, she heard a collective gasp around them.

"How dare you?" Count Sullivan snarled at the first princess in a controlled voice. He looked so angry but it seemed like he was holding himself back from yelling. "How dare you threaten me in my own territory?"

Neoma noticed the sudden change in Princess Brigitte's eyes.

Ah, it looks like Her Royal Highness will kill Count Sullivan.

The royal princess would get arrested if she attacked a higher noble so Neoma decided to meddle.

I got your back, bestie.

"In your own territory?" Neoma asked in an "innocent" voice, making everyone around her turn to her. "Count Sullivan, do you mean the Callisto Hall or the empire itself? Either of the two belongs to you though. But even if you do, that doesn't give you the right to harm a guest."

"You're misunderstanding the situation, Your Royal Highness," the count said in a frustrated voice. "I'm the victim here!"

The countess nodded eagerly. "It's Princess Brigitte's fault!"

"Then, I'd like to hear Princess Brigitte's side of the story," she said, then she turned to the first princess who was looking at her with calculating eyes. "May I know what happened, Her Royal Highness? You claimed a while ago that he did something to you."

"I don't want to say this in front of a child but I don't want to be rude by not giving you an explanation, Your Royal Highness," the first princess said, then she glared at Count Sullivan. "That old man who pretends to have good manners followed me to the balcony a while ago, then he tried to grope me. I went back here, grabbed a bottle of champagne, and poured the drink on him. And now, he's acting like a man-baby in front of his dear wife."

Once again, she had to bite her lower lip to stop herself from laughing.

Look, Count Sullivan went pale.

"My husband is not at fault here," Countess Sullivan said firmly while glaring at the first princess. "Who told you to wear that kind of dress, Princess Brigitte? You should be embarrassed by what you're wearing."

The first princess looked aghast at how dumb the question was.

Neoma felt the same.

Unfortunately, most of the people around them agreed with Countess Sullivan. The "whispers" among the nobles started to get loud as well. Most of them were insults thrown at Princess Brigitte for her "scandalous" outfit and "inappropriate behavior."

"Is there a law that forbids women from wearing what they want?" Neoma asked with her trademark business smile. "Weird. My teachers have been teaching me the laws of our empire since I was five. But I don't remember that we have a law that dictates what women should wear. Thank god it doesn't exist."

Count and Countess Sullivan looked shocked by what she said.

And I'm not yet done, y'all.

"A woman's outfit isn't an invitation for a man to touch her," she continued with a smile even though she wanted to show her fangs. "Especially if the man in question is already married. Now, I know that it's "socially acceptable" in our empire for a nobleman to have a mistress or more. But if the woman isn't interested, leave her alone. A man who can't control his urges shouldn't just be ashamed of himself– he should also be thrown in jail."

The hall suddenly went cold silent.

Even Princess Brigitte looked surprised by everything that she said.

I'm not shutting up yet, you bet.

"And Lady Sullivan..." she said, addressing the countess who flinched when she turned to her. "Don't you feel insulted that your husband tried to touch another woman when you're in the same place as him? Instead of lashing out on the woman that caught Count Sullivan's unwanted attention, do yourself a favor and talk to your husband. He's the one married to you after all." She smiled sweetly at the countess. "If talking doesn't work, I recommend getting a divorce."

Countess Sullivan covered her mouth while trying to stop the hiccup that she suddenly let out.

Ah, sh*t. I went too far. The modern girl in me was unleashed. Papa Boss will definitely scold me again.

"Hypocrite," Count Sullivan said in a low voice that only her, the countess, and the first princess heard him. "I don't want to hear that from someone who was born from His Majesty's lover."

Well, the count had a point but...

"Her Majesty, the late Empress Juliet, was long gone when my Papa and Mama conceived me," she said with a confident smile on her

face. "I was born from their love." She approached the count, then she stood on her toes before she whispered in a voice that only the four of them would hear— just like how low the count's voice was a while ago. "And don't you dare compare yourself to my father. You can call His Majesty anything you want, but he's not a pervert like you. The law of the empire allows the emperor to have as many lovers as he wants, but my Papa has never touched a woman other than the late empress and my mother, let alone force himself on someone who doesn't like him." Again, she smiled "sweetly" to annoy her "opponent" even more. "You're nothing but a big pervert, Count Sullivan."

The anger in the count's face was suddenly backed up by an intense bloodlust directed at her.

Oh, how bold.

She thought she needed to protect herself.

But all of a sudden, Duke Quinzel appeared behind the count. When the duke put a hand on Count Sullivan's shoulder, the latter froze in fear. After all, Duke Quinzel's strong Mana nullified the count's bloodlust.

It wasn't only the duke who entered the scene. Duchess Quinzel and Hanna stood behind her. Ah, she suddenly felt like she had a family that she could depend on.

"Lord Sullivan, if you're done greeting His Royal Highness, shall we step outside?" Duke Quinzel asked with a smile. But his aura was kind of threatening. No wonder no one in the hall spoke this time. It was as if everyone was holding their breath. "I need to have a word with you."

Count Sullivan, who was pale with fear, could only nod as a response.

Duke Quinzel turned to him with a calm smile on his face. "Please excuse us, Your Royal Highness."

She just smiled and nodded.

Duke Quinzel left the hall with Count Sullivan quietly.

"Lady Sullivan, let me accompany you to the parlor to fix yourself," Duchess Quinzel said to the countess. Then, the duchess turned to her with a smile. "Your Royal Highness, please excuse us. May I leave Hanna in your care?"

She smiled and nodded at the duchess. "Of course, Your Grace."

Then, Duchess Quinzel and Countess Sullivan also left silently.

"Now..." Neoma said cheerfully while looking at Hanna and Princess Brigitte back and forth. "Shall we go to the royal parlor, ladies?"

"THAT CHILD is a warfreak," Nikolai said dryly while watching the commotion. Even though he couldn't hear the conversation between Neoma and Count Arnold Sullivan, he could tell by his daughter's arrogant smile that she was winning the fight. "She has a nasty temper and she's so good at provoking her enemies with mere words."

Glenn, who stood behind his throne, laughed softly. "Should I go and back up Princess Neoma, Your Majesty?"

"Stay there," he said. "Kyle will make a fuss if you leave your post in front of an audience."

"I understand, Your Majesty," the knight said cheerfully. "And it seems like the royal princess doesn't need a support anyway."

He also knew that Neoma could take care of herself.

And the Quinzel family came to the royal princess's rescue.

"Tsk," he said, clicking his tongue in annoyance. It was the first time

that he clicked his tongue after a long while, but he couldn't help it. "Why does Rufus dote on Neoma so much?"

"Your Majesty, if you don't want to see Duke Quinzel doting on our adorable princess, why don't you just spoil her yourself?"

He turned to his knight coldly. "Do you want to die?"

"I apologize, Your Majesty," his aide said even though he didn't look apologetic. He was even smart enough to change the subject right away. "Ah, I don't see Lewis Crevan around. I don't think he's in the hall."

"I bet Neoma gave the foxy boy some weird order," Nikolai said, then he looked at Neoma who was now leaving the hall with the first princess and Hanna Quinzel. "Have Jasper Hawthorne arrived yet?"

"Lord Hawthorne hasn't arrived yet," Glenn reported to him. "But the young duke sent a message saying that he'll arrive before the coronation begins."

"HEY, IF I help you..." Jasper Hawthorne said, then he squatted down in front of the bleeding and dying fox boy on the roof. Then, he gently poked his cheek with a finger to check if he still had a chance of surviving after receiving such injuries. "Will you give me Mount Kimbro if I save your life, Lewis Crevan?"

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