

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 95 - NEOMA'S DOWNFALL...?

"YOUR ROYAL Highness, you're insane."

Neoma laughed at what Princess Brigitte said. "I'll take that as a compliment, Princess Brigitte."

"His Royal Highness isn't just insane," Hanna, who sat beside the first princess, said with a smile. "He's also brazen, Princess Brigitte."

Right now, the three of them were in the royal parlor.

Supposedly, only the royal family members were allowed to use that room. But since she brought Princess Brigitte and Hanna with her, it was fine. The servants even brought refreshments with them without a question.

"I didn't expect that you'd take my side, Your Royal Highness," Princess Brigitte, who sat on the sofa from across her, said. "After all, the noblemen of the Royal Capital are the worst kind of men that I have encountered so far. And since you're the only son of His Majesty, I had some prejudice against you."

"I understand and your prejudice is valid," she admitted while nodding her head. "I apologize in behalf of Count and Countess Sullivan, Princess Brigitte."

"Well..." the first princess said, then she sipped her tea before she spoke again. This time, her eyes changed into the eyes of a "predator" again. "Instead of an apology, may I ask you to help me schedule a date with His Majesty, Your Royal Highness?"

A fox, she thought to herself. This woman is a cunning fox.

Hanna, who suddenly looked nervous because of where the conversation was headed, sipped her tea while obviously anticipating

her response.

"Princess Brigitte, I heard that the Hazelden Kingdom wants to build a stronger alliance with my father via political marriage," she said carefully. "Putting the benefits of that marriage aside, can you be honest and tell me if you really want to marry my Papa?"

Princess Brigitte looked at her with her calculating eyes before she dropped her guard and answered her question sincerely. "No, His Majesty isn't my type," she said. "I like my man cheerful and quite innocent."

"My father is far from that," she said bluntly.

"I am aware of that, Your Royal Highness," the first princess said with a deep sigh. "Even His Majesty's poker face looks depressing."

She laughed softly while nodding eagerly. "So true, bestie."

The first princess and her cousin Hanna looked confused by the modern phrase that she used. But before even one of them could ask her to explain, she changed the subject.

"Are you being pressured by your kingdom to marry my father, Princess Brigitte?" she asked carefully. "I heard that you've been sent here to seduce my Papa."

"It's true," the first princess said. "But just to make it clear, I don't dress "seductively" for His Majesty or for any other men for that matter. I doll up for myself and only for myself."

She gave the first princess a thumbs up. "I like that mindset, Princess Brigitte."

"Thank you, Your Royal Highness," Princess Brigitte said, then she let out another deep sigh. "I asked my father for a favor that will give better protection for the women in our kingdom. But my father said that he will only grant my wish if I get married with His

Majesty. That's why for the past years, I've been practically throwing myself at him even if I don't like him."

Hanna looked at the first princess with eyes filled with pity.

She was about to assure Princess Brigitte that she would help her when all of a sudden, her body went rigid. To be precise, she felt numb as if somebody was trying to physically control her.

Thankfully, Princess Brigitte and Hanna seemed to notice it right away.

"Show yourself," Princess Brigitte said loudly, her blue eyes glowing menacingly as her bloodlust ooze. "I know that someone just entered this room uninvited."

"Your Royal Highness?" Hanna asked worriedly. And when she didn't respond, her eyes widened. Then, her cousin stood up and ran towards her. "Your Royal Highness...?"

She looked at Hanna, hoping that she'd read her mind through her eyes. Do it, girl.

Thankfully, Hanna got the message because she nodded firmly. Then, from the pocket of her dress (thank goodness her dress had a pocket!), she pulled out a vial with a red liquid in it. Then, she made her drink it carefully. "Please work."

And it did.

After a few seconds, she was able to move freely again.

"Thank you, Hanna," she said in a relieved voice. "We should also thank Madam Hammock later for creating the potion that will free someone from being physically controlled."

"You should give yourself some credit, Your Royal Highness," her cousin said. "You were the one who asked me to secretly ask Madam Hammock to make that kind of potion."

Well, the saint's prophecy bothered her.

According to that prophecy, she would kill her father. But as of now, she didn't have that much hatred for her Papa Boss. So she figured that the enemies would control her and make her kill His Majesty.

"You're really too smart for your own good, Your Royal Highness."

She gasped when she heard the familiar voice.

When she turned around, she saw a man that she could describe with three words: tall, dark, and handsome. He had black hair, black eyes, and bronzed skin. The stranger wore a black three-piece suit but the white dress shirt under was stained with blood.

She immediately looked down and checked on Princess Brigitte who was now unconscious on the sofa.

Princess Brigitte!

"Don't worry, it's not her blood," the stranger assured her. "I just played with some wild fox a while ago."

Wild fox?

"What the f*ck did you do to my Lewis?" she snarled and stood up but Hanna literally blocked her way. "Hanna..."

"Go," Hanna said seriously. "I will try to hold him back as long as I can, Neoma."

She was just about to respond when all of a sudden, the stranger appeared in front of them.

He just tapped Hanna on the shoulder and right after he did, her cousin was suddenly engulfed in a huge black rectangular box that almost looked like a coffin.

"Hanna!"

"Princess Neoma, have you forgotten who I am?"

She glared at the assailant and then, she froze when she recognized him. More like his tone and not his face. "Gin?"

Gin was the cat butler that she met in hell a while ago!

"Thank you for recognizing me, dear princess," Gin said brightly. "Do you like my human form?"

"Yeah, you're handsome," she deadpanned, then she placed a hand on his stomach. "You seem to have abs, too. Nice."

He looked surprised by her sudden compliment.

"Tteokbokki," she said coldly. "Burn this bastard alive."

As soon as she gave the order, her hand literally produced Tteokbokki's red flame—effectively burning up Gin's whole body in the process.

She didn't waste time.

While the cat butler was screaming while getting burned alive, she summoned Skewer. When the scythe manifested, she tried to grab the staff. But she was shocked when she felt a hand grabbed her wrist tight.

She turned to the new intruder the same time Skewer fell on the floor with a loud thud.

Her brows furrowed in confusion when she was suddenly faced with a woman who looked like her father a lot. Except for her light gray eyes that seemed to be smiling at her.

"Please forgive me for what I'm about to do," the familiar woman said in a gentle and warm voice, then she smiled sadly at her. "Farewell, my dear niece."

Neoma gasped when she finally connected the dots. "Princess Nichole?"

HANNA tried to break the coffin-like prison that entrapped her using physical strength.

She put Mana in her punches and kicks but to no avail. None of her attacks even scratched the black wall. She couldn't even use her shadow manipulation technique because there was no light and no shadow to control.

But it wasn't like there was no other way for her to get out of here.

"Mother, Father, I'm sorry," Hanna whispered to herself while clasping her hands together. "I know that you forbid me from using this technique but I have to..."

She was about to close her eyes when all of a sudden, the ground shook hard.

Then, the walls that entrapped her started to have long cracks all over. Then, in just a few seconds, the walls finally gave in.

She closed her eyes and used her arms to protect her head from the debris.

"Are you okay, Hanna?"

She froze when she heard the voice that she wouldn't mistake for somebody else.

Could it really be...

She immediately opened her eyes and when she looked up at the tall boy before her, she gasped. Well, she noticed that there was a thin but strong layer of bubble-like barrier that was protecting them from the falling debris, but she didn't really care about that.

"Prince Nero," Hanna said in disbelief. "How...?"

Prince Nero also looked confused.

But she noticed that he looked neat and healthy as if he didn't fall into a deep slumber for three years. His skin looked good, he lost weight and his baby cheeks disappeared but he still looked fit for his age, and even the clothes he wore today suited the occasion.

He wore a red suit with golden epaulettes that almost resembled Neoma's outfit.

And most of all, even though his hair was quite long and messy, Prince Nero was still ten times more handsome than Neoma who was pretending to be him.

"I also don't know how I got here," Prince Nero said in a voice that seemed to be a little deeper than before. "Where's Neoma?"

She gasped when she remembered what happened to Neoma. And yes, she felt bad that she almost forgot about her just because Prince Nero was standing in front of her. "An intruder attacked us a while ago, Prince Nero. He trapped me inside that black coffin so unfortunately, I didn't know what happened after that." She bowed to him. "I'm sorry, Your Royal Highness. I should have done a better job at protecting Neoma..."

"It's not your job to do so and it's not your fault, Hanna."

She was surprised by how calm and mature Prince Nero was now. When she looked up at him, she realized that she was wrong about him being "calm."

The royal prince looked murderous and his eyes turned glowing red.

But thankfully, his anger wasn't directed at her.

"Nero?"

Her thoughts were cut-off when she heard Emperor Nikolai's voice. When her gaze went past Nero, she saw the emperor enter the room while Sir Glenn followed him.

"Prince Nero," Sir Glenn said in disbelief. "You're the real Prince Nero, aren't you?"

"Neoma is missing," the royal prince said, ignoring the knight and talking straight to the emperor. His tone was rude, but it seemed like His Majesty didn't mind. "I told you to protect her while I'm gone, didn't I?"

"Calm down," Emperor Nikolai told the royal prince even though his own voice didn't sound calm. "We will find Neoma. For now, I'll bring you to Madam Hammock."

"No, I don't need a check-up," the royal prince said firmly. "I'm fine. I don't feel any pain. My body is light." He clutched his chest tight as his face got distorted from anger. "I can tell that the curse in me is gone."

The emperor looked confused. "Then, did the devil boy's treatment worked earlier than expected?"

"No," the royal prince snarled at his father. "This isn't the work of Trevor. I was "cured" by somebody else."

"Isn't that supposed to be a good thing, Prince Nero?" Glenn asked carefully. "Why do you look angry?"

Hanna timidly nodded in agreement. I also don't understand why His Royal Highness is angry that he's cured...

"I can feel that the curse already left my body, but I can also feel that Neoma is in deep pain right now—the kind of pain that I endured for the past years," Prince Nero said in a voice filled with pain, anger, and agony. "Do you get what I'm trying to say, Your Majesty?"

Emperor Nikolai's eyes widened in shock. "The curse was transferred into Neoma's body?"

NEOMA thought that she was good at enduring any type of pain.

But right now, she proved herself wrong. She could do nothing else but close her eyes and scream in agony. She felt like her insides were being melted by an unbearably hot lava or flame. It was very painful, and she felt like she'd rather die than continue being tortured that way.

No, Neoma said to herself firmly. Don't think about dying in a lame way again, Neoma de Moonasterio!

She refused to die this way but she didn't even know where she was, so how the hell was she supposed to save herself?

When she woke up a while ago, she already felt the unbearable pain that was slowly killing her. For that reason, she couldn't even summon Tteokbokki. She couldn't feel him, too.

Please be safe, Tteokbokki.

She couldn't move but she could tell that the ground below her was cold and dry. The air was heavy, the sky was dark, and f*ck, every inch of her body really hurt like hell.

Wait, "hell." Am I in hell again?!

"Is Prince Nero's curse really that painful?"

Neoma opened her eyes to see Gin, back in his cat form, looking down at her with amusement on his face. Ah, her hunch a while ago was correct. She was really in hell. "You're still alive?"

She heard what Gin asked her earlier.

But that was least of her concern. Even if she found out that Nero's curse was somehow transferred into her body, asking Gin how it happened wouldn't save her anyway.

"Your flame only burned down my "skin,"" Gin explained, then he squatted down beside her. The "skin" that he mentioned was probably referring to the human form that he used a while ago.

"How could you do that to me, Princess Neoma? I thought we were friends."

"F*ck off," she snarled at him. Lashing out didn't help her, but it made her temporarily forget her pain. Plus, she remembered the last person that she saw before she lost consciousness a while ago. "Is Princess Nichole, my father's supposedly dead twin sister, the Devil?"

"The answer is yes and no," he answered playfully. "But you shouldn't worry about that, Princess Neoma."

"F*ck you. Don't order me around," she said with clenched teeth, the pain in her body getting the better of her. "What happened to Lewis, Hanna, and Princess Brigitte?"

"I can assure you that Hanna Quinzel and Princess Brigitte of Hazelden Kingdom are still alive," the cat butler said. "I can't say the same for Lewis Crevan though."

The news was awful, but it helped her in some way.

After all, when she heard the possibility that her son may not be safe, the pain that was torturing her was overwhelmed by her wrath.

"Gin, are you planning to kill me because I turned down the Devil before?"

"And what will you do if I say that you're right, Princess Neoma?"

"You better make sure that I'll die. Burn my body to ashes if you have to," Neoma warned in a very cold and very angry tone. Even without seeing her reflection, she knew that her eyes turned red, and they were glowing menacingly now. "Because if I survive, I f*cking swear that I will kill you and feed your remains to the piranhas in my pond."

Well, the fish in the Royal Palace's pond wasn't piranhas, but it didn't matter anyway.

"Oh, that's so scary," Gin said with a soft laugh, then he put a hand on the top of her head. Unfortunately, she didn't have the strength to shake his filthy hand off of her. "Princess Neoma, you should sleep to slow down the effect of the curse in your body," he said, then he covered her eyes with his hand. "Let me send you to your greatest fear for the meantime, dear princess."

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