

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 97 - DOUBLE TWIN TROUBLE

NIKOLAI flinched when he felt a strong but somehow controlled Mana.

And that was the kind of Mana that he wouldn't mistake for someone else. After all, the aura of the royal family members was unique.

Nikolai straightened up in his seat. "Nero?"

"Your Majesty, are you looking for Princess Neoma?" Glenn asked. "Should I fetch her in the royal parlor?"

"I'm not talking about Neoma," he said, then he turned to the knight. "The real Nero is here."

To be honest, he wasn't also sure about what was going on.

But if Nero was here earlier than expected, then it could only mean that something went wrong with the demon boy's treatment.

I knew I shouldn't have trusted that boy.

"That's impossible, Your Majesty," the knight said in disbelief. "How would the royal prince get in here?"

He was about to respond when Kyle interrupted them.

"I apologize for interrupting," Kyle said formally, then he bowed to him. "Your Majesty, the preparation for Prince Nero's coronation has been completed. We may begin in half an hour—"

"Delay it as much as you can, Kyle," he said, then he stood up. "Nero is here."

The aide blinked several times. "I know, Your Majesty."

"I'm talking about the real Nero."

Kyle looked surprised by that.

"You go and make an excuse for why I need to take a break," he told him, then he walked past him while being followed by Glenn.

"Secretly call the White Lion Knights and tell them to not let anyone near the royal parlor area."

"Yes, Your Majesty," Glenn said. "I'll call the captain now."

While Glenn was talking to the captain using the communication device in his ear, he went straight to the royal parlor where he felt Nero's Mana a while ago.

He confirmed that the Castillo Hall was infiltrated by an uninvited guest when he saw a dark aura covering the door of the royal parlor. That was probably used to hide the presence of the intruder. If Nero's Mana wasn't unique, he would have never felt it.

That was how strong the barrier was.

"Dammit," he whispered to himself, then he broke the dark barrier by simply flicking it as if it was a mere insect.

And just like that, the barrier was broken into pieces just like how a mirror would break.

The broken pieces disappeared into nothingness even before they hit him. After all, he had a protective spell around him that wouldn't let any sharp object hit him— whether intentional or by accident. Every emperor in the empire was blessed with that gift when they took the throne.

"Your Majesty," Glenn said worriedly when he finally caught up to him after calling the captain of a squad under him. "We've been infiltrated..."

"Nero is our top priority," he said as he opened the door.

Much to his shock, he saw Nero standing next to Hanna Quinzel. He considered the possibility of it being a fake. But his instinct told him that it was really his son.

"Nero?"

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

"Neoma is missing," Nero said while glaring at him. And yes, his son just completely ignored Glenn. "I told you to protect her while I'm gone, didn't I?"

Neoma is missing?

"Calm down," he told the royal prince. But for some reason, the fact that Neoma was missing irked him. He knew that Neoma would be put in danger the moment she replaced her twin brother. But now that it really happened, he felt pissed. "We will find Neoma. For now, I'll bring you to Madam Hammock."

"No, I don't need a check-up," Nero denied 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."

He was confused as to why Nero was acting that way if the curse had really left his body. "Then, did the devil boy's treatment worked earlier than expected?"

"No," the royal prince snarled at him. "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?"

"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," Nero said in a voice filled with pain, anger, and agony. "Do you get what I'm trying to say, Your Majesty?"

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

Nero's jaw clenched, then he nodded. "That's what I think happened."

He was about to say something when he realized that it wasn't only Hanna Quinzel who was in the royal parlor. From the corner of his eye, he saw the first princess of Hazelden Kingdom unconscious on the sofa. But it seemed like she didn't suffer any injury.

It wasn't like he personally cared for Brigitte Griffiths' well-being. But if she got hurt seriously, their empire's international relationship with Hazelden Kingdom would get jeopardized. It would be a pain to deal with the king.

"Glenn, bring Princess Brigitte Griffiths to Madam Hammock discreetly. The guests will talk if they see the first princess unconscious so be careful," he ordered the knight.

"As you wish, Your Majesty," Glenn said, then he walked towards Brigitte Griffiths and carried her carefully in his arms. "I'll be back as soon as I can."

He just nodded as a response.

When Glenn left the royal parlor with the first princess, he turned to Hanna Quinzel.

"Can you go to your parents alone?" he asked his niece. It was rude to send a lady off on a mission alone, but he had no choice since he couldn't ask for other knights to escort her. "Tell Rufus and Amber what happened discreetly. Then, bring them here."

Rufus without question was needed in that kind of situation.

Amber Quinzel, his cousin's wife, could also be useful. After all,

Amber had the ability to trace "stains" or the residues of other people's Mana. That might help them locate Neoma.

Hanna Quinzel respectfully bowed to him before she gave him a response. "I will bring my father and mother here, Your Majesty," she politely said, then she turned to Nero. "Your Royal Highness, please don't go anywhere."

Nero turned to her with furrowed brows. "Where the heck will I go?"

Hanna Quinzel, instead of getting intimidated by Nero's mood swing, just smiled— her cheeks now rosier than normal. Then, after politely excusing herself, she left the room with grace.

She's so feminine, unlike Neoma.

But he had to say that Neoma was fine just the way she was now.

If only she could curse in moderation.

"What's the date today, Your Majesty?"

"October 23rd," he said. "It's your eight birthday, and your coronation night."

"Then, whoever dressed me up like this knows the occasion," his son said. "That means they have planned this a long time ago. And there's only one person who can take me away from Trevor's territory to bring me here."

"It could only be the Devil," he said. "I may not like the demon boy, but I acknowledge that he's strong. Only someone on the Devil's level can beat him in a fight."

"Can you beat the Devil?"

"Of course," he deadpanned. "I wouldn't have been able to ascend the throne if I didn't crush them in the past."

"Then, let's go to the Devil's lair and save Neoma," his son said

firmly. "The Devil might have taken my twin sister."

"We can't," he said as firmly as his son's voice. "You have to stay here."

"Why?"

"The coronation doesn't have to get cancelled just because Neoma is missing," he explained. "You're here and you're the real prince— so go out there and take your crown first."

He knew what he said was cold.

No wonder his son looked shocked.

"Are you for real?" Nero asked in disbelief, hurt and anger visible in his now glowing red eyes. "Neoma is missing and the only thing that you care about is the damned coronation?"

He was just about to explain the importance of the coronation for both Nero and Neoma in that situation when all of a sudden, he felt a strange yet familiar Mana. It was confusing because it felt like he had felt that energy before, but also not.

But it wasn't the right time to think about that.

He tried to create a barrier to protect Nero but much to his shock, the barrier that he made burst like a bubble. His power was nullified, and that sent shivers down his spine.

In the past, only one person can nullify my power...

"Nikolai, the barriers that you create are still weak and lame."

He froze when he heard the familiar voice.

Then, much to his shock, a hooded figure appeared next to Nero.

It didn't take long enough for the 'stranger' to take off the hood that covered their head— releasing their long and wavy white hair. Then,

she looked up at him with a bright smile and shining light gray eyes.

The last time he saw those thin and pinkish lips, they were blue...

... and the last time he saw those rosy cheeks, they were colorless.

The person standing in front of him right now should have been dead a long time ago.

No, it can't be...

"Nichole," he said in disbelief. "How..." He trailed-off when he finally realized why her aura and Mana felt familiar and strange at the same time. It was just as important to know as how his older twin sister returned from the dead. He clenched his fists tight and asked in an angry voice: "Why do you have the same aura as the Devil?"

"I have no intention to answer that, Your Ma-jes-ty," Nichole said playfully, then she turned to his son. "Welcome back, my dear nephew—"

His older twin sister wasn't able to finish talking because all of a sudden, Nero grabbed her left arm and broke it effortlessly.

Nichole looked shock but it seemed like the pain didn't register yet.

"Where's Neoma?" Nero snarled at his aunt. "I will break every single bone in your body if you don't tell me where my sister is!"

"I can't believe this," Nichole said with a bitter smile on her face, her left arm covered in a strange, black smoke. When the black smoke disappeared, her left arm obviously healed. Then, she turned to him with glowing red eyes. "Your son cares about his sister genuinely? Mona's blood must be really special for her to give birth to a royal prince who's capable of loving his sibling. But come to think of it, the fact that a Roseheart gave birth to a boy is already miraculous."

"Stop talking nonsense," his son snapped at his aunt again, then he tried to grab Nichole's other arm.

Nichole didn't give Nero a chance to touch her. This time, she grabbed Nero by the neck, choked him, and pulled him up until Nero's feet were off the floor. His son tried to escape her grasp by scratching and punching Nichole's arm but to no avail.

Of course, he ran to rescue his heir right away.

But he bumped into an invisible barrier that was strong enough to repel him—him, the strongest person in the whole empire.

Nichole's barriers have always been this solid.

The person in front of him was really his supposedly dead twin sister.

"Nichole, let go of Nero," Nikolai snarled at her. "If you don't want to die by my hands again, don't you dare kill my son!"

"Shut up, little brother. I didn't come here for you," his older twin sister said coldly, then she turned to his son. "My dear nephew, do you want me to return Neoma to you?"

Nero stopped struggling.

His son didn't utter a word but the determination and desperation in his glowing red eyes were enough to tell them that he would do anything to find Neoma.

Nichole dropped his son on the floor.

Nero immediately touched his neck while catching his breath. Then, he looked up at Nichole with a blank look on his face. "His Majesty doesn't have any intention to save my baby sister," he said, obviously misunderstanding what he said about the coronation a while ago. "Princess Nichole, I will do anything and everything so please return my Neoma to me."

Dammit!

"Nero!" Nikolai snarled at his son while trying to break the barrier

that Nichole made by attacking it with his Mana. But the more he hit the barrier with his Mana, the more it got stronger. It seemed like the barrier was the type that absorbed any type of energy that would hit it. "Don't make a deal with the Devil!"

It seemed like his words couldn't reach Nero anymore.

Nichole turned to him with a triumphant smile before she squatted down to meet Nero's eye level. "My dear nephew, I only need one favor from you," she said, then she touched Nero's face with the back of her hand. "If you want me to return Neoma by your side, kill Nikolai de Moonasterio for me."

WHEN NEOMA opened her eyes, she found herself in a cramped and dark space.

It took her a while to realize that she was inside a closet. Then, she noticed that the doors of the closet weren't properly close and so, she carefully and quietly took a peek outside.

Where the hell did that stupid Gin bring me?

Much to her shock, she saw Rubin Drayton and Regina Crowell kissing passionately. But that wasn't what shocked her. It was the fact that both Rubin and Regina were in their a.d.u.l.t forms when they were still supposed to be children in her current lifetime!

Wait, in my current lifetime...?

Her heart thumped loud and fast against her chest.

Then, she raised her shaking hands to see that they got bigger. Her arms were also longer than they were supposed to be. In short, she definitely returned to being an a.d.u.l.t as well.

No, this isn't how I'm supposed to look in my current lifetime!

Neoma covered her mouth with her hands when she let out a gasp

when realization dawned upon her. "I returned to my first life...?"

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