

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 98 - NERO'S CHOICE (AND NEOMA'S DILEMMA)

"HER ROYAL Highness has already anticipated the attack?" Glenn asked Madam Hammock in surprise. "What do you mean by that, Madam?"

Right now, he was in the Helene Palace— the palace where the Healing Sage resides along with other special people that served the royal family.

Since Madam Hammock was an important person that needed to be near the royal family all the time, she was required to stay in that palace. It was already late at night but the madam was still working in the infirmary inside the palace.

And so, he brought Princess Brigitte Griffiths there.

"The young Lady Quinzel asked me to create a potion that will help a person snap out of someone else's control, Sir Glenn," Madam Hammock said worriedly. Since she was still in the office, the madam still donned her white uniform. "I did ask the young lady what the potion was for. She said it was for her homework. But after hearing what you've said, I have a feeling that it was Her Royal Highness's idea."

He couldn't deny that.

Their adorable royal princess was smart and intuitive so it wouldn't be hard to believe if she already anticipated that attack.

And as far as I remember, Princess Neoma had a private talk with His Holiness a while ago.

"Is Princess Neoma in danger, Sir Glenn?" Madam Hammock asked

worriedly. "Should I come with you?"

He shook his head. "Please stay here and treat Princess Brigitte Griffiths, Madam. We're trying to keep things under control. But we'll summon you if the situation asks for your presence."

"I will come right away once I'm summoned," the Healing Sage promised him. "Take care, Sir Glenn. And please protect our little star."

He nodded firmly. "I'll be on my way now, Madam."

After saying his goodbye, he went out of Madam Hammock's office.

He walked past the area of the infirmary where there were three hospital beds. One of those was occupied by Princess Brigitte Griffiths. He thought she was still unconscious so he was surprised when the first princess suddenly grabbed him by the wrist.

Her grip is quite tight...

"You," Princess Brigitte said as she got up, her grip on his wrist getting tighter. "Who are you and where did you bring me? If you do anything funny, I'll break your arm."

That didn't sound like an empty threat.

The first princess's ocean blue eyes that typically looked calm were now glowing menacingly.

"Greetings, Your Royal Highness," he greeted her with a polite smile. "I am Glenn, His Majesty's personal knight and the Vice-commander of the White Lion Knights."

The first princess blinked several times, then recognition crossed her eyes. "Oh, Sir Glenn," she said as she let go of his arm. Then, she stood up and lightly bowed to him. "I apologize for my rude behavior."

To be honest, he was impressed.

Princess Brigitte was able to stand without a problem after being physically attacked. According to Madam Hammock's initial diagnosis a while ago, it seemed like the first princess was hit by something hard at the back of her head.

"Please don't apologize, Your Royal Highness," he said, then he bowed to her. "I should be the one apologizing. Please forgive me for failing to protect you, Princess Brigitte."

"You're really Sir Glenn, aren't you?"

He raised his head and politely nodded. "Yes, Your Royal Highness. Am I making you feel uncomfortable?"

"No, not at all," Princess Brigitte denied, her cheeks a little rosier than a while ago. "You may leave now, Sir Glenn. I know that you need to return to His Majesty's side." She paused as if she was hesitating to speak her mind. But eventually, she did. "I've only known Prince Nero for a few minutes. But I already feel attached to him because of how kind and supportive he is toward a woman like me. Please don't let harm befall the royal prince."

Glenn smiled, pleased that the first princess saw how kind Princess Neoma was. The only thing he could wish for right now was for the day when the royal princess could freely live as herself. He couldn't wait for the whole empire to recognize her as a member of the royal family. "On behalf of Prince Nero, please accept my utmost gratitude for worrying about our crown prince's well-being, Princess Brigitte."

BRIGITTE waited for Sir Glenn to leave the infirmary before she pulled her hair and screamed internally. If she was in her own room, she would have screamed at the top of her lungs. But outside their kingdom, she had a reputation and "princess image" to protect.

Is that really the Sir Glenn that I know?!

Of course, she knew Sir Glenn as His Majesty's personal knight. She had also seen him in several banquets in the past. But as far as she remembered, Sir Glenn was a stiff, boring guy that suited the title 'Mad Dog.'

But the Sir Glenn that I met just now is polite, gentle, and kind! Most of all, his smile is so bright and pretty! I think my heart just skipped a beat!

"Princess Brigitte, how are you feeling now?"

Brigitte immediately pulled her hands away from her hair and "wore" her usual façade, the one that would make her look a cold princess. After making sure that she was back to "normal," she turned around to face Madam Hammock. Of course she knew the madam. After all, she was one of the greatest Healing Sages in the whole continent. "I feel better now, Madam Hammock," she said in a stiff, polite tone. "My utmost gratitude for looking after me."

"May I take a look at your injury again?"

"I apologize but I respectfully decline," she said formally. "Only our family doctor is allowed to examine a royal like me, Madam Hammock. I appreciate that you treated my light injury. You don't have to do anything else because my aides will come and pick me up later. One of them is a Healing Sage as well."

"I see," the madam said with a warm smile on her face. "I'll ask the knights stationed here to escort you to your carriage, Your Royal Highness."

"I won't turn that down. Thank you, Madam Hammock," she said, then she paused while hesitating whether to speak or not. In the end, she decided to open her mouth for the sake of the young prince. "Madam, may I implore you to go to the Castillo Hall and check on His Royal Highness?"

The madam suddenly looked concerned. "May I know why you're

asking me of this, Your Royal Highness? Sir Glenn told me to stay here and wait."

"I understand why Sir Glenn decided to make you wait instead of bringing you to the Castillo Hall, Madam. A high-level Healing Sage like you is very valuable," she said carefully. "The hall is a dangerous place now. Before I was knocked out, I felt the presence of a strong demon."

The Healing Sage let out a soft gasp. "A strong demon?"

"I'm worried about His Royal Highness so I want to go back to the hall and make sure that he's safe," she told the Healing Sage.

"Madam, if you're also worried about the crown prince, I will escort you to the hall. I swear on my life that I will protect you. My Mana is pretty average but if I get a hold of my weapon, I'll be as good as a White Lion knight in terms of power."

"I appreciate your offer but you don't have to protect me, Princess Brigitte," the madam said. "I may be old, but I still have the power to protect myself."

"I apologize if I offended you, Madam," she said, ashamed of herself for acting like she was better than a powerful Healing Sage. "Please excuse my rudeness."

"I'm not offended, Princess Brigitte. Thank you for worrying about me," Madam Hammock said kindly. "Now, shall we go and see if His Royal Highness needs our help?"

Brigitte smiled and nodded. "It's an honor to work with you, Madam Hammock."

"IF I KILL His Majesty, will you return my sister to me?" Nero asked Princess Nichole, his supposedly dead aunt that somehow came back as the Devil, for confirmation. "That sounds tempting. But how do I know that you won't break your promise?"

"I can make a binding vow right now," Princess Nichole said. "Do you accept the deal?"

"I want to hear your plan first," he said. "How do you plan to use me to kill His Majesty? Even if I'm desperate to save Neoma, I am not stupid to blindly follow you. I just woke up from a long slumber and I haven't even tamed my Soul Beast yet. My father is a sc*mbag, but I have to say that he's very powerful. If my attempt to kill His Majesty failed, I will be executed even if I'm the crown prince." He stood up and crossed his arms over his chest. "Just so you know, I have no intention of dying before Neoma so you better give me a fool-proof plan."

His aunt looked shocked by his long rant, then she laughed while standing up. "You are really Mona's blood and flesh."

He didn't comment on that because frankly speaking, he didn't care that much about his mother. To him, Neoma was more than enough for a family. For that reason, he was willing to kill his father if it meant saving his twin sister.

"I'll give you the weapon that can kill my brother," Princess Nichole said, then she opened her hands. Her hand glowed in a white light. Then, moments later, the Death's Scythe above her palms. It was different from Neoma's "Skewer." It returned to its original state: all black, big, and very sharp. "The Death Scythe can take the life of the emperor."

The former Royal Princess sounded confident.

That thing can really kill His Majesty?

"Nero de Moonasterio, if you take the Death's Scythe, I will treat you as an enemy," Emperor Nikolai warned him. "I will kill you if I have to."

He turned to his father and smirked. Then, without breaking eye contact with the emperor, he grabbed the Death's Scythe. "You can only blame yourself for being a cruel father for my choice, Your Majesty."

"I'm giving you five seconds to drop the weapon, Nero."

Nero held the Death's Scythe tighter, then he faced his father properly. "I will take the throne after I kill you, Your Majesty."

"Good boy," Princess Nichole said, then she stood behind him and put her hands on his shoulders. "I will lend you half of my power so don't worry too much, my dear nephew."

"You made a bad choice, Nero," Emperor Nikolai said, then his Mana leaked out— making the ground shake hard. "You can only blame yourself for Neoma's tears later, Nero de Moonasterio."

NIKOLAI didn't want to summon his four Soul Beasts.

It wasn't like he was underestimating Nero. His son was naturally strong. And now that he had the Death's Scythe and Nichole's assistance, Nero had a chance of actually killing him.

Even though his life was in danger, he still wouldn't go all out against his son.

And Neoma will hate me even more if I hurt Nero.

"Your Majesty!"

He didn't have to turn around to know that Glenn and Rufus entered the royal parlor. Aside from the two, he could also feel Amber and Hanna Quinzel's Mana.

"Nero has joined hands with Princess Nichole, the Devil, to kill me," Nikolai declared. The collective gasp behind him was enough to tell him that everyone was shocked by his claim. He didn't have time to explain though. "From this moment on, Nero is already an enemy."

As expected of Glenn and Rufus, despite the two's initial shock, they moved fast and stood before him to protect him from Nero.

They probably don't want me to fight my own son.

To be honest, he was impressed by Glenn and Rufus's quick response. The two must be shocked to see Nichole. But they hid it well and moved right away to protect him.

"Move," Nikolai ordered, causing Glenn and Rufus to turn to him and give him questioning looks. "This is a fight between me and Nero."

NEOMA clearly saw it.

While she was watching Rubin and Regina make out (she had no choice because she was stuck in the closet), she saw the bitch turn to her direction while her "fiancé" was busy kissing her neck.

Eww.

Then, Regina smirked at her, she was sure of it.

That bitch knows that I'm hiding here, huh?

She didn't notice that during her first life. Did she return in this awful lifetime to make her realize how dumb she was back then?

"Rubin, has your wedding date been set already?" Regina asked, then she cupped Rubin's face in her hands. "Are you really going to marry Lady Neoma Quinzel?"

"Of course not," Rubin said in a voice filled with disgust. "I already hired assassins that will kill Neoma before our wedding day."

Neoma clenched her fists tight. Even though she already knew what was going to happen, the fact that it was happening all over again while she couldn't control her body was very frustrating. If she could move on her own, she would bitch-slap Rubin and Regina.

The audacity of these bitches!

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