

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 99 - ENDLESS NIGHTMARE (1)

NEOMA was pissed after she found herself in another "scene."

"Situation" would be more appropriate to use, but she refused to accept that "reality." After all, she didn't actually return to her awful first life. It was like her soul was transferred into the 'Neoma' of the past— the weak, lovesick fool version of her.

But the worst part was she couldn't move and talk according to her will. She couldn't help but do and say the exact same things that she did and said in the past. In short, she was forced to return to her "doormat" days.

"Greetings, Lady Quinzel."

If Neoma could, she would have rolled her eyes at Regina who greeted her at the entrance of the Drayton's huge mansion.

Since she couldn't control her body, she had no choice but to stare at the bitch's forest green eyes. Ah, now she remembered why Duchess Amber Quinzel was obsessed with Regina in that lifetime. That girl had green eyes and dark hair just like Hanna.

Regina used her mild resemblance with Hanna to get close to the duchess.

But aside from the hair and eye color, Regina Crowell looked very different from Hanna. Her cousin had an angelic face and the aura that would put her in the "innocent and cute type." On the other hand, Regina had a mature beauty that would put her in the "s.e.xy category."

No wonder gullible Rubin is crazy over her.

Now that she didn't feel jealous of Regina, she would admit that she

was indeed beautiful.

The woman had a gorgeous body that her simple "commoners' clothes" couldn't hide, and a conventionally beautiful face that the jealous noblewomen hated her for.

Regina is also tall to boot.

"Lady Quinzel, let me escort you to the tea room," Regina said with her fake "angelic" smile that captured the hearts of the gullible men in the empire. "I'm afraid you have to wait for a little while because Rubin is still talking to Lord Drayton."

"Rubin?" Miss Crowell, did you just call Sir Drayton by his first name?" Neoma asked in a cold voice. Shit, she wanted to bite her tongue to stop herself from sprouting nonsense. But of course, she failed to do so. "How dare a mere servant like you address my fiancé that casually?"

She screamed internally.

God, kill me now.

Why did she have to return to the time where she used to address Rubin as 'Sir Drayton?' Well, that dude was now the Captain of the Green Archer Knights— House Drayton's private army. Aside from his position as a high-ranking knight, he was also the heir to his father, Duke Drayton.

Addressing Rubin as 'Sir Drayton' was only proper.

But I remember that I used to be so jealous of Regina for having the "privilege" of calling Rubin by his first name.

"I apologize, Lady Quinzel," Regina said in a "scared" voice. Then, she bowed to her. "From now on, I will no longer call Sir Drayton by his first name."

Now that she knew better, she could see that Regina was only acting.

Since she gained an experience in acting back in her second life, she developed the eye for spotting if a person in front of her was being genuine or not.

Thank goodness I chose acting as a career back in my previous life.

"Neoma."

She didn't want to but she flinched when she heard Rubin's angry voice.

When she turned to her side, she was genuinely surprised when the jerk suddenly grabbed her by the arm.

Gosh, so much for being a "chivalrous" knight.

"Why are you picking on Regina?" Rubin confronted her angrily. Well, he wasn't shouting. But his tone was cold, and his grip was strong. "Did you only come here to bully my friend?"

Rubin Drayton, be glad that my anger and willpower aren't enough for me to control this body yet. But as soon as I snap out of this spell or whatever this is, I'll bitch-slap you and your "friend."

This dude really never failed to awaken her violent side, huh?

"I am merely teaching Miss Crowell the right way to address you, Sir Drayton," she said and she would have sounded cold if only her voice didn't shake a bit. Ah, right. In this lifetime, she was afraid of Rubin especially when he was angry. It was a red flag that she ignored because of her "love" for the jerk. "You may let go of my arm now."

Rubin let go of her arm quite harshly. "I gave Regina the permission to call me by my name. She's not a servant, Neoma. She's my dearest friend."

"S-Sir Drayton, please don't be mad at Lady Quinzel," Regina said in

a "worried" voice. Wow, she could even make her voice sound like she was genuinely concerned about her. This bitch could be a good acting coach if she wanted to. "Lady Quinzel is right after all."

Bitch.

Argh, she was so frustrated.

To be honest, she didn't like calling other women "bitch" (unless it was her close friend since back in the modern world, you can playfully call a friend "bitch"). Whatever world she was in, a patriarchal society would always trample on women. So she wanted to be an ally to her fellow women who obviously suffered in a world that glorified men too much.

But there are really girls like Regina that suits the term 'bitch' so well.

"Regina, you're too kind for your own good," Rubin "scolded" his lover lightly. Then, he gently patted the other woman's head. "Go to your room and rest. You're not Neoma's maid so you don't have to serve her."

Well, that was true.

But she didn't like Regina's smile. It may look innocent to Rubin. But for her, she saw Regina's smile as a "triumphant smile."

"Then, I'll retire for today, Sir Drayton," Regina said, then she turned to her and bowed. "Have a nice day, Lady Quinzel."

Thank goodness she didn't have a "line" this time.

Rubin scowled at her for ignoring Regina's greetings. When his lover was out of sight, he turned his back on her and rudely said: "Follow me."

Neoma rolled her eyes internally.

"Follow me," my foot.

NEOMA wanted to cry for wasting her precious time listening to Rubin nag her for being rude to his "friend."

God, why did you let me wear a dress that shows-off my beautiful collar bones only to be told off by an ungrateful brat like Rubin Drayton?

The only thing that she was grateful for at the moment was the fact that she returned to her adult body. While Rubin was standing in front of her as she sat on the sofa while having tea, she focused her eyes on her reflection on the cabinet's glass door behind her noisy fiancé.

Her long hair was tied in an elegant bun. To be honest, she didn't like that hairstyle that much. But Duchess Quinzel insisted that she always tied her hair that way because "Hanna would if she was alive."

Anyway, she liked her dress for today.

It was an off-shoulder peach dress that showed off her elegant figure. Too bad a child like Rubin Drayton couldn't handle a beauty such as herself.

"Are you listening, Neoma?" Rubin, who stood in front of her with his arms crossed over his chest, asked in a frustrated tone. "Jealousy doesn't look good on you so stop being petty. You're only making yourself look pathetic."

Neoma put her tea cup down on the saucer very elegantly, then she looked up at Rubin.

F.u.c.k, why is he so unnecessarily handsome?

Golden hair, pastel blue eyes, lean body. Gosh, as a vain person, she could see why she was such a sucker for Rubin in her first life. He was so her style.

"Sir Drayton, answer me honestly," Neoma said in a voice she almost didn't recognize because it was filled with pain. "Is Miss Crowell really just a friend to you?"

She felt a sharp pain in her chest.

Ah, right. This "scene" happened after she discovered Regina and Rubin's affair. It happened in Rubin's office-slash-room. When she got out of the closet, she went home and cried. But in the end, she decided to come here and confront Rubin.

She already knew how this "scene" would play out and she felt bad for her past self.

"Why are you asking that?" he asked in a frustrated tone. "You're the one I'm going to marry, Neoma."

"Really?" she asked with a raised brow. By this time, she gave up on trying to control her body. She just let herself do and say what the "script" (aka the past events of her previous life) dictated. "Will there really be a wedding?"

"What the hell are you talking about now?"

"What if I die before the wedding?"

He visibly flinched.

Someone is guilty, huh?

"What if the carriage I'm going to use on our wedding day gets ambushed by bandits? It's possible since we have to cross a mountain to reach the church," she said, then she picked up her tea cup elegantly. "If I die, will you marry Miss Crowell?"

"Neoma—"

"I heard Lord Drayton is here," she said in a threatening voice, then she sipped her tea. Ah, yes. During this time, Rubin was still afraid of the duke. "Should I go to your father and tell him that our

wedding won't push through anymore?"

Fear crossed his eyes.

But it wasn't because of the fear of losing her. Rubin was afraid for Regina. After all, if he didn't marry her, Duchess Quinzel wouldn't adopt Regina as her new daughter.

"Sir Drayton, you have to make sure that I'll make it to our wedding day," she threatened him as she put the tea cup back on the saucer. She heard Rubin and Regina's plan to kill her off before their wedding day and thus, she made that creepy warning. "Or else, I will make it so Lord Drayton will kill Miss Crowell. You don't have enough power yet to protect her, do you?"

This time, Rubin's face softened up.

Ah, she almost forgot that her fiancé wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer. He was "brave" when he was angry but it was only because he knew she wouldn't fight back. But when she threatened him, he easily panicked and caved in.

"I'm sorry that I got mad at you, Neoma," he said, then he got down on one knee and held her hands. "Believe me, Regina is just a friend. She's dear to me because she has been there beside me all my life. But we only have a platonic relationship."

Sure. Friends devour each other's mouth, right? It's completely normal and "platonic."

Bullshit.

"You're the one I'm going to marry, Neoma," Rubin said, then he kissed her knuckles. "You know that I love you even if I don't say it often, don't you?"

"I want to marry you, Sir Drayton," Neoma said. Although she was frustrated at how weak her past self was, she understood her heart. After all, Rubin Drayton was her first love. "If you want to protect Miss Crowell, give me a chance to be your wife."

Just why did I fall in love with a horrible man like Rubin Drayton in this lifetime, huh?

NEOMA knew that although she changed Rubin's mind about killing her before their wedding day, that wouldn't stop him from wanting her dead to be with Regina. She wanted to live but she also didn't want to give up on Rubin.

Well, that was my mindset in the past.

"Mother, those are lovely flowers," Neoma said politely when she saw Duchess Quinzel put green roses in the vase placed on the tea table. Right now, they were in the duchess's favorite tea room. It was a good place to have afternoon teas because the huge window was facing the mansion's beautiful rose garden. "Green roses are rare, aren't they?"

Duchess Quinzel smiled, then she turned to her. "Regina sent these roses to me this morning. She told me that she personally picked each rose for me. Isn't she the sweetest?"

F*ck.

Neoma braced herself because she knew where this conversation would lead to.

"Mother, please don't trust Miss Crowell too much," she said. Argh. Thinking back, this was so wrong and stupid of her. But she couldn't change the past anyway. "She's having an affair with Sir Drayton. I even heard them planning to kill me!"

Of course, anger crossed Duchess Quinzel's face right away. "Neoma, do you hear yourself? Hanna would never say such careless words. She wouldn't even think that her good friend was cheating on her with her fiancé. How could you accuse Regina of something so terrible?"

"Mother, please believe me."

"Enough."

When the duchess tried to walk out, she ran and grabbed her arm.

"What kind of behavior is this?" the duchess asked, then she pulled her arm away from her grasp. "Hanna would never do this to me."

"I'm sorry, Mother. But please listen to me," she begged her adoptive mother. "If you don't want to believe me, then let me contact Father instead." 'Father' would be Duke Rufus Quinzel instead. During this time, the duke was in a dangerous away mission. "I'm sure he'd go home if he hears that Sir Drayton is planning to kill me—"

"I said enough!" Duchess Quinzel yelled angrily. "If you speak one more word about your ridiculous claim again, I will send you back to the palace."

She was too stunned to respond to that.

Well, her past self was.

When the duchess realized what she just said, guilt crossed her eyes. But it disappeared as soon as it appeared. After that, she walked out of the room.

Her past self, who felt helpless and devastated by then, fell on the floor while crying.

Oh, god, Neoma thought to herself. This is the start of my end, isn't it?

WHEN NEOMA "woke up," she found herself in front of a cabin in the middle of a deep forest.

To hide that she was a noblewoman, she wore simple clothes (red gingham corset dress over a white long-sleeved ruffle blouse plus

leather boots) under a maroon cloak. She hid her platinum white hair with the hood. That outfit made her nervous because she knew when exactly she wore them.

No, no, no...

"Are you Lady Quinzel?"

She turned around to see a petite young woman wearing a black long-sleeved ruffle blouse, black satin corset with black damask bustle skirt, and black thigh high lace-up boots.

All-black, huh?

But her distinct features were her long, red hair and big, rounded lavender eyes.

Oh, god...

She gulped when she realized who the woman was.

"Greetings, my lady," Dahlia, the Black Witch, greeted her cheerfully with a polite curtsy. "I am Dahlia, the Black Witch."

F.u.c.k, she realized she was sent to the time where she sought Dahlia to help her tie her soul with Nero, the crown prince.

But in this lifetime, her twin brother hated her to the core.

Shit, Neoma thought to herself when she realized what was going on. Well, she had already realized it as soon as she found herself inside the closet. But this time, she finally accepted that "reality." I'm going to die by Nero's hands again, right?

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