

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 67 - FOSTER MOMMY TROUBLES

"SKEWER, good job," Neoma praised the scythe cheerfully. She even gently patted the curved blade. Surprisingly, the blade would turn into rubber whenever she would touch it. In short, Skewer wasn't capable of hurting its wielder. "Thank you for protecting me."

Skewer's black blade glowed as if it was happy with her compliment.

Then, it disappeared and went back inside her body. As soon as the scythe disappeared, she heard someone clear his throat.

Oh. Someone wants attention, huh?

She looked up at Tteokbokki, now a six feet tall red dragon, who stood proudly in front of her. "Why do you look so smug?" she asked, "bullying" him again. She wasn't being mean to her Soul Beast out of spite. It was just how they bonded over the years. If she'd be honest, she'd say that Tteokbokki was already like a younger brother to her. "Do you want me to thank you?"

"You should!" Tteokbokki insisted. "If it weren't for my scales, you would have been badly hurt by those Shadow Ghosts!"

"But it was me and my big brain who figured out that I can borrow your attributes and use it as my weapon," she teased him. "You should thank me for helping you reach your maximum potential."

Her Papa Boss taught her that Soul Beasts were their family's living "weapons."

She also saw her father use the White Tiger and the Vermilion Bird to attack his enemies several times for the past three years. Of course, she wouldn't deny that the emperor was fearsome to be able to control and command such powerful holy beasts.

But the way my Papa Boss fights isn't my style.

Thankfully, she had seen a variety of shounen manga and action/fantasy webtoon series in her second life. She remembered that some of the OP characters could use the attributes of mystical beings such as a dragon.

And thus, she experimented with Tteokbokki.

"I smell favoritism here," Tteokbokki complained. "Why are you only mean to me? I never saw you treat Skewer or the hell dogs the way you treat me!"

"Skewer and our homie dogs aren't mine," she said with a smile. "I will only take care of them for a period of time, silly. In short, they're like my foster children. But you..." She pointed a finger at Tteokbokki, then she gave him a thumbs up. "I can bully you for the rest of my life since we're inseparable."

The Soul Beast suddenly fell silent.

Then, much to her surprise, he suddenly transformed into his "casual form"—a "white" unicorn (the size of a baby donkey) with patches of red on his skin.

She smiled and patted Tteokbokki's cheek. Since he had a horn in that form, she couldn't really pat his head. "You may rest for now, Tteokbokki," she said. "I'll torture you again later."

"Hmp!" Tteokbokki said as his body started to turn translucent. "Don't call me while I'm resting, thug princess."

"Shut up," she said with a laugh. "Being a tsundere doesn't suit you, Tteokbokki."

Her Soul Beast just rolled his eyes at her before he completely disappeared.

"Princess Neoma?"

Neoma turned around and smiled at Lewis. "Did you prepare our snacks?"

"Yes," Lewis said. "You should eat and rest, Princess Neoma."

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NIKOLAI couldn't concentrate while reading the papers that he needed to sign at the end of the day.

He couldn't get his mind off Neoma's unexpected brilliance.

She's the first de Moonasterio to ever use her Soul Beast that way.

The traditional way of using the Soul Beasts was to use them like living weapons. Also, the Soul Beasts usually takes after mythical beings that were sacred to the empire. That was the reason why the royal family never thought of changing the Soul Beasts' forms.

The way Neoma used her Soul Beast was unorthodox, but he couldn't say that he didn't like the creativity.

No, he scolded himself. A royal princess shouldn't be stronger than the royal prince.

Kyle voiced out his disapproval of Neoma's unexpected strength. He had to agree with the count. But even though he said that he would get rid of the royal princess if she becomes a threat to Nero's position as the crown prince, he knew that it wasn't going to happen.

Neoma isn't interested in the throne.

And it wasn't like he didn't know why Neoma tried to hide her true ability.

She knows that she's going to get killed if she becomes eligible to inherit the throne.

It was impossible for a girl to become an empress regnant, an empress in her own right, because their current law didn't allow it. But still, he couldn't ignore the saint's vision, especially not when most of his prophecies had already come true in the past.

Still, he couldn't allow Neoma to be stronger and more brilliant than Nero.

Just live a quiet, leisure life, Neoma, Nikolai said to himself, then he went back to his work. You can't outshine Nero or else, you'll end up like Princess Nichole.

But it wasn't like he cared about what happens to Neoma, okay?

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"AH, this is so good," Neoma said after taking a bite of the double patty cheeseburger that she asked the royal chef to make for her. The burger was paired with crispy fries and a glass of refreshing iced tea. She also taught the royal chef how to make the perfect iced tea because in the empire, cold drinks weren't that famous yet. "Lewis, are you really not going to join me?"

While she was sitting on the picnic blanket under the tree, her son was just standing stiffly beside her.

The servants who prepared her snacks stood a few meters away from them.

Lewis shook his head. "I'm your knight, Princess Neoma."

She knew that he'd say that. But of course, she wasn't going to get tired of asking him to join her. Maybe someday, when she was done with her royal duties, she could have a friendlier relationship with Lewis.

Well, they were friendly with each other. But because of her royal status, her actions were always calculated.

"My precious son?"

Of course, he ignored her.

She rolled her eyes at his stubbornness. "Lewis?"

Only then did he turn to her. "Yes, Princess Neoma?"

"My Papa Boss said that it's likely that the Devil has awakened," she informed him seriously. "He said the Devil might attack me during the banquet."

Lewis looked alarmed by that, then he turned dead serious. "I will protect you, Princess Neoma."

"I know that," she said with a soft laugh. "That's also why I'm practicing with Skewer a lot these days."

She was so busy with her personal training that she barely had time for Hanna and Rubin. Thankfully, Hanna was also busy studying different lessons that a young lady like her should take. On the other hand, she didn't care if she was neglecting Rubin Drayton.

He can entertain himself.

"I'm sure the Devil is after Skewer," she continued, still on serious mode. "I have to protect the scythe at all cost. And I need to keep doing that for the next five years."

"I trust you, Princess Neoma," Lewis said. "You're very strong."

"I know, right?" she agreed. "But we can't let other people know how awesome I am, Lewis."

His son looked confused.

"I'm not the real royal prince," she explained. "If I overshadowed Nero, the people who know my secret might think that I'm trying to steal the throne from the royal prince. They will kill me if I become a threat to my twin brother's position."

"But the law doesn't allow you to become an empress regnant, Princess Neoma."

She couldn't help but smile. Aww, look at how time flies so fast. It was just like yesterday when Lewis couldn't construct proper sentences. But they were discussing politics now.

My son grew up so fast.

"The law doesn't allow it yet," she said. "Yet. But Saint Macaroni— I mean, Saint Zavaroni had a vision before. According to him, she saw me claiming the throne instead of Nero."

"Oh."

She let out a deep sigh while shaking her head. "It seems like even the heavens acknowledges my awesomeness."

He nodded in agreement while clapping lightly. "Princess Neoma is awesome."

"Thank goodness I'm a master of changing my fate," she said. "My goal is to become a lady of leisure someday and it won't change."

"I'll change my fate, too."

"What will you change?"

Lewis shrugged. "Secret."

"My son is keeping secrets from me now," Neoma said in an exaggerated sad voice. Well, she didn't mind if Lewis kept secrets from her. He was his own person so he had the freedom to live his life the way he wanted to. "But I'll always be cheering for you, Lewis."

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NEOMA almost laughed at the reaction of Hanna and Rubin when they saw her walking H1 and H2 as if the helldog was a mere Shiba

Inu.

She knew that even though her homie dogs looked very cute to her, the fact that it had two heads still crept out people around her. Although she noticed that the servants in her residence were already used to her dogs.

"Don't worry, my homies don't bite," Neoma assured the two. "I know that I'm supposed to spend time with you, but I had to squeeze in walking the dog in our schedule."

She noticed that H1 and H2 kind of looked gloomy these days. They barely touched their dog food this morning, and that made her worry. She thought the (hell)dogs missed her because she hadn't been playing with them because of her heavy training sessions.

And so, she decided to walk her homies to the garden.

She didn't use leash on them because they were very friendly even to strangers. But of course, like any responsible fur mom, she was keeping an eye on her dogs.

"They look adorable, Your Royal Highness," Hanna gushed, then she squatted in front of the dogs who were currently lying on their belly on the grass. Gosh, every movement of her cousin really looked graceful! "Greetings, gentlemen. I am Hanna from House Quinzel. It's an honor to meet you."

"The one with the hazel eyes is H1 while the one with blue eyes is H2," she said. When her homie helldogs were in their "tame mode" aka their Shiba Inu form, they had hazel and blue eyes instead of red. "They're my foster children."

Her cousin giggled at that.

On the other hand, Rubin gave her a weird look.

Of course, she ignored the young lord.

She was about to squat and give her helldogs a good belly rub when

all of a sudden, she felt a cold and hostile energy coming out from her homies.

It seemed like she wasn't the only one who felt it because Hanna suddenly stood up and walked backwards to get away from the dogs. On the other hand, Rubin immediately drew the dagger from the holster attached on his hip.

Of course, before all of that took place, she was already behind Lewis who pulled her a while ago. Then, as usual, he stood protectively in front of her.

This strange aura is familiar.

She was in the middle of racking her brain when all of a sudden, her homie helldogs stood up and howled like crazy.

And then, they shifted back to their original form.

H1 and H2 were now big, black dogs with red eyes...

Wait!

She gasped when she realized that her homies had now three heads! And the head in the middle of H1 and H2 even had a nasty scar on his left eye!

Where did it come from?!

"Trevor, you little sh\*t," Neoma whispered to herself in clenched teeth. "I didn't sign up for this!"

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

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