

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 88 - HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME!

"PRINCESS Neoma, happy birthday."

Neoma smiled at Madam Hammock's warm greeting. She was just getting ready for her private birthday party later when the Healing Sage paid her a visit in her room. To have privacy with her mentor, she asked Stephanie to bring tea in her chamber before she dismissed the head maid. Ah, she also asked Lewis to guard outside because she wanted to have a girl talk with the madam. "Thank you, Madam Hammock."

"It's really a shame that I won't be able to attend your private birthday celebration later," Madam Hammock, sitting on the sofa from across her, said with an apologetic smile on her gentle face. "But allow me to give you my present, Your Royal Highness."

Her ears perked up after hearing that. "Really, Madam Hammock? You didn't have to prepare a present for me."

The old lady just chuckled. "Of course I have to prepare a gift for our little princess," she said, then she took out something from the pocket of her uniform. It was a pretty vial with a white satin ribbon wrapped around it. "I made a concoction especially for you, Your Royal Highness. Don't worry. I consulted His Majesty and he approved of this present."

"Huh?" she asked curiously. "Does every person in the palace needs my father's permission before they get me a gift?"

"No, that's not the case, Your Royal Highness," the Healing Sage with a smile. "But when the gift is a potion that you have to intake, we have to ask His Majesty for permission before we give the concoction to you. After all, a royal princess can't simply take any

food or drink without getting tested for poison first."

"Oh, that's neat," she said. Although that's only probably because I'm acting as Nero now.

"Aren't you going to ask me what the potion is for, Your Royal Highness?"

"Nah, I'll know it when I drink it anyway," she said. "I like surprises."

"Then, please accept my simple present, Princess Neoma," Madam Hammock said while handing the vial to her politely.

She politely accepted the gift and took the vial very carefully. She had manners, you know? The only people she couldn't truly respect in the Royal Palace were Emperor Nikolai and Count Sprouse.

"Thank you, Madam Hammock," she said, genuinely delighted by the pretty vial and the pink liquid that it contained. "I like the color pink! Can I drink this now?"

"Of course, Your Royal Highness."

She smiled before she took out the lid of the vial. Then, without hesitating, she drank the pink liquid. It wasn't that she was being carefree. She also didn't trust Madam Hammock completely. It couldn't be helped since she knew her position in the palace wasn't permanent.

But she had faith in her instinct. She could tell that the potion was weak. And if she was wrong, she had Tteokbokki and Skewer inside her to take out the poison from her body.

Plus, I have successfully built up immunity against different poisons.

"Oh. It tastes sweet," she said, happily surprised by the flavor that hit her taste buds. "It almost tastes like soda..."

She trailed-off when she finally felt the effect of the potion.

Ohhh!

She was delightfully surprised when all of a sudden, she felt her hair grow longer until it reached past her waist.

"OMG," she squealed while touching her long and wavy hair. "My hair grew long!" She looked at Madam Hammock with grateful eyes. "This is, like, the best gift ever!"

Oops... her excitement made her talk like how she did in her second life.

The Healing Sage looked confused by her words. But in the end, she just smiled at her as if she was already happy just to hear her gratitude.

"When His Majesty heard what my gift for you is, he told me to leave you a message," Madam Hammock said with a kind smile on her face. "Princess Neoma, His Majesty allowed you to celebrate your birthday as the royal princess tonight." For some reason, the Healing Sage's smile grew bigger. "I think it is His Majesty's gift to you, Your Royal Highness."

To say that she was surprised would be an understatement.

But when she got over the surprise, she suddenly became seriously worried. After all, she heard back in her second life that people who were about to die tended to act nice before the last moment of their lives.

This is troubling, Papa Boss, Neoma said to herself. You're not dying, are you?

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"NEOMA, you are so pretty."

Neoma was arrogant and she knew that very well.

So please excuse her if she said that Hanna was correct, that she was

really pretty. Well, even though she cut her hair and wore clothes for princes, her face remained beautiful. But now that her hair grew long and she wore a pretty pink dress again, she was just simply breath-taking.

Gosh, this dress is so lovely and it looks more exquisite on me.

It was a pastel pink multi-layered ballgown with a fitted bodice, and a tiered frill skirt.

Of course, the frills were a little too childish for her taste but thanks to her face, she pulled it off well. Plus, Stephanie gave her beautiful long hair a pretty "waterfall" braid.

Now for the record, I'm not saying that having long hair and wearing dresses are the only way for a girl to be beautiful. Everyone is pretty, period. I just want to validate my vanity and emphasize that I'm in love with my face.

"Hanna, did you know that Madam Hammock would give me a potion for my hair?" Neoma asked her cousin with twinkling eyes. Right now, only the two of them were in her room. "Is that why you gave me a dress as a birthday present?"

Hanna smiled and nodded. Right now, her cousin wore a lavender ball gown with cape. The frills of her gown were kind of identical to hers. It looked like they were 'twinning' and it was so cute! "You know that I have Magic Class with Teacher Hammock, don't you?"

She just nodded as confirmation.

Yes, Hanna didn't stay in her palace just to keep her company. Her cousin was also there to receive lessons from Madam Hammock. Since Hanna always gets weak after using her Mana, the Healing Sage was teaching her how to use her power without putting her life at risk.

"When I told Teacher Hammock that I'm giving a dress to you as a birthday present, she thought that you might want to dress like a princess during your private party," her cousin continued. "Teacher

Hammock also figured that you'd want to "wear" your real hair than a toupee."

"That's true," she said while nodding. "Thank you for being so thoughtful, Hanna."

Hanna smiled, then she gently pinched her cheek. "Tonight is your night, Neoma."

"Yes," Neoma agreed with a big smile. "But before that, I have to attend another party first."

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"DID GLENN really attend Princess Neoma's private banquet, Your Majesty?"

"Neoma calls it "birthday bash,"" Nikolai told Kyle while pouring wine for himself. He just finished work and was in the middle of having a drink when the count arrived. It wasn't unusual for his aide to come at an awkward hour because he practically doesn't stop working anyway. "And yes, Glenn went to the royal princess's private "party.""

"Why did you allow Glenn to leave your side for a child's whim?" Kyle asked while shaking his head. "I know that you don't need anyone's protection, Your Majesty. Still, your personal knight leaving you to attend an unofficial banquet doesn't sound good."

"This is why Neoma didn't invite you," he said bluntly. "She hates you, Kyle."

"Well, I've known that ever since the royal princess almost killed me with her words a few years ago."

"And yet, you haven't learned your lesson."

"I have to do my job even if I'm hated by the royal princess," the count argued. "Anyway, Your Majesty, I didn't come here to talk about Glenn or Princess Neoma's private banquet."

"You're the one who brought it up."

"Ah, yes. My apologies," his aide said, then he changed the topic. "Your Majesty, it has been confirmed that the royal princess of Hazelden is attending the coronation."

He couldn't help but scowl at the news.

"Be careful, Your Majesty," Kyle said worriedly. "You know that the princess of Hazelden hasn't given up on becoming your new empress, don't you? She's not called the 'Seductress Princess' for nothing."

"Whoever gave her that ridiculous title definitely has bad taste in women," Nikolai said, then he sipped his red wine before he spoke again. "Maybe I'll have Neoma deal with the Hazelden Princess so that woman will finally stop pestering me."

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NEOMA smiled when she saw Lewis in the pavilion by the pond.

Her son had his back on her but knowing him, he was already probably aware of her presence. She wasn't trying to hide it anyway.

"Lewis," Neoma greeted her son after she stood behind him. "Did I make you wait long?"

Lewis turned around to face her.

The surprised look on his face when he saw her was priceless. But as expected, he didn't compliment her this time. It looked like Lewis didn't find her long hair pretty, huh? Find authorized novels in , faster updates, better experience, Please click <a href="#">#&apos;m-a-princess!\_17194657006959505/happy-birthday-to-me!\_50999790393148894">#&apos;m-a-princess!\_17194657006959505/happy-birthday-to-me!\_50999790393148894</a> for visiting.

Anyway, that's not important right now.

"It's one hour before midnight so it's not yet too late to greet you," she said excitedly, then she showed Lewis the paper that she had been hiding from him since he returned to the Royal Capital. "Happy birthday, Lewis! Tonight is your official birthday."

Lewis's first "official" birthday was the day that he was sold to the Black Market.

She hated that so she asked Lewis what date he'd prefer to celebrate his birthday instead if he was given a chance to change it. Her son wanted to have the same birthday as her.

Unfortunately, her Papa Boss didn't approve of it. So as a last resort, she just chose the day before her birthday for Lewis's new birth date. The emperor finally approved it under one condition: Lewis had to be a full-fledged White Lion Knight first.

And the condition has been fulfilled now.

"To be honest, I prepared this private birthday party for you," she explained with a smile. "But I'm pretty sure that stingy Count Sprouse won't approve the use of the pond for your birthday, so I used my own birthday as an excuse to have this party. Did you like my present?"

She asked because Lewis remained pokerfaced all this time.

Gosh, his expression is making me nervous.

"Princess Neoma."

She involuntarily gulped because of the pressure from her son's serious tone. "Hmm?"

Lewis's blank look suddenly turned determined. "May I hug you?"

Neoma was just about to give a reply when all of a sudden, something white and fluffy hit her face quite hard.

What the hell is this?

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

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