

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 112 - AFTERMATH

"DARLING, are you alright?"

Rufus Quinzel turned to Amber who sat beside him on the sofa.

Right now, they were in the lounge area of Madam Hammock's office. The Healing Sage wasn't done treating Hanna yet so all they could do was wait there. His wife checked on their daughter a while ago and now, she just got back at the lounge area to probably check on him.

I made her worry again.

Rufus suddenly felt guilty. Amber looked very worried about him so he smiled and held her hand. "I'm okay, darling," he assured her, then he lowered his head to "look" at the teacup on the table. He didn't want his beloved wife to see how miserable he looked at the moment. "I'm just... thinking."

He was thinking about how useless he was as a father and as a duke.

When Princess Nichole summoned Lady Raven, her Soul Beast, he couldn't stop it from burning up his precious daughter. If it weren't for Madam Hammock, Hanna would have been gone by now.

The most frustrating part was the fact that he wasn't the one who ended the black phoenix. It was Emperor Nikolai. Before His Majesty moved to decapitate the former Princess Royal, he went to defeat Lady Raven first to help them.

With just one slash of Calypso, the emperor managed to defeat the black phoenix right away.

All he could do was watch.

I feel pathetic.

"You did well, darling."

He turned to his wife with a shocked look on his face. "Amber, what are you saying? I didn't do anything earlier. I couldn't even protect our daughter." He let out a frustrated sigh. "I'm a failure of a father."

"Rufus," Amber said sternly. She rarely called him by his first name because she liked using their endearment to each other. But every time she would call him by his name, it only meant that she was very serious. "It's not your fault that Hanna was hurt. No one is blaming you for what happened. The former Princess Royal was very powerful, and so was her Soul Beast. And now that she has joined hands with the Devil, it's not humiliating that she was able to defeat us easily." She held his hand tighter and squeezed it. "I'm certain that even our Hanna understands that. Our daughter will never blame you for it because she knows that you did your best."

"Amber, aren't you disappointed in me?"

"I am not," she said firmly. "I was there with you, Rufus. You weren't the only one who failed to protect our daughter. That's why we need to be stronger for her. Sulking and blaming ourselves for something that already happened won't change anything. The only thing that we can do now is to move on and work harder to be better parents."

Ah, his wife was really an angel.

It wasn't just Amber's face that was pretty. Her heart was also beautiful. He loved how she knew the right words to say to make him feel better.

This isn't the time for self-pity.

"You're right, darling," he said with a smile. Thanks to his lovely wife, the guilt in his heart already vanished. "Instead of sulking, we

should work harder to be stronger and better parents for our daughter."

She smiled and gently touched his face. "I'm glad that you've finally smiled again, darling."

He kissed the palm of her hand as a response. "Darling..."

"Hmm?"

"I want to properly teach Hanna the Shadow Clay Technique."

His wife suddenly looked anxious.

And her reaction was completely normal.

After all, their only daughter was born with an enormous Mana that her heart couldn't handle. The 'Core,' or a Mana-user's source of power, was located in one's heart.

And that's where the problem lies.

Hanna was born with a weak heart that didn't match her strong Mana. That was why every time their daughter would use her power, her heart would weaken. And if she released an amount of Mana over her limit, her heart would burst.

For that reason, they forbade their daughter from using the Shadow Clay Technique that required a big amount of Mana from the user.

"Hanna was able to use the Shadow Clay Technique a while ago," he said carefully. "I know that she was only able to pull it off because Madam Hammock assisted her. But that's the point, darling. We found out that if Hanna learned how to control her Mana, she would be able to use the Shadow Clay Technique without putting her life at risk."

"I get what's you're saying, darling," his wife said in a hesitant voice. "But does our daughter really need to learn how to use your family's technique?"

"Hanna is the daughter of House Quinzel," he gently reminded his wife. "And we can't always be beside our daughter. She needs to learn how to use her power properly to be able to protect herself, darling."

Amber fell silent for a while. Then, after a few seconds, the hesitant look on her face was replaced by determination. "You're right, darling," she said, her green eyes glowing beautifully because of her fighting spirit. "Hanna is a strong young lady so I believe in her potential."

"Ah," Rufus said, then he cupped his wife's beautiful face between his hands as he inched closer to her. "I think I just fell in love with you all over again, my lovely Amber."

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"IT'S not working," Dominic Zavaroni said in disbelief while looking at Prince Nero who was still in a deep slumber. Then, he looked at the vial in his hand. "The Yule's Tears didn't work on His Royal Highness."

Right now, he was in the shrine located at Yule Palace— the emperor's official residence.

Sir Glenn brought a long table where they laid the sleeping prince's body. After that, he made Prince Nero take a sip of Yule's Tears. Of course, he infused that with prayer.

But His Royal Highness's body seemed to reject the blessing that he should have received.

"Is it because the Yule's Tears have lost its effect by now?" Sir Glenn, who was standing opposite him, asked worriedly. "After all, I heard that the vial was given to the first emperor that ruled the empire."

"An item from Lord Yule himself wouldn't lose its effect no matter how many centuries passed," he said, then he turned to the knight.

"But as far as I know, Yule's Tears should only be entrusted to the emperor's heir apparent. Even though it was Princess Neoma who received the Three Sacred Crown Jewels, she used Prince Nero's name when she took the oath. That means the heavens should still have recognized His Royal Highness as the heir to the throne."

The knight looked confused at first, then his eyes widened in shock. "Your Holiness, are you saying that the heavens don't accept Prince Nero as the heir to the throne?"

He couldn't give a response to that.

To be honest, it had nothing to do whether Prince Nero was the First Star or not. After all, if the First Star was a female, then she already lost the right to the throne. So even if Prince Nero turned out to be the Second Star, he still should be the one recognized as the crown prince.

And most of all, it had been a long time since the heavens cared about who gets to sit on the throne. If the gods cared about that, evil emperors shouldn't have been able to rule the empire.

But the heavens seemed to have begun caring about the throne again.

Then, he remembered the vision he saw a while ago— the prophecy where he saw Princess Neoma seated on the throne instead of Prince Nero.

He let out a gasp when realization finally hit him.

"What's wrong, Your Holiness?" Sir Glenn asked worriedly. "Is there something wrong with our Prince Nero's situation?"

Dominic could only shake his head as a response.

They cannot know that the heavens might have already chosen Princess Neoma as the empire's next ruler!

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NIKOLAI raised a brow when all of a sudden, two little brats appeared before him as he was reading a book in the lounging area of his spacious bedroom.

One was Lewis Crevan– Neoma's "son."

And the other was the useless demon book who couldn't even protect Nero.

"Princess..." Lewis Crevan whispered to himself while looking at Neoma who was already asleep on his bed.

When the foxy boy tried to run towards his daughter, he raised his hand and closed his fingers tight. That gesture made Lewis Crevan freeze on his spot. The young fox realized right away that it was him who literally stopped him from going to Neoma.

Lewis Crevan then turned to him with a glare.

The audacity.

"Neoma is already asleep," Nikolai said coldly. "Go away."

"Aww, don't be that cold," Trevor, the useless demon book, complained. "I want to see my fiancée's beautiful face, dearest father-in-law."

Did he hear it right?

The fact that a boy he would never approve of just claimed Neoma as his fiancée made his blood boil. He didn't want to interrupt his daughter's peaceful sleep but he wasn't able to control his bloodl.u.s.t directed at the useless demon book.

Trevor, the useless little boy that he was, fell on his knees with a shocked look on his face.

"I dare you to say that again," Nikolai warned the demon book, his eyes now glowing red. "If you call my daughter your fiancée again, I will kill you."

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

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