

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 147 - ROYAL CHEF STROGANOFF

'I DON'T believe you,' Neoma said to the 'Royal Chef,' then she crossed her arms over her chest. 'Show me proof that you're really Chef Stroganoff.'

'Why do I need to prove my identity to a child that I just met?' the young boy asked nonchalantly, then he put the bread on the table. 'Just call me 'Ruto.'

'Huh?' she asked, confused. 'Your name sounds... foreign.'

'My full name is Ruston Stroganoff,' Ruto said casually as if he was talking to a long-time friend. 'But my friends from a far-away country call me 'Ruto' as a pet name because apparently, that sounds closer to the names of their people.'

'Mmm,' she said while munching on the corndog.

'Are you going to stay here and chat?' he asked, then he motioned for her to come inside the small stall. 'There's a chair here. Eating while standing might be bad for digestion.'

She wanted to argue that a corndog on a stick was meant to eat while walking.

But since she was tired from running anyway, she accepted his offer. She went inside the small stall and found a wooden bench.

'Do you need me to lift you?' he asked while he was slicing the bread.

She sat on the chair first before she responded. 'Nah, I'm good.'

With a slice of bread in his hand, he sat beside her. She noticed that he left a decent space between them. Ah, he knew how to respect even a child's privacy, huh?

Nahu.

She waited for him to talk but he just sat there and ate his bread while obviously waiting for customers.

'Are you really the Royal Chef?' she asked curiously. 'Is that something that you should say casually to strangers?'

'Of course not,' he said, then he turned to her. 'That's why you shouldn't also carelessly mention my name outside the palace. I only told you my real identity because I want to know why you're familiar with a snack that I prepare for the royal family.'

Ah, that was neat.

'And you're a child,' he added. 'Nobody will believe you even if you yell right now and reveal my identity.'

How sly!

But she'd probably do the same if she was in his shoes.

'You talk as if you're so much older than me, Ruto,' she complained. 'Just how old are you, huh?'

It doesn't matter because I'm sure I'm still (mentally) older than you.

'I'm twelve,' he said casually. 'Are you five or something? You're so tiny.'

'I'm eight years old,' she said firmly. 'I'm not tiny. You're just tall.'

That was true.

If she would compare the height of the people in the empire to the modern world, then she'd say they had the average height of European people.

‘Okay,’ he said nonchalantly. ‘So, would you like to tell me why you know the Royal Chef? You said you weren’t a noble so how come you know the kind of snacks that I serve to the royal family?’

‘I’m a lady-in-waiting trainee for the Crown Prince,’ she lied smoothly.

She knew that it was reckless of her to give out information like that.

But she trusted her instinct. And if Ruto happened to be a bad guy, she could just deal with him. After all, she was good at doing that.

‘You must be under the supervision of Miss Stephanie,’ he said, then he turned to her with a look of pity on his face. ‘I didn’t know that they train girls as young as you to be a lady-in-waiting.’

‘Aren’t you the same?’ she asked. ‘Don’t give me a look a pity when you’re also working at the palace at such a young age.’

‘We have different situations since I’m a guy and a noble,’ he said, then he munched on his bread before he continued. ‘You look smart so you probably know that being born a male in a noble household is a privilege in this empire.’

‘I completely understand,’ she said while nodding eagerly. ‘I may be a girl and a commoner, but I was born with the privilege of being pretty.’

He looked at her face with an indifferent look on his face. ‘You look okay.’

Okay?

Just okay?!

‘Well, all children younger than me look like a baby in my eyes,’ he continued. ‘You know, wrinkly face and everything.’

She gasped— deeply offended.

But when she was just about to go ape on the young chef, a group of noble dudes probably aged 13-15 went to the food stall. Just based on the smug smile on their faces, she could easily tell that these children were up to no good.

And well, they wear obviously expensive clothes.

The five boys resembled each other a lot. All of them had blonde hair (in different shades), and blue eyes (also in different shades). Plus, all the dudes had freckles as well.

They would have been cute if they don't look like assholes.

'I heard that you give free sausages to children,' the tallest and the most arrogant-looking boy of the group said to Ruto. 'Give us some.'

'The snacks I sell are called 'corndog' and not just 'sausages,'" Ruto said, then he finished eating the slice of bread in his hand before he stood up and wiped his hands with a clean cloth. 'I only give them for free for commoners though. One corndog is worth one gold for nobles like you.'

'We're commoners,' the other four boys behind the 'leader' lied while laughing.

She got pissed but she couldn't really complain. After all, she also lied to Ruto and said that she was a commoner. That would be like the pot calling the kettle black.

'Is that so?' Ruto said to the kids, falling into their lies that way he fell into her lie earlier. 'Then, I apologize. Let me prepare your snacks for you.'

She almost literally face-palmed.

Why is he so gullible?!

Thankfully, her irritation was replaced by awe when she saw what Ruto did next.

He leaned down to pick up a basket in the open drawer below the counter. She saw a spirit stone attached to the lid. When the young chef opened the basket, the familiar and tasty smell of her favorite corndog made her mouth water even though she was already eating one.

Tvfo qplo gu ovu ownu md qfeah gflcuo ovfo cuunl dmmt jfzq frt dzulv.

‘Here,’ Ruto said while handing a corndog on a stick to each of the noble dudes. ‘Enjoy your corndog.’

Of course, the ungrateful brats snickered among themselves.

Then, each one of them took a bite. It was obvious that they were surprised by the flavor that hit their taste buds. But in the end, they were still proud nobles that wouldn’t admit that they find a ‘commoner’s food’ tasty.

When the leader of the brats spat out the food, the other boys did the same.

‘As expected, a cheap snack like this won’t be good enough for us,’ the leader said, then he threw the corndog on the ground.

Of course, the other boys followed their leader.

‘Do better next time!’ the leader even yelled at the young chef.

‘It’s a shame that you didn’t find my snack satisfactory,’ Ruto said while looking sadly at the poor corndogs on the ground. ‘I’ll work hard to make something tasty next time.’

She gròànèd internally.

Wvfo f lmdoau.

The leader laughed at the young chef. And yes, the other boys that seemed like they couldn’t think for their own also laughed. ‘We’re not eating your disgusting food again!’

And after that, the stupid children walked away laughing.

Ruto seemed unaffected because he just went out of the stall with a bag in his hand. Then, he squatted down to pick up the dirty corndogs and put them in the bag.

The commoners and other stall owners that witnessed everything gave the young chef a look of pity. But since the street was busy, nobody lent a hand or offered to console Ruto. Plus, the commoners were probably afraid to meddle because they knew that those brats a while ago came from noble households.

‘Ruto, they obviously lied to you,’ she said to him as soon as he returned to the stall. Asking that made her feel like a hypocrite, but she had to. ‘Why did you still give them snacks?’

‘They asked for food so I gave them some,’ Ruto said casually, then he gently threw the bag in a garbage box in the corner of the stall. ‘They might be hungry, you know?’

‘They weren’t hungry,’ she said firmly. ‘They were just probably bored so they came here to make a fool of you. You didn’t believe them when they said your corndogs aren’t tasty, did you?’

He scratched his cheek. ‘Customers’ feedback is important to me so...’

‘Ah, stop it!’ she said, then she covered her ears with her hands. ‘I don’t want to hear how soft-hearted you are.’

Ruto just looked at her, then he laughed softly. ‘Child, what’s your name?’

‘Just call me ‘Miss Ramsay,’ Neoma said while pulling her hands away from her ears. She knew that it was unfair not to give him her first name after he gave her his full name. But now that she knew that the crows were just around her, she couldn’t carelessly throw her real name out there. ‘My name isn’t important– but my face is so don’t ever forget this beauty in front of you, Ruto Stroganoff.’

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