

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 149 - BEWARE OF GOD RAMSAY

THE LADY fortune-teller laughed at her earlier remark. ‘Be careful, child,’ she said, then her presence began to feel weak at the same time her body began to turn translucent. The strange woman must have used a teleportation spell. ‘Gods don’t like humans who try to surpass them.’

‘I’ve read enough Greek mythology in the past to know that. But guess what?’ Neoma said haughtily. She knew that provoking the gods, if they were real, would only make her life worse. But she’d rather live a busy life than being looked down on by ‘gods’ who think so highly of themselves. ‘I’m also a god— god of beauty, luck, charisma, big brains, and profanities. So tell your bosses up there to beware of God Ramsay.’

As she said before, she could no longer throw her real first name around.

From now on, until she gained her freedom and duchess title, she would refer to herself to strangers as either ‘Miss Ramsay’ or ‘God Ramsay.’

Maybe using ‘goddess’ would be more appropriate.

But back in her second life, most of her favorite female idols were referred to as ‘god.’ Since she thought of herself as the idol of this world, might as well use that ‘title.’

‘You’re very arrogant, child,’ the fortune-teller said, her body magically turning into hundreds of pink roses. ‘But I wouldn’t say that I don’t like it.’

After saying that, the Lady Fortune-teller disappeared and was replaced by hundreds of pink roses that fell on the ground.

When she looked around to see if people had seen what happened, she was quite surprised to realize that nobody was paying attention to them. It made her wonder if the strange woman or Papa Boss put a spell in the bookstore that prevented people from looking in their direction.

‘You attract different sorts of Spirits, don’t you?’

She turned around to see her Papa Boss. He just came out of the bookstore while holding a brown paper bag in his arms. ‘That was a Spirit, Papa Boss?’

‘Yes,’ Emperor Nikolai said while looking at the pink roses on the ground. ‘It was harmless though. Thus, my Soul Beasts didn’t attack her.’ He looked at her with questioning eyes. ‘I can see Spirits with human forms. But I didn’t understand your conversation with her. After all, both of you used a strange language that only Spirits and Summoners could speak.’

She blinked in confusion. Did she really use a different language? She thought she was only speaking normally.

Wow, maybe I really am a genius.

‘I see that you didn’t realize that you were speaking a different language,’ her Papa Boss said. Ah, he probably read her facial expressions. ‘What did the Spirit tell you?’

‘She said that there are gods who hate me because I’m arrogant,’ she said. Well, the Lady Fortune-teller didn’t exactly say that. She was just too lazy to explain. ‘So she told me to be careful.’

He raised a brow at her. ‘And what did you say?’

She shrugged. ‘I gave her an attitude and said I’m also a god in my own right.’

‘You didn’t lie though,’ her Papa Boss agreed with her. And that surprised her, of course. ‘Yule’s blood runs in our veins.’

She smiled and nodded. ‘Yeah— that’s why I told them to beware of God Ramsay.’

Her father let out a frustrated sigh. ‘Just how long are you going to use that made-up name, huh?’

‘It’s my protection,’ she insisted. ‘Since I’m not registered as a member of the royal family, I have to make my own identity. Once you give me a duchess title, I will register myself as Neoma Ramsay. I haven’t thought about the name of my future territory though.’

She didn’t know if it was just her imagination or pain really crossed the emperor’s eyes.

Unfortunately, she didn’t have the time to study his facial expression more because he turned his back on her. Then, he began to walk away.

‘Let’s go,’ Emperor Nikolai said in a firm voice. ‘I received a message from Glenn a while ago and according to him, Princess Brigitte is about to leave the palace.’

Neoma gasped in surprise. ‘I have to say goodbye to my bestie!’

‘PAPA BOSS, these aren’t the books that you burned earlier!’ Neoma complained while reading the titles of the books that he brought for her. ‘The Lady’s First Love.’ ‘Princess Rella’s Prince Charming.’ ‘From Maid to Queen.’ She gave him an irritated look. ‘Papa Boss, I know these titles. And these books are too wholesome for my dark soul.’

Nikolai wanted to ignore Neoma but since they were alone in the carriage while they were on their way back to the Royal Palace, he knew that he couldn't escape that confrontation.

A while ago, after he and Neoma burned the books that they got for each other, his stubborn daughter threatened to make a scene if he didn't buy her the scandalous 'romance' books that she wanted to read. He didn't want her to fake cry in the middle of the street and gain attention and thus, he went back to the bookstore.

But he wasn't that crazy yet to buy his eight-year-old daughter èròtiċ books.

'Those books are romance books,' Nikolai insisted. 'I don't think that a child like you should be reading romance books yet. But I know that you're already too smart for fairy tales. Thus, let's compromise this way. Even though you're too witty and too sarcastic for your age, you're still a child. Why would you want to read scandalous books anyway?'

'For research,' Neoma insisted. 'Plus, I'm bored. I want to read something new.'

'If you're bored, just make weird recipes and send them to the Royal Kitchen like you always do.'

Neoma seemed to love annoying the hell out of the Royal Kitchen.

He often heard from the Head Chef that the 'Crown Prince' sends requests all the time. But much to his amazement, instead of getting angry, the Head Chef and the other kitchen staff gladly accepted the 'challenge' from his child.

But the only one who could perfect Neoma's requests was Ruston Stroganoff, the Head Chef's son.

'Speaking of the Royal Kitchen, I remember Ruto again.'

Ah, right.

Ruston Stroganoff's nickname was 'Ruto.' It sounded like a foreign name. But then again, the young chef wasn't born in the empire.

'Papa Boss, you should give Ruto some royal knights to guard him, you know?' his daughter said. 'Since Ruto makes my meal, he should be considered a national treasure. Thus, we need to protect him.'

'That child doesn't need protection.'

'Don't be like that, Papa Boss,' she said, obviously not getting his point by saying that Ruto didn't need protection. 'I know that he's from a noble household so his family probably has their own private army like the Quinzels. But Ruto seems to be a rebel. What kind of Royal Chef goes out without guards? I like his bravado, but I'm scared for his safety. So we should show the royal family's appreciation for Ruto by providing royal knights as his personal guards.'

'As I said before, he doesn't need protection.'

'But he's too frail, Papa Boss,' she insisted. 'I can't even feel his Mana because it's too weak.'

Weak, huh?

Didn't this child learn what it meant if a strong Mana-user like herself couldn't feel the Mana of another user?

'Neoma, there are only three ways to enter the Royal Palace and have a place in it,' he said, teaching his daughter the things that she probably forgot because she was always busy learning new things. 'First, you have to be from a prestigious bloodline. Second, if you're a noble lower than a count, then you must excel at a certain field. And lastly...' Lewis Crevan's image entered his mind. 'If you don't have a prominent bloodline or a skill worthy

to be recognized by the royal family, then you have to be a monster who could at least destroy a village on your own.'

'Are you talking about people like my son?'

'Yes, like Lewis Crevan,' he confirmed. He couldn't believe that he already knew that Neoma was talking about Lewis Crevan when she said the word 'son.' 'But there are people in the Royal Palace who have it all: prestigious bloodline, outstanding talent, and monstrous strength.'

Just like Rufus, Glenn, Kyle, Madam Hammock, and...

'Then, where were those people when Luna Palace was attacked years ago?' Neoma asked while giving him a pointed look. 'If Luna Palace was well-protected during that time, then Nero wouldn't have been cursed.'

It was true that he hadn't paid attention to the twins yet during that time.

But it wasn't like the security in Luna Palace was loose. It just so happened that the assassins who attacked the twins' residence that night were stronger than average killers. Based on Glenn's investigation, those assassins had the assistance of the Devil.

It didn't make sense at first.

But after finding out that Nichole somehow became the Devil, he finally understood how the Holy Barrier was broken that night.

'Ah, never mind,' his daughter said when she couldn't probably handle the silence. 'I hold grudges but I don't cry over spilled milk. And I'm more invested in our conversation about Ruto's protection. So, what's your decision, Papa Boss?'

He raised a brow at his daughter. 'Why are you so interested in a person you just met?'

His daughter was about to say something but then, she suddenly closed her mouth as if she just realized that she didn't have anything to say in her defense.

For some reason, he felt irritated.

Should I send that young chef to his other homeland, perhaps?

'I'm not interested in Ruto,' Neoma said after getting silent for a few seconds. 'I'm just a concerned citizen. Plus, he makes yummy food so I don't want him to die early.'

Nikolai rolled his eyes at her lame excuse.

Ah, I should really send Ruston Stroganoff abroad.

'CHEF Ruto, you returned earlier than expected,' Kyle Sprouse greeted the young chef who just stepped out of a rental carriage. 'Welcome back.'

Right now, he was at the back gate with Orville Smith— his secretary.

Yes, he was the emperor's aide. But he also needed an aide of his own. Moreover, Orville wasn't just a secretary. He also served as his personal guard. After all, Orville used to be a White Lion Knight. He quit after losing his left eye.

When seconds passed by and Ruston Stroganoff remained giving him a blank look, he gasped softly.

'Ah, it's me,' he said. 'Kyle Sprouse, His Majesty's personal aide. I'm with Lord Orville Smith.'

'Oh,' Ruto said, then he scratched his cheek. 'It's not like I didn't recognize your voice, Lord Sprouse. I was just spacing out.'

'Did something happen when you were at the plaza?'

He nodded. 'I met a strange child. I can't remember her face though.'

Of course, you couldn't.

'Anyway, is there a reason why you were waiting for me, Lord Sprouse?' the young chef asked.

'I'm here to personally deliver a letter for you,' he informed the child. 'You received a letter from Winslow Institute of Culinary Education, Chef Ruto. Congratulations.'

'Ah, can you give it to me later, Lord Sprouse?' the boy asked shyly, then he looked at his hands. The fact that Ruto didn't look thrilled to have received a letter from a prestigious academy was amusing. 'I have to wash the blood off of my hands first.'

'Are you injured, Chef Ruto?'

'No,' Ruto said, then he raised his head to look at him. 'I just went hunting for some animals a while ago.'

After saying that, the young chef politely excused himself and left.

Orville Smith, much to his surprise, let out a relieved sigh when Ruto was out of their sight. 'The fact that I can't feel the young chef's Mana never fails to creep me out. It hurts my pride as a former White Lion Knight.'

'Well, it can't be helped,' Kyle said as they began to walk back to the palace. 'Ruto is one of the geniuses of the continent, after all.'

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