

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 154 - THAT'S THE WAY I LOVED YOU

NEOMA was amazed by watching how fast and graceful Ruto moved in the kitchen, especially when he began working on the potatoes.

After cooling down the potatoes, he inserted a wooden skewer into the bottom of each potato – gently pushing it all the way through the top. Then, he showcased his knife skills. First, working in a spiral motion from one side to the other, he held a sharp and thin knife at an angle and cut in the opposite direction that he was turning the skewered potato. It cut all the way down to the skewer, naturally.

He cut the potatoes so thinly.

Once done with it, he brushed the melted butter all over the potatoes.

Then, in a bowl, he combined the Parmesan cheese, pepper, garlic powder, paprika, and salt. He placed each skewered potato over the bowl and sprinkled half of the spice mixture over each potato until they were entirely coated.

After that, he fried the potatoes in a deep pot until golden brown. Then, he drained them on a paper that seemed like a towel-lined baking sheet. Lastly, he seasoned each potato with salt and sprinkled it with the cheese mixture.

‘It’s done,’ Ruto said, then he motioned her to come. ‘Have a taste, Miss Ramsay.’

Neoma immediately stood up and went towards Ruto who handed a skewer of Tornado Potato to her. She let out a dreamy sigh when she smelled how good it was. ‘It smells so good, Ruto,’ she said. ‘I hope it tastes as good as it smells.’

After saying that, she took a bite.

Tvur, frmovuz mru.

Before she knew it, she was already done with her first skewer.

‘I thought you breathed it in,’ Ruto commented, and he seemed proud of himself for making her eat with so much gusto. ‘You can have more. I’ll make tea for you.’

‘`Kay.’

He looked at her like he was amused, then he excused himself to make some tea.

‘Ruto, why are you working on His Majesty’s palace when you’re the one in charge of the Crown Prince’s meals?’ she asked curiously while she was on her second Tornado Potato. ‘Do you find the royal kitchen in His Royal Highness’s residence lacking?’

‘It’s not like that,’ he denied while brewing tea for her. ‘But each Royal Chef has a contract. Since my current contract dictates that I work within Yule Palace, I can’t move to His Royal Highness’s residence until it ends. To be honest, I didn’t expect that our kitchen will handle the Crown Prince’s meals as well. After all, His Royal Highness has his own chef in his residence.’

Now she felt guilty.

Because of her strange requests, the Head Chef of her residence practically lost his job.

I should check on my Head Chef soon.

‘Here’s your tea,’ Ruto said, then he carefully placed the teacup on the table. ‘Oh. You’re already on your third potato...’

He suddenly stopped talking while looking intently at her.

‘What?’ she complained when she began feeling unconscious. ‘Do I have something on my face?’

‘I think I can now remember your other features aside from your face,’ he said as if he was proud of his achievement. ‘You remind me of a baby white radish, Miss Ramsay.’

She almost choked on her potato.

Just what part of her resembled a radish?! Gosh, her beauty was insulted. This young chef dude never failed to bruise her vanity from the day that they met!

‘It’s a compliment,’ he added with a straight face. Well, at least it didn’t sound like an afterthought. ‘Baby white radishes are cute, and they’re good for your health.’

She just sipped on her tea before she completely died from choking.

The most annoying thing about Ruto is he isn’t being mean to me. He’s just bad with expressing his thoughts using words.

‘Now I know why you’re alone here when noble boys your age are dancing at the ball outside,’ she said, trying to get back at him a little. ‘You don’t know how to talk to ladies, do you?’

‘I think I’m talking to you just fine,’ he said casually. ‘Unless you’re not a lady.’

‘Hah,’ she said with a roll of her eyes, adamant about not letting him win their little banter. ‘I’m not referring to normal conversations. I’m talking about asking a lady for a dance.’

The young chef fell silent.

She sipped her tea, feeling guilty that she won the 'fight' by hurting the feelings of a young boy. Now she wanted to slap herself. She was already an adult mentally and yet, she let herself get aggravated by the mere words of a child.

Why did she have a feeling that her arrogance was getting worse and worse each day?

I should apologize...

But she didn't have the chance to do so because of what the young chef did next.

Ruto stood in front of her with one hand behind his back, while the other was extended to hers. Then, he bowed politely— his black eyes not leaving her face. 'May I have this dance, Miss White Radish?'

She closed her eyes tight and pinched the bridge of her nose.

Thankfully, her big brain managed to associate a certain kind of food with Ruto's jet-black eyes. In Korea, that ingredient was called 'geomjeongkong' and it was typically used to make a banchan (or side dish) called 'kongjang.'

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'If I'm 'Miss White Radish,' then you're 'Mr. Black Soybean' to me from now on,' she said haughtily, then she crossed her arms over her chest.

'Convince me to dance with you first. Don't you know that there are little ruffians literally fighting over me?'

'I'll make you the 'derp face cake' that His Royal Highness wanted us to make in the past, but was rejected because it was inappropriate,' Ruto said without missing a beat. 'Would that be enough, Miss White Radish?'

‘That’s a bribe,’ Neoma complained. Then, she smirked and gave Ruto a thumbs up. ‘Call, Mr. Black Soybean.’

[A distant memory...]

‘DON’T DO this to me, Mona,’ Nikolai, lying on the ground underneath Mona, begged in a cracked voice. ‘Even if you seal my memories, I will still end up loving you again.’

‘I know that, Nikolai,’ Mona, who was straddling his hips, while pinning his hands on the floor, said with a sad smile on her beautiful face. Although her frame was much smaller than his, her physical strength was something that shouldn’t be underestimated. Like the royal family, the Rosehearts were also born physically stronger than average humans. ‘That’s why your memory of us isn’t the only thing that I will steal from you tonight.’

It was already two in the morning and here they were, in the front yard of House Roseheart’s estate, fighting when they shouldn’t be.

After all, Mona was pregnant with their child.

‘Why are you doing this to me, Mona?’ he asked, desperate. ‘Why do you want me to hate you?’

‘Because if you continue loving me too much, you’d end up choosing me over our own child.’

‘I won’t be satisfied with that kind of explanation, Mona.’

‘Even if I tell you the whole truth now, you’ll just forget it anyway,’ she said in a frustrated tone. ‘Let’s stop now, Nikolai.’

‘No,’ he said weakly. Damn it! It seemed like Mona was using her Mana to suck his remaining strength. He couldn’t even lift a finger now. ‘Mona, don’t leave me. I can’t live without you and you know that.’

She chuckled bitterly. ‘You see, Nikolai? You don’t care about our child. I’m about to run away with our child in my wŏmb and yet, you’re only begging me to stay with you.’

He couldn’t refute that.

Of course, he loved their child because it was a life created by him and his beloved. But if he had to choose between keeping Mona and their child, then he would choose his lover.

Just like what Mona said a while ago.

‘Stop loving me too much, Nikolai,’ Mona said in a cracked voice, tears now rolling unstoppably down her cheeks. Then, she cupped his face gently between her cold hands. ‘Leave some space in your heart for our child.’

‘The children of the royal family weren’t raised by their parents with love,’ he said with a bitter smile on his face. ‘I don’t know if I’m capable of loving my own child that I only see as a means to continue our lineage. But if you stay and teach me how to be a good father, then maybe I’ll be the first emperor to love his own child.’

To be honest, he didn’t know how to feel about their child.

Mona was a Roseheart and their family was only capable of giving birth to females. The empire was harsh to princesses. If it wasn’t for Mona wanting to have a child, he wouldn’t agree to have one in the first place.

But he genuinely wanted to learn how to love his child eventually.

That was until Mona said she was leaving him.

‘I’m sorry but I can’t stay with you, Nikolai,’ Mona said between sobs, then she placed a hand on his chest— on the part where his heart was beating erratically. The moment the warmth from her hand flowed to his body, she

closed her eyes and leaned down for their last kiss. ‘Let me steal your ability to love so that you could live without yearning for me.’

Nikolai wanted to protest and beg but as soon as Mona’s lips touched his, his remaining strength was finally sucked in by her cruel, farewell kiss. When he closed his eyes, he felt his warm tears roll down his cheeks. ‘I will always stay in love with you, Mona...’

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