

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

### Chapter 168 - FOR THE NEW GENERATION

‘VISCOUNT Stroganoff, you’re dismissed by His Majesty earlier than expected, huh?’ Glenn greeted the young chef who just got out of the emperor’s office. When Ruto just gave him a blank look, he immediately introduced himself thinking that the boy couldn’t recognize him. Although they often meet since he was always at the Royal Kitchen to check His Majesty’s meals, he was still careful because he knows about the young chef’s face blindness. ‘Ah, I’m Glenn of the White Lion Knights.’

Ruto blinked, then he nodded. ‘Why did you address me by my title, Sir Glenn?’

Ruto was the son of Marquis Morton Stroganoff, the emperor’s personal chef (and also the Head Chef of Yule’s Palace’s Royal Kitchen). Since Ruto was the heir of a marquis, he received one of the lesser titles of his father. Thus, the young chef was known as a viscount outside the walls of the Royal Palace

‘You’re not wearing your uniform today,’ he said with a smile. ‘Do you feel uncomfortable being addressed by your noble title?’

The young chef nodded. ‘My noble title is a big burden to me.’

He chuckled at the young lord’s honesty. ‘I apologize, Chef Ruto. I’ll refrain from addressing you by your noble title from now on.’

‘Thank you, Sir Glenn,’ he said, then he spaced out for a bit before he spoke again. ‘Why didn’t you accept the position of being the commander of the White Lion Knights when it was vacated?’

He didn’t expect the young chef to ask him about that.

But it wasn't like he didn't know why Ruto suddenly brought it up. After all, every single White Lion Knight knew about His Majesty's wish to make Ruto the future commander of their Order. It wasn't a secret or anything like that.

'His Majesty once offered to promote me as the commander of our Order,' he shared with the young chef, then he smiled brightly before he spoke again. 'But I told His Majesty that I'd rather kill myself than take the vacated position of the person who betrayed us.'

The former Commander Gavin Quinzel was the person that he used to look up to the most.

In the past, Glenn was known as the 'Mad Dog' because of his ferocious attitude that caused his family to practically disown him. His Majesty and the former Commander Gavin Quinzel, best known as the 'fearsome duo' in the past, were the two people who managed to tame him.

Although he respected and adored the emperor with his whole heart, the one who inspired him to be a knight and to become a decent person was the former Commander Gavin Quinzel.

Thus, he almost reverted back to being the 'Mad Dog' that he used to be when the former commander betrayed His Majesty. The former Quinzel heir didn't only take Lady Mona Roseheart away from the emperor. He also killed more than half of their Order— even taking down seven of the Paladins on his own.

'Then, shouldn't His Majesty just choose one from the current members of the Order to be appointed as the next commander?' Ruto asked in his usual calm voice. 'It's strange that His Majesty is putting his hopes on me when I didn't even receive training to be a knight.'

He laughed at that. 'That's cute of you, Chef Ruto.'

If ever Ruto decides to get formal training, it would only be for formality's sake.

After all, he knew very well that the young chef could complete their training in just three months. Lewis Crevan was a genius in his own right, and he still took a year to complete the training. Although it was already a huge feat for the fox boy considering that he wasn't even a teen, he knew that Ruto could break his record.

No offense meant, Lewis Crevan.

'His Majesty is thinking of the new generation, Chef Ruto,' he explained to the young chef. 'He knows that the old generation of the White Lion Knights already ended when the former Commander Gavin Quinzel, the genius of his generation, died.'

'But you and the other Paladins are still alive and well,' Ruto said, obviously confused. 'Never mind the ones at the bottom of the Order. But I'm certain that as long as Sir Glenn and your fellow Paladins exist, His Majesty won't really need a commander for his Order. After all, His Majesty is the strongest man in the empire anyway. Out of all the emperors that we had, only the current emperor managed to tame the four Holy Guardians.'

Tvfo jmpit gu ovu Vuzqaiiamr Bazt, Axpzu Dzfemr, Wvaou Taeuz, frt ovu Bifhc Tmzomalu.

'His Majesty is preparing for the growth of the new generation,' he explained with a smile. 'His Majesty wants a commander that will serve the Crown Prince once His Royal Highness ascends the throne. That's the reason why His Majesty wants you to be the future commander of the White Lion Knights, Chef Ruto.'

'Oh.'

‘You’ve met the Crown Prince earlier,’ Glenn said cheerfully. ‘Do you think His Royal Highness will become a good emperor someday?’

Ruto shrugged casually. ‘But one thing is for sure: I’d rather cook for His Royal Highness Prince Nero than become the commander of his Order in the future.’

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‘YOU’VE made contact with the slave traders?’ Neoma asked her Jasper Oppa seriously. ‘Why do you need to leave just because you made contact with them?’

‘As soon as you sent me a letter stating that Lewis Crevan agreed to be our bait, I already made a move,’ Jasper Hawthorne explained. ‘The slave traders are smarter and more elusive than I first thought. It wouldn’t be easy to fool them. Thus, I decided to work for them to gain their trust.’

The plan sounded sensible enough for her to easily accept Jasper Oppa’s plan.

Still, she was worried.

‘Jasper Oppa, I know that you’re a duke and a good one at that,’ she said carefully. ‘But you’re just a few years older than me.’ Well, physically. ‘You’re still a child. If this mission turns out to be dangerous, please give up and return to the Royal Capital. You can even send me a message and I’ll go wherever you are.’

‘That’s reassuring to hear,’ he said with a smile. ‘Thank you, Princess Neoma.’

She just nodded. To be honest, she didn’t want to be this serious. But knowing the gravity of the situation, she couldn’t fool around. ‘Will you go undercover with Tate?’

She didn't like that crazy butler, but she knew he was strong enough to protect the duke.

'It will be strange if I don't bring him along,' the young duke said. 'The slave traders seemed to have run a background check on me. Fortunately, they think that I don't get along with the Royal Family. After all, I didn't attend your coronation ceremony. I didn't even greet you properly on your birthday.'

She pouted, grabbing the chance to act like a kid for the sake of lightening up the mood. 'That's right. You failed to do your duty as a noble. Even the anti-Royal faction attended my coronation, you know?'

'Well, I didn't feel like attending a brat's birthday party then,' he teased her. 'Since you look like a mini-version of His Majesty, I didn't wish to see your face before.'

She just laughed it off, then she got serious again. 'Do you resent my father for ending your family?'

'I know that His Majesty only did what any smart emperor would do,' he said carefully. 'I'm also fully aware that my parents were bad people. But in the end, they were still my family. Seeing His Majesty's face always reminds me of their tragic death.'

'Then, do you resent me as well?'

'I did at first but not because of your resemblance with His Majesty,' the young duke admitted. 'I didn't like you initially because you were such a little piece of shit at the beginning.'

She laughed when she remembered the content of the letters that they exchanged in the past.

Plus, it was funny to hear her Oppa curse like that.

‘Hey, you were such a douchebag back then as well,’ she said between giggles. ‘At least we already settled our differences.’

The young duke just smiled, then he sipped his tea.

‘How can I help you, Oppa?’ she asked seriously. ‘You won’t bring up the fact that the slave traders think that you hate the Royal Family without a reason.’

‘It seems like my little sister is really sharp, huh?’

Hearing Jasper Oppa call her his ‘little sister’ made her smile brightly. Although she was mentally older than the young duke, she knew that he was dependable. Nero might hate it, but she couldn’t really see her twin brother as her Oppa.

For some reason, she saw Nero as her baby brother.

‘The slave traders already have their eyes on Lewis Crevan, Princess Neoma.’

Svu diarhvut jvur lvu vufzt ovfo.

‘While I work with them, I plan to work hard and impress them until I convince them to put me in charge of kidnapping Lewis Crevan,’ Jasper said seriously. ‘I need your help, Princess Neoma.’

‘I think I know where this is going,’ she said, her big brain working hard. ‘Do you want me to create an opportunity for you to ‘kidnap’ my son?’

He nodded firmly. ‘I plan to work for the slave traders for at least six months. Once I gain their trust, I will ask them to put me in charge of kidnapping the Crown Prince’s personal knight. I think I can pull it off since they believe that I have grudge against the Royal Family.’

‘Since Lewis already agreed to be our bait, I think he will cooperate with you,’ she said. ‘But Oppa, I need you to give me a heads-up. I might go

batshit crazy if someone dares to hurt my son. When I'm in my crazy bitch mode, no one can touch Lewis. Your plan will fail.'

He looked at her as if he was shocked by the 'vulgar' words that she said, then he laughed. 'I already have that covered, Princess Neoma,' he said, then he raised his right hand and opened his hand. 'Posie, come out.'

She was amazed when a small, red butterfly came out of the young duke's palm.

Then, much to her surprise and delight, the pretty butterfly came to her. She instinctively raised her hand and just then, 'Posie' landed on her finger.

'Posie seems to like you, Princess Neoma.'

'Who wouldn't, Oppa?' she said while admiring the beautiful butterfly on her finger.

Her Oppa just laughed it off. 'Posie is one of Mariposa's 'daughters.' She'll serve as our link, Princess Neoma. I will send you a message through Posie. But please don't send back a response unless I say so. I'm certain that the slave traders will keep an eye on me so I have to be extra careful.'

'Alright, noted,' Neoma said, then she raised her head to meet Jasper's gaze. 'Is there anything I can help you with, Jasper Oppa?'

'Try to hide your abilities and make sure that Lewis Crevan will do the same, Princess Neoma,' Jasper said seriously. 'After all, we need to convince the trade slavers that I'm stronger than the fox boy, so catching your son will be believable for them.'

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'I'M STILL not used to how cute you have become,' Nichole said, then she laughed softly at the Hybrid child in front of her. It was a black cat with a human body. It only reached her waist, so it looked like a human child aged

eight or nine. To be honest, it was taking her all that she got to stop herself from lifting him up. ‘I want to put you in my pocket, Gin.’

‘Oh, please,’ Gin said. Even his voice sounded like a child’s now. So it was kind of funny that he was dressed up like a butler (his pants were replaced by shorts though since his legs were shorter now compared to when he was an adult). ‘That damned Trevor killed me again. Reverting back to being a child is the side-effect of using one of my remaining lives.’

‘Well, you’re lucky that you’re a cat with nine lives,’ she said, then she began to walk towards the ‘centerpiece’ of the almost empty white room: a glass coffin. ‘And I’m genuinely glad that you have returned.’

‘Ohh,’ he said, his voice brimming with delight. ‘Did you already find him?’

‘Yes,’ she confirmed, then she stood in front of the glass coffin. ‘But we have to wait for at least half a year before we succeed in bringing him back to life.’

Gin stood beside her. ‘That long, huh?’

‘Well, we have to be careful since it’s him,’ Nichole said, then she raised her hand. As soon as she did, the lid of the glass coffin disappeared, revealing the skeleton ‘sleeping’ inside. It was unrecognizable because it was still all bones for now. But the crest of the Black Hawk and the White Lion in his clothes could only belong to one person. ‘Gavin Quinzel, the genius of his generation, will become our strongest ally once he’s back.’

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

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