

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

### Chapter 172 - RECIPE TO SUCCESS

‘HUH.’

‘Huh?’ Neoma asked, repeating what she heard from the other ‘line.’ ‘This is Ruto, right?’

‘I’m Ruto.’

She rolled her eyes at his boring response. ‘Then, what’s with the ‘huh?’”

‘I was just surprised,’ Ruto said. ‘I thought you threw away the calling device I left for you since you didn’t call me.’

‘I should have thrown this device,’ she said. ‘Why didn’t you tell me that you left a calling device for me? If you want to contact me, you should have just told me. You didn’t have to leave me something so expensive.’

‘Did you feel burden by my present?’

‘Bull’s eye,’ she said, then she activated her actress mode. ‘How can a mere lady-in-waiting trainee accept something so expensive from the Crown Prince’s Royal Chef?’

‘I’ve been thinking about this ever since we met...’

‘About what?’

‘Only nobles are allowed to serve a royal family member,’ the young chef said. ‘You should have at least come from a viscount family if you had been qualified to serve the Crown Prince. You can’t be a commoner if you’re working in the Royal Palace, Miss Ramsay.’ He paused before he continued.

‘Or should I call you ‘Lady Ramsay’ from now on?’

She gulped when she realized the glaring loophole in the lie that she told him. There was no point in insisting that she was a commoner. She lied before because she didn't think that she'd meet Ruto again. But now that she was busted, she couldn't continue her lame act as a commoner. Still, she couldn't tell him the truth. 'I came from a fallen viscount family from a neighboring country,' she lied again. Since Ruto was a noble in this empire, she couldn't say that 'House Ramsay' was from the Royal Capital or else, she'd get busted again. 'But please don't ask anymore about where I came from, Ruto. It's a painful memory for me.'

'Oh, okay,' he said casually. 'I apologize for being nosy.'

'If you're truly sorry, then send some bread for me tomorrow.'

'What kind of bread?'

'Tasty bread.'

She knew that she was being vague.

But what could she do? She didn't have particular bread in mind. She just suddenly craved for it. Plus, since she was busy these days, she wanted to have something easy to eat.

'Alright,' Ruto said. Gosh, this fellow was really easy to talk to. 'I'll send some tasty bread for you tomorrow.'

'Thanks,' she said. 'But please don't use the ingredients in the Royal Kitchen for my tasty bread. I don't want you to get in trouble.'

'Don't worry,' he assured her. 'I'll make the bread in my house.'

'Thank you, Ruto.'

'Are you okay?'

It was easier to say that she was fine since she didn't want a child like Ruto to worry about her. She was a grown woman mentally after all. But for some reason, the young chef's voice was so soothing that she found herself opening up to him.

'No, not really,' she said honestly. 'You see, I'm arrogant.'

'I already know that.'

She frowned at what Ruto said. 'Anyway, I'm arrogant because I know that I'm competent.'

'Uh-huh.'

'But these past few days, I realized that I wasn't as talented as I thought I was,' she confessed. 'I've been humbled by the realization that I'm no genius. Now I have nothing to back up my arrogance. So I'm kind of bummed out recently.'

'What made you think that you're no genius?'

'There's this legendary lady-in-waiting that I admire,' she said. Of course, she was referring to her Mama Boss. But since she couldn't say that to Ruto, she had to come up with another creative lie again. 'She was very good at her job when she was still working at the Royal Palace. I wanted to be like her so I decided to take the same training that she had in the past. But I failed to accomplish the tasks that a naturally talented lady like her had accomplished.'

'Do you have to take the exact same training that the lady you admire had gone through to accomplish the thing that you wanted to achieve?'

That question made her wonder...

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‘I started my cooking career by recreating my father’s dishes,’ Ruto said softly. ‘I was ten years old when I made my cooking debut to the society.’

She almost choked on that.

Just how young was Ruto when he began cooking ?

‘During that time, my mother hosted a party at our mansion,’ the young chef continued. ‘She asked me and my father to cook for her guests. For the first time, Father allowed me to make the main dish for half of our guests, and he also lent me the cooking book that he authored. I followed the exact same recipe that he uses. Still, we got different results. The people I made the food for didn’t enjoy the dishes that I cooked for them.’

‘Really?’ she asked curiously. She knew that Ruto wouldn’t bring that up if it didn’t have any connection to the problem that she shared with him. Thus, she was being patient while listening to his story. ‘Why didn’t they enjoy it?’

If Ruto’s cooking skills weren’t good enough yet during that time, she doubted if his mother would host a party and ask him to cook food for half their guests. The fact that his father allowed him to cook with him only meant that the chef trusted his son.

So she was wondering what went wrong.

‘I made a mistake,’ he said. ‘Father decided to use venison for his main dish. He told me that I was free to make my own menu for the party. But since I wanted to prove to our guests that I’m already as good as my father, I insisted on making the same menu as him. Because of my useless pride, I forgot about my guests. I didn’t consider that most children my age back then don’t particularly enjoy eating venison. Not the kind that’s prepared for adults, at least.’

‘Oh. So the guests that you cooked for were children.’

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Even in the modern world, most children didn't enjoy venison. Heck, she personally knew some adults who swore not to eat that kind of protein. Wild game wasn't for everyone after all.

'Yeah,' he said. 'Unfortunately, they didn't like the venison that adults enjoyed during that time. But I made it up to my guests. As an apology, I hosted my first party and invited the same children who were disappointed by my cooking during the previous party.'

'Did you use a different protein during that party?'

'No, I still used venison,' Ruto said in a proud voice. 'But I didn't cook it the way that my father would. I created my own kid-friendly venison recipes. I made spaghetti and elk meatballs, venison burger, venison grilled cheese, and venison sausage sliders. Of course, I didn't tell the kids that the main protein I used was venison.'

'Did they like it?'

'They loved every single dish I prepared that day,' he said. 'They were shocked when they realized that the main ingredient I used was venison. Thankfully, they didn't get mad at me for hiding it from them since they enjoyed the whole menu. And after that, I heard from their parents that their children stopped being picky after I introduced them to wild game.'

She smiled after hearing his story. 'You're a genius, Ruto.'

'Did you get the moral of my story?'

'Fortunately, I did,' she said softly. 'Instead of blindly following the training that the lady I admire had undergone in the past, I should create a training regime that will work better for me. Am I right?'

‘Yes, you’re right,’ he said. ‘And don’t forget the person that you’re serving as well, Miss Ramsay. The lady you admire had served a different person, so the skills that she acquired may have been skills that she needed to serve her master. There might be a chance that you need a different set of skills to serve the current Crown Prince.’

She smiled at his advice.

Ah, it would be more appropriate that he shared with her the lesson that he learned from his mistake when he blindly copied his father’s recipes. Since he and his father had different types of guests to cook for, the two had achieved different results despite following the same method.

And that was kind of similar to her current dilemma.

Mama Boss was a legendary Summoner who could attract Spirits effortlessly. But I’m not my mother, and I don’t need to summon all the Spirits around me yet. The only assignment that Mochi gave me is to summon Marvin, the merman. I should be focusing on that task for now. Learning how to summon more and stronger Spirits will come eventually.

She let out a relieved sigh.

After all, sharing her worries with Ruto got it off her chest.

‘Thank you, Ruto,’ she said sincerely. ‘Your advice really helped a lot.’

‘If you’re truly thankful, then show your face to me more.’

She laughed at his odd request. ‘It’s not like you can remember my face.’

Plus, now that her palace had more servants, it was hard to dress up as her real self. She wouldn’t know if there were spies planted in her residence now that she had become the Crown Prince. Thus, she was being extra careful.

‘I’m trying,’ Ruto said softly, almost making her miss his words. ‘I’m trying hard to remember your face, Miss Ramsay.’

She smiled and was about to tease him when...

‘Miss Ramsay, it’s time to go to sleep.’

She froze when Lewis suddenly spoke loud enough for Ruto to hear.

To say that she was shocked would be an understatement. After all, she almost forgot that Lewis was still in her room. Her son was so quiet that she almost forgot his presence.

Ruto cleared his throat. ‘Miss Ramsay, who’s with you at this hour?’

‘A friend. Most servants in the palace share the same quarters,’ she lied smoothly. ‘Good night, Ruto.’

She hanged up before the young chef could even respond.

Then, she raised her head to face her son. ‘Lewis—’

‘Good night, Princess Neoma,’ Lewis said, avoiding her gaze. Then, he bowed to her before quickly leaving her room. ‘Don’t stay up late just because of a call.’

Neoma sighed while shaking her head. ‘Lewis is at his rebellious stage, huh?’

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NEOMA, now alone in her room, stood in front of her bed.

Then, she cut her finger using Mini Skewer. Then, before her blood hit the floor, she closed her eyes and concentrated hard. This time, instead of envisioning her blood to turn into a red rose, she imagined a more appropriate reception for a merman.

It was the ocean, of course. A pond wasn't suited for a merman after all. She didn't know how Marvin's Spirit was locked up in the pond. But she was certain that he'd like to be freed from it and return to where he belonged.

She might be wrong, but perhaps, Marvin's hostile personality was due to the fact that a merman like him was stuck in a small pond.

So in her mind, she envisioned her blood turning into a drop of saltwater.

And once it hit the floor, she imagined the floor to turn into an ocean floor.

She hadn't been underwater in both of her previous lives. So instead, she just imagined her room to turn into a huge aquarium. She had been to several aquariums back in her second life with her mommy and daddy, so envisioning it was quite easy.

'Princess Neoma...'

She opened her eyes when she heard the familiar voice, then smiled when she saw Marvin right in front of her.

And not only that.

When she looked around, she realized that her room had turned into a big aquarium just like how she imagined it: clear water, cute little fishes and some sharks swimming around, and other marine life that one who had been into aquariums could think of.

And oh, the floor had turned into fine sand as well.

I did it.

'Marvin,' Neoma said when she finally faced the merman properly. She noticed that his face had softened up, and his eyes were sparkling while staring back at her. Her smile grew wider after realizing that she also succeeded in taming him. 'Thank you for heeding my call.'



Mervin's face turned bright instantly. Then, he bowed to her. 'Thank you for summoning me, Princess Neoma,' he said politely. 'I, Marvin of the Cordelia Sea, vow to serve you for eternity.'

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'YOUR MAJESTY, I already found the location of Author Sola, the one known for her novel called 'Mommy Villainess.'

'Good,' Nikolai said, then he raised his head to look at Glenn who stood politely in front of his desk. 'Arrest that woman and lock her up for writing indecent books.'

Glenn flinched at his order. 'Your Majesty, that's a little...'

The knight was unable to finish his sentence when a strange yet familiar aura shook the ground.

That sent shivers down his spine.

'Mona...?' Nikolai whispered to himself. Then, he shook his head when he realized that the aura similar to Mona's was mixed with an aura similar to his. That could only come from one person in the Royal Palace. 'It seems like the little rogue has finally summoned her first Spirit.'

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

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