

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 187 – THE LOYALTY OF THE QUINZELS (1)

[Temple of Alethea]

‘HANNA, why are we here?’

Hanna turned around and faced her parents who looked anxious at the moment.

And she knew exactly why.

To be honest, asking her parents to go to the Temple of Alethea wasn't on a whim. In fact, she arranged an engagement with the temple in advance. She used their family's seal to make it look like that the letter came from her mother, the duchess.

Yes, that could be considered a crime. But she knew that her parents would forgive her for doing that. Moreover, she had to do that because the room she booked in the temple wasn't open to just anyone.

‘Sweetie, do you know what room is this?’ her mother asked, obviously worried. ‘This is the Room of Truth.’

The layout of the room was as simple as it sounded.

It was the same as a standard prayer room that could be seen in temples. The only difference was there wasn't any statue there.

Instead of a statue, a huge round table made of marble was placed in the center of the room. There was a red table cloth on top of the table. Ah, there were also several spirit stones attached to the wall that served as a replacement for torches. Thus, the room was well-lit.

The only downside was the room was a little chilly since it was in the basement.

‘Even if we are a ducal family, we couldn’t have easily accessed this room as soon as we came in. An appointment is required,’ his father said while giving her a suspicious look. ‘Hanna, did you use our family seal to send a letter to the temple?’

Her mother gasped in surprise. ‘Hanna...’

‘Mother, Father, I apologize for using our family seal without your permission,’ she said, then she bowed politely to her parents. Then, she looked straight at her mother’s eyes. ‘Mother, I used your name when I sent the letter to the temple. I’m really sorry.’

‘Sweetie, I’m not mad,’ her mother said. ‘But I want you to be honest with us. Why did you bring us here?’

‘I’ll explain everything well, Mother,’ she said, then she paused when she remembered something. ‘Please don’t punish George for giving me the seal. He doesn’t know what I used it for.’

George was their family’s head butler. To be honest, she had permission from her parents to use their family seal because they trusted her. But sending a letter to the temple while using her mother’s name was an entirely different matter.

‘We won’t punish George,’ her father said. ‘But like what your mother said, we want you to let us know the reason why you booked the Room of Truth.’

She nodded, then she looked at the door when someone knocked on it.

‘Let’s wait for High Priestess Alethea first.’

Her parents looked surprised by what she said.

The name 'Alethea' was inherited by every High Priestess that led the temple. The current Priestess Alethea was a lady in her mid-thirties.

But to be honest, the High Priestess wasn't that influential. None of them was. In fact, the influence of the Temple of Alethea had only continued to decline over the years. One of the stupid reasons why the nobility refused to support the temple was due to the fact that it was led by a woman born in a poor baron family.

Still, there was one significant reason why the Temple of Alethea was continuously supported by the Royal Family.

'Greetings, Duke and Duchess Quinzel,' High Priestess Alethea greeted her parents politely when she entered the room with a golden salver that came with a golden cover. Then, she turned to her and smile. 'Greetings, Young Lady Hanna Quinzel.'

She bowed politely to the High Priestess. 'Greetings, Your Eminence.'

Io jfl fizuftw vuz ovazt oaqu luuare f nzaoulull dzmq ovfo ouqniu gpo lvu jfl loaii f iaooiu lpznzalut. Adouz fii, ovu Haev Pzauloullul frt ovu zulo ar ovu ouqniu (ukhuno dmz ovu luzsfrol) vft f praypu fnnufzfrhu.

High Priestess Alethea wore an all-black robe with gold accents. Her hair was neatly tied in an elegant bun. She also wore a black veil and a black blindfold.

Yes, all the priestesses in that temple wore black blindfolds and they moved just fine.

'I've prepared three Anwir Pills as you requested, Duke and Duchess Quinzel,' High Priestess Alethea said, then she put the golden salver down on the table. After that, she lifted the golden cover to show them the plate inside. And the plate had three black edible beans. Yes, those were the Anwir Pills. 'Once an Anwir Pill is consumed, the person who ate it must

proceed to declare their truth. If that person lied, they would die. But if they told the truth, the pill inside their body would turn into pure energy and disappear completely.'

Her parents didn't look shocked because the Anwir Pill's effect was a piece of common knowledge in the Royal Capital.

But of course, by this time, both his mother and father already looked anxious.

'You may speak your truth in this room comfortably,' High Priestess Alethea said. 'I swear on Goddess Alethea's name that no one and nothing else would hear the truth declared in the Room of Truth except for the confessor and the confessed.'

After saying that, the High Priestess bid them goodbye.

Her parents politely thanks High Priestess Alethea, then they waited until the door closed before her mother and her father broke the heavy silence in the room.

'Hanna Quinzel, explain,' her father said sternly this time. 'Why did you request Anwir Pills to the High Priestess? Do you know that those pills are only used by the empire to make criminals confess to their crimes?'

Yul, ovfo jfl ozpu.

And that was the only reason why the Royal Family allowed the Temple of Alethea to continue existing despite its declining influence. After all, the Anwir Pills could only be produced using the chosen High Priestess's divine power.

That was also the second reason why most of the nobility didn't support the Temple of Alethea: they feared the Anwir Pills and wanted to discontinue its use.

Of course, the temple doesn't easily hand the pills just to anyone.

In fact, she didn't expect that the High Priestess would allow her family to have three pills when asking for one was already a hard task. But maybe the High Priestess wasn't able to turn down a request from their biggest benefactor.

Yes, under His Majesty's order, House Quinzel never failed to give handsome donations to the Temple of Alethea.

His Majesty can't do it himself to avoid criticisms.

'Hanna, your father is asking you a question,' her mother scolded her. 'Don't ignore us.'

Instead of verbally responding to her parents, she just grabbed one of the Anwir Pills and swallowed it fast.

'Hanna!' her parents yelled at the same time, both turned pale on the spot.

Wvur vuz qmovuz frt dfovuz guefr om zpr omjztl vuz, lvu zfalut vuz vfrt om lomn ovuq. Tvur, lvu lnmcu vuz dazlo ozpov.

'Regina Crowell is an enemy that wants to kill me, then replace me as the heiress of House Quinzel,' she confessed bravely.

Her mother dropped on the floor as if her knees suddenly weakened.

Her father immediately got down on one knee to attend to her mother. But she could tell that her father was holding his breath.

Fortunately, her parents didn't have to worry for long.

A few seconds later after her first confession, a burst of blinding light engulfed her whole body. Of course, she got scared especially when her parents yelled her name again. But the light quickly vanished, leaving a fuzzy and warm feeling in her chest.

I'm safe.

She was about to grab another pill when all of a sudden, a cold hand grabbed her wrist. The grip wasn't gentle, but it wasn't also too tight. The strength used was just enough to keep her from grabbing the pill in front of her.

When she looked down at her arm, she saw that the hand that grabbed her was her father's shadow's hand.

She tried to grab the pills with her other hand but her father's shadow beat her to it.

Sm dflo.

'Hanna Quinzel, what in the world are you doing?' her father asked sternly while helping her mother get up. Her father didn't raise his voice but the firmness in the way he talked was enough to scare her. She knew that her father wouldn't hurt her, but it was normal for any kid to get anxious when they made their parents upset. 'Are you trying to kill me and your mother by making us worry?'

'Hanna, sweetie,' her mother said, then she ran towards her. Then, she knelt and held her by the shoulders while checking her from head to toe. 'Are you alright? Are you hurt anywhere?' When her mother raised her head while gently caressing her cheeks, she felt a pang of guilt when she saw how worried her mother was for her. 'Hanna, why did you eat that pill? You're not a criminal.'

'Your mother is right, Hanna,' her father said, his shadow disappearing as he walked towards her. Then, he got down on one knee and gently patted her head. 'Did you think that we wouldn't believe you? Sweetie, you didn't have to risk your life for that because whatever you say, your mother and I will believe you. We trust you, daughter. So please have a little more faith in us. Hmm?'

She was so relieved to hear that she almost cried. But she held back her tears because she needed to explain to her parents first. ‘Thank you for trusting me, Mother, Father,’ she said softly. ‘I’m sorry for making you worry. I didn’t think that you’d believe my claim because I don’t have proof. Thus, this is the only way that I came up with so you wouldn’t doubt my story.’

There was another reason why she decided to book the Room of Truth.

She’d bring that up later.

‘Mother, you heard me, didn’t you?’ she asked while looking at her mother. ‘Regina Crowell is an enemy that wants to kill me.’

Her mother looked devastated, then she nodded thoughtfully. ‘I heard you, Hanna.’

‘Regina Crowell?’ her father asked, then he turned to her mother. ‘Darling, isn’t she the child that you want to introduce to Hanna today? And if I remember correctly, the child came from a baron family that supports House Drayton.’

Her mother suddenly looked guilty. ‘Yes, that’s Regina Crowell,’ she said, then she turned to her. ‘Sweetie, who gave you that information?’

‘I will tell you but before that...’ Hanna trailed off, then she turned to her father. ‘Father, will you please cover the entire room with your Shadow Veil?’

Her father nodded seriously. ‘As you wish, sweetie.’

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