

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 192 – WEDDING BELLS

‘DARLING, are you alright?’

‘I’m alright, darling,’ Rufus assured his wife while wiping the blood off of his face using a handkerchief. He just got off the carriage when he realized that there was bloodstain left on his face. He was in a hurry when he left the interrogation room to come home to his family. ‘This isn’t my blood.’

Amber looked relieved to hear that, then she looked at the servants lined behind her before she turned to him again. ‘Let’s go to our room. You need to change your clothes first. You don’t want Hanna to see you in that state, do you?’

His uniform was black so the bloodstain wasn’t that visible. But he smelled of blood. Hanna had sharp senses so his daughter would definitely notice.

‘You’re right, darling,’ he said, then he took off his black gloves before he offered his hand to his wife. ‘Let’s go to our room.’

His wife nodded, then she accepted his hand as they walked past the servants who all bowed politely to them. He told his butlers and Amber’s maids that they weren’t needed and dismissed them for tonight.

After that, he and his wife went to their bedroom.

Most married nobles didn’t share a room and it was pretty normal. But since he and Amber were both the affectionate type, they decided to share a bedroom.

‘How was it, darling?’ Amber asked while she was helping him unbutton his shirt. ‘Did the doctor and his team mention anything related to the crows?’

He shook his head. The doctor and the team that his wife mentioned were the people who pronounced Hanna’s death. His Majesty’s judgment was correct: those people were the ones who implanted the black magic in Hanna’s body. ‘No, they didn’t. But they confessed their whole plan,’ he said, then his jaw clenched when he remembered what those scum said. ‘Apparently, their plan was to steal Hanna’s body while we were mourning. According to the rebel doctor, they have an informant that said they could own Hanna’s Shadow Marionette Technique if they dissected our daughter’s body.’

His wife’s green eyes turned dark. ‘They planned to dissect our Hanna’s body? Rufus, please tell me that you at least chopped those bastards’ limbs off.’

He smiled, then put his hand on his wife’s cheek while gently running his thumb over her lips.

Amber rarely swears or says indecent things since she was raised as a perfect noble lady.

But to hear dirty words come out of his wife’s lovely mouth didn’t sound so bad. In fact, he felt something stir inside him upon listening to Amber speak crudely.

‘Rufus?’

He kissed his wife on the lips quickly before he explained. ‘I gave them hell until they begged that we just kill them, darling. But I have to keep their leader alive and surrender them to the White Lion Knights. After all, His Majesty plans to present the rebels to the public for their execution. It will serve as a warning to those who plan to rebel against the Royal Family.’

His wife let out a frustrated sigh. 'So in the end, they will be punished as mere rebels instead of their crime of attempting to kill our daughter.'

'We can't find any evidence that will link the rebels to the crows,' he said, equally as upset as his wife.

'What about the information that they got about stealing Hanna's Shadow Marionette Technique?'

He also thought they could use that piece of information to get what they wanted, but to no avail.

'It still points at their group's goal to attack the Royal Family using our family's technique,' he said while shaking his head. 'Moreover, we got a list of names of talented noble children that they planned to steal techniques from. That means we don't have concrete evidence that they were only after our daughter.'

'The crows work smart, huh?'

'Remember, that they managed to make us all believe that His Majesty had already wiped them off after what they did to Princess Nichole in the past,' he gently reminded his wife, then he cupped his face between his hands. 'But don't worry, darling. I promise you that we will get them this time.'

She nodded, then she put her hands on top of his. 'Darling, I just want to make sure about one thing.'

'Hmm?'

'We told Hanna that we're going to support Princess Neoma,' his wife said hesitantly. 'I just want to ask if it also means that in case Prince Nero and Princess Neoma end up having a conflict, we're going to side with Princess Neoma instead of the Crown Prince?'

He fell silent.

It wasn't like that thought never crossed his mind.

Tm gu vmrulo, gudmzu Hfrrf uknzullut vuz tēlīzē om lpnmmzo Pzarhull Numqf, vu ovmepevo val dfqaiw jmpit rfopzfiiw lpnmmzo Pzarhu Nuzm. Adouz fii, mriw qfiu vuazl juzu nuzqaoout om lphhuut ovu ovzmru.

But he had a feeling that it was about to change soon.

'I never truly felt that the duke title belongs to me, Amber,' he confessed, surprising and worrying his wife at the same time. 'It was the title that belonged to Brother Gavin ever since he was born. My brother was the genius of the family, the gem of the Quinzels that overshadowed me all my life. I never resented my brother though. After all, I never dreamt of becoming the head of the family anyway. That's why when Brother Gavin passed away and Father suddenly named me as his heir, I was unprepared. And even now, I don't think that I deserve my position.'

'Rufus, please don't say that,' his wife gently scolded him. 'You're doing an excellent job as the master of House Quinzal.'

'Thank you, darling,' he said with a smile on his face. 'I'm sorry if I sounded like I'm underestimating myself. All I want to say is Hanna is different from me. She was born ready to lead the family. Thus, I'm working hard every day to change our empire's law. I want our daughter to officially inherit my title.'

His wife was relieved to hear that.

'Hanna got my brother's spirit, Amber,' he said seriously. 'She was born to do great things. For that matter, I decided to place my complete faith in her. If Hanna decides to follow Princess Neoma instead of Prince Nero, then we will support her with all that we got. Do you agree with me, Amber?'

Amber smiled and nodded. 'I have placed my faith in our Hanna as well, darling.'

Rufus smiled and hugged his wife tight. 'Thank you for being supportive, Amber.'

'YOUR MAJESTY, Duke Quinzel went a little crazy and killed more than half of the rebels that they caught.'

Nikolai wasn't surprised to hear Kyle's report. Rufus's only daughter was almost killed. Of course, his cousin would go crazy. 'We should be thankful that Rufus held back and remembered to keep some of the rebels alive.'

Kyle paused, then he nodded when he probably got his point. 'Duke Quinzel already handed us all the pieces of evidence that expose the crimes committed by the rebel group. Shall I proceed to prepare for the rebels' public execution?'

'Of course,' he said. 'A public execution will also appease the nobles and put the public at ease. It will also serve as a warning to anyone who thinks they could get away from attacking the empire.'

'Then, I shall do as you say, Your Majesty.'

He nodded, then he waved his hand. 'You're dismissed, Kyle.'

Kyle bowed to him before he silently left his office.

'Your Majesty,' Glenn, standing beside him, said in a worried voice. 'You should rest.'

'Are you my mother, Glenn?' he asked sarcastically without tearing his gaze away from the paperwork in his hand.

'I wouldn't mind if you call me 'Mother' from now on, Your Majesty.'

He almost choked when he heard Glenn's stupid and rude joke. He raised his head to glare at his personal knight. 'Do you want to die?'

‘I apologize for my inappropriate joke, Your Majesty,’ the knight said, then he bowed deeply.

He just sighed, then he leaned against his seat. ‘I heard His Holiness came by when I was having an audience with the nobles. What did His Holiness say?’

‘His Holiness said that Lady Hanna Quinzel’s condition is stable now. He also said that he’ll check on Princess Neoma once he returns,’ Glenn reported to him. ‘His Holiness will return to the temple for the meantime to instruct the High Priest and the other priests to conduct a mass. They will visit the survivors and pray for the departed.’

‘I see. That’s a good move since most of the nobility are believers of His Holiness,’ he said while nodding, then he changed the topic. ‘Where’s Neoma?’

The knight raised his head before he spoke. ‘Princess Neoma is playing with Lewis and Miss Gale in her personal training ground. I overheard Her Royal Highness scheming evilly as revenge on William.’

He smirked when he heard that. ‘Of course, that little rogue holds grudges.’

‘Shouldn’t we stop the princess, Your Majesty?’ the knight asked worriedly. ‘I think it’s not wise for Princess Neoma to anger William. After all, he’s still a Grand Spirit.’

‘William is a Grand Spirit but Neoma is half Roseheart-half de Moonasterio,’ he said confidently. ‘My rogue of a daughter won’t lose to scum like William. Moreover, Gale is there. She won’t tolerate Neoma’s schemes if she knows it will endanger my daughter’s life.’

‘But Your Majesty...’

‘Glenn, instead of worrying about Neoma too much, just focus on your relationship with Princess Bridgette,’ he told his knight bluntly. He wasn’t

interested in Glenn's love life. He just wanted his knight to stop nagging him.
'When are you going to propose to the princess?'

As expected, Glenn's face turned red right away. 'H-How did you know that I plan to propose to Princess Bridgette soon, Your Majesty?'

'Huh?' Nikolai asked, surprised. After all, he was just trying to annoy Glenn. Who would have thought that he hit the nail on the head? 'You want to marry Princess Bridgette?'

Oh, Neoma would surely love to hear this kind of gossip.

WHEN NEOMA opened her eyes, she realized that she was already back to her physical body when she was greeted by Ruto's bored face.

She almost had a heart attack.

Luckily, she remembered that she was in her disguise as 'Miss Ramsay.'
Plus, she wasn't wearing the choker that changes her voice.

'Ruto,' Neoma, while lying on the grass, said when she calmed down.
'What are you doing here at this hour?'

After all, she could see the full moon behind Ruto.

Where are Lewis, Mochi, and Soju?

'I should be the one asking that,' Ruto said who was squatting down beside her while hugging his knees. 'Why are you sleeping here, Miss Ramsay?'

'Just because.'

'I thought you were hurt.'

'Huh?'

‘You were b̄arely moving when I found you,’ he explained, then he abruptly changed the topic. ‘Are you hungry, Miss White Radish?’

She got up with a scowl. ‘I’m not ‘Miss White Radish,’ Mr. Black Soybean.’ She hugged herself when she had goosebumps. ‘Gosh, those nicknames are so cringey.’

‘Then, should I just call you ‘Moonshine?’

She was stunned when she heard that somehow sounded nostalgic.

Huh?

Nostalgic?

Then, she suddenly felt a pang in her head the same time she heard a loud bell ringing in her ear. She closed her eyes tight while holding her head as she began to hear a deep and husky male voice in her mind.

[‘... Moonshine.’]

She was surprised when she saw a blurry image of a young man in her head. The gentleman in her vision seemed to be in his late teens or early twenties. He wore an all-black suit.

And his face...

It looked like Ruto’s older version...?

‘Miss Ramsay?’

She gasped and opened her eyes when she felt a light volt of electricity on her shoulder.

‘Sorry,’ Ruto said while pulling his hand away from her shoulder. It looked like he gave her shoulder a light tap. ‘Are you okay?’

She blinked in surprise while looking at Ruto’s face.

It somehow resembled the young man that she saw in her head a while ago. To be honest, she wasn't sure because the image was blurry. But the 'vibes' were the same.

That was the confusing part.

The clothes of the mysterious man that she saw in her mind suggested that he was a noble. Thus, she must have met him during her first life. But she was pretty sure that she didn't meet Ruto in the past.

Or even if she did meet him since they were both nobles, she was pretty sure that he didn't play a significant part in her life back then.

'Ruto?'

'Hmm?'

Before she realized what she was doing, Neoma found herself poking Ruto's soft and smooth cheek. 'Have we met before?'

Ruto tilted his head, leaning into her finger that poked his cheek. 'Is that a pickup line?'

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