

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 203 - SEASON 2 FINALE

‘FRIED CHICKEN, pizza, and beer?’ Glenn asked, amused by the unique kind of combination that Ruto served them in his personal kitchen. Then, he turned to the young chef who was busy frying a new batch of chicken legs that the Fletcher Twins requested a while ago. ‘Ruto, you’re not secretly drinking alcohol, are you?’

‘Of course not, Sir Glenn,’ Ruto said while his attention was focused on frying. ‘But I do have a sip of red wine from time to time when I need to put it in a dish I’m cooking.’

‘Then, how come you know what food goes well with beer?’

‘Isn’t it common knowledge that fried food goes well with beer?’ the young chef asked nonchalantly. ‘I think I heard some knights say it once.’

‘How about the dish you call ‘pizza?’

‘I just want you to try the dish that I learned from His Royal Highness.’

‘The Crown Prince?’ Geoffrey asked excitedly. ‘So, you’ve already met His Royal Highness, huh? How is he?’

‘He’s okay,’ Ruto said casually.

‘Just okay?’ Jeanne asked curiously. ‘I met His Royal Highness earlier. He seems to be a very interesting person.’

Glenn, relieved that his colleagues had remembered to keep Princess Neoma a secret even though they were a little drunk, silently sipped his beer.

As he said earlier, they were currently hanging out at Ruto’s private kitchen.

It had a small dining area with a round wooden table good for eight people. He and the rest of the Paladins were currently occupying six of the eight round, wooden chairs around the table.

Yes, no one was guarding His Majesty's room at the moment. But the emperor insisted that he didn't need a guard. On a normal day, he wouldn't leave His Majesty alone even if he gets scolded. But tonight was different since all the Paladins were present at the palace.

Even though they were all gathered in the kitchen, each of them had a unique technique that was discreetly guarding His Majesty right now.

'I like His Royal Highness's liveliness,' Warren, the most energetic in their group, declared cheerfully. 'I had a hard time holding back my laughter while he was putting the Winchester Faction to their place.'

'Winchester Faction' was also known as the Noble Faction that openly opposed the monarchy since time immemorial. The fact that they still existed was thanks to the wealth, influence, and power that they accumulated since the empire was built.

'I also like His Royal Highness's attitude but I'm worried,' Wyatt, the quiet and the more logical twin, said. 'He was declared as the Crown Prince this early because House Lennox supported him. But as far as I can tell, most of the noble households, even those under the Royal Faction, are still skeptical to openly support him because of his Roseheart Blood.'

'That's true,' Geoffrey agreed while shaking his head. 'I heard from my family that most of our allies haven't given up on forcing His Majesty to find a new empress. They probably want His Majesty to have another child. If that happens, they will definitely overthrow Prince Nero in favor of the child of the empress that they chose.'

'That's not going to happen,' Jeanne said happily. 'His Majesty rejected Princess Bridgette from Hazelden Kingdom— the strongest candidate to be

the new empress. I heard that the first princess herself said that she won't pursue His Majesty anymore.'

Glenn secretly smiled before he sipped his beer.

'Shouldn't we thank Glenn for that?' Geoffrey asked teasingly.

Of course, that made him spit the beer that he was about to drink.

'What's with that reaction, Glenn?' Warren asked curiously, then he turned to Geoffrey. 'Hey, you're the source of information for our team. You know something, don't you?'

'Spill it,' Jeanne encouraged cheerfully.

'Yeah, spill it,' Wyatt, who normally didn't care about such things, said in a curious tone as well.

Tvfrcdpiiw, Damr zuqfarut laiuro jvaiu foourtare om val eifll md guuz.

Geoffrey turned to him with a sly smile on his face. 'Should I tell them?'

'Shut up,' Glenn said, then he turned to his colleagues. 'I'm currently in a romantic and serious relationship with Princess Bridgette of Hazelden Kingdom. But I won't be answering questions about how it happened. Just support me, okay?'

Geoffrey smirked and raised his glass to him. 'Congratulations, Glenn.'

'Congratulations!' Jeanne and the Fletcher Twins said, raising their glasses as well.

Dion did the same without saying a word.

He clanked glasses with his peers. 'Thank you, everyone.'

A few moments later, Ruto arrived with two more plates of his delicious fried chicken. It tasted different than the normal fried chicken that he would serve in the past. But nevertheless, it still tasted divine.

‘Congratulations, Sir Glenn,’ Ruto said, then he sat beside him. ‘I didn’t know that you were in a relationship.’

‘I don’t like talking about my personal affairs, especially since my lover isn’t here,’ he said, then he gently patted the young chef’s back. ‘Ruto, hurry up and become the Commander of the White Lion Knights for the sake of my love life.’

Gumddzuw, Jufrru, frt Wfzzur ifpevut fo val bmcu.

On the other hand, Wyatt just smiled. ‘Don’t pressure him.’

‘I’m curious though,’ Dion said. Since he rarely talked, he easily got everyone’s attention. ‘Ruto, you’ve already met the Crown Prince. Would you like to serve His Royal Highness as the future Commander of the White Lion Knights?’

Everyone fell silent, then they turned to Ruto.

‘I want a quiet life and being the Commander of the White Lion Knights won’t give me that,’ Ruto said, then he paused for a while before he continued. ‘But that doesn’t mean I don’t intend to protect that person.’

That made Glenn wonder: who was Ruto referring to?

‘NEOMA has no official Order yet and she relies on Glenn and Lewis Crevan for her protection,’ Nikolai said to Dion, Geoffrey, Jeanne, Warren, and Wyatt standing in front of her. Of course, Glenn stood beside him since he was his personal knight. ‘Until we form Neoma’s protection team, I will assign two of you as Neoma’s personal knights along with the fox boy.’

Geoffrey, Jeanne, and the Fletcher Twins raised their right hands.

‘I choose Jeane Audley and Dion Skelton for the job,’ he announced, ignoring the other people who volunteered.

‘Thank you, Your Majesty!’ Jeanne said excitedly. ‘I will protect Her Royal Highness and her secret with my life.’

Dion, on the other hand, bowed politely. ‘I received His Majesty’s order.’

‘Your Majesty, it wouldn’t hurt to give Her Royal Highness an additional guard,’ Geoffrey said, then he thumped his chest with a fist. ‘I, Geoffrey Kinsley, volunteer.’

‘I volunteer as well, Your Majesty,’ Warren said, raising his hand like a child begging for his teacher’s attention.

‘I have to be there to keep an eye on my idiot of a brother, Your Majesty,’ Wyatt said even though it was obvious that he wanted to be Neoma’s knight and not to be Warren’s sitter.

‘No can do,’ he said firmly, shutting up his Paladins right away. ‘I don’t like Neoma to be surrounded by more men.’

Glenn stifled a laugh but when he turned to his personal knight to glare at him, the fool cleared his throat and averted his gaze from him.

Keep that up and I won’t give you vacation for your proposal plans, Glenn.

Anyway, he ignored his personal knight for now to face his Paladins again.

‘Geoffrey, you won’t do as a knight for Neoma because you’re too nosy,’ he said. ‘Wyatt, I didn’t choose you because I know you’re going to spoil my daughter. Warren, you’re out of the question because you’re loud.’

This time, the three couldn’t come up with anything to go against his decision.

And he changed the topic before they could even think of a better argument.

‘Moreover, I have a task in mind that only Jeanne and Dion could execute because they’re good at keeping their emotions in check,’ he said, then he turned to Jeanne and Dion. ‘Aside from guarding Neoma, I want you to do something else in secret.’

Jeanne and Dion both bowed to him while waiting for his order.

‘Keep an eye on Lewis Crevan,’ Nikolai ordered sternly. ‘And don’t let that fox boy get too close with my daughter.’

NEOMA kind of felt awkward while she was in the carriage with Jeanne Audley and Dion Skelton, the Paladins that her Papa Boss assigned to be her temporary knights along with Lewis.

Right now, the two Paladins were sitting across from her in the carriage.

While Lewis was seated beside the coachman.

Apparently, the three had to draw lots to decide who would guard her inside the carriage and who would stay outside. Jeanne told her a while ago that it was only natural to do that. She didn’t argue with them because Lewis said it was fine.

Mmzumsuz, vuz lmr omit vuz ovfo Damr Scuiomr jfl val qflouz gfhc jvur vu jfl ozfarare jaov ovu Wvaou Lamr Kraevol.

‘Your Royal Highness, don’t worry about Lewis too much,’ Jeanne assured her with a smile. ‘He knows that this is a part of the protocol.’

Neoma smiled and nodded. ‘I’ll get used to this set-up soon,’ she said. ‘I didn’t know why my father suddenly gave me two more knights but thank you. I’ll be in your care from now on.’

Jeanne bowed to her. 'Same here, Your Royal Highness.'

She turned to the quiet man beside Jeanne. 'I'll be in your care, Sir Skelton.'

Dion just bowed to her. 'Your Royal Highness, we need to know what kind of relationship you have with Sir Rubin Drayton,' he said bluntly. Ah, it seemed like this man was the 'no-nonsense' type, huh? She liked that. 'Our behavior depends on what kind of relationship you have with the Drayton heir.'

Funny that she understood clearly what he meant by that.

'Rubin Drayton is an enemy but I need to act as a good friend to him,' Neoma said seriously. 'I know I don't need to say this but keep your guard up but don't let your bloodlust leak.'

Jeanne and Dion both bowed their heads politely. 'We received your order, Your Royal Highness.'

'I FEEL honored to be personally visited by you, Prince Nero.'

'Sure. We're friends anyway,' Neoma said casually while seated on the chair beside Rubin's bed. The little bastard was sitting on the mattress while leaning against the headboard. 'It's a relief to see you in a good state. And thank goodness your face is fine.'

Rubin raised a brow at her. 'Are you that interested in my face?'

'It's for your own good,' she said. 'Rubin, you're only saving grace is your face. Protect it with your own life, okay?'

The young lord glared at her.

Of course, she just laughed it off.

Rubin could act like that towards the ‘Crown Prince’ because only the two of them were in his room. Lewis, Jeanne, and Dion were guarding her outside. The servants that brought the refreshments to them a while ago left after doing their job.

She had been in that room for half an hour now and yet, girly was yet to show up.

Yes, Regina Crowell was the real reason why she ‘visited’ Rubin at the Drayton Mansion. Thankfully, Duke Drayton wasn’t at his estate at the moment.

Gosh, I had to send a letter in advance before I could visit this little bastard.

Aside from that, she had to prepare expensive gifts as well. She knew that it was proper manners practiced even in the modern world. Still, she hated doing that for Rubin Drayton.

‘Your Royal Highness, a young lady wants to enter the room,’ Jeanne reported from the other side of the door. ‘She introduced herself as Regina Crowell.’

Bingo.

Gosh, it was disgusting how Rubin’s face lit up right away.

She used that chance to summon Posie, the red butterfly that Jasper Hawthorne lent her a while ago. After ‘playing’ with the butterfly many times while waiting for her Oppa’s message, she found out that Posie had many other uses.

‘Posie,’ she whispered while looking at the red butterfly above her palm. ‘Knock that brat out.’

Posie flapped its wings elegantly until some reddish dust appeared and entered Rubin’s nostrils.

The young lord was knocked out in an instant.

‘Good job, Posie cutie,’ she said brightly, then she closed her palm— making Posie disappear. After that, she turned to the door. ‘Let Miss Crowell enter the room, Jeanne.’

‘As you wish, Your Royal Highness.’

A few moments later, Regina Crowell, dressed in modest clothes again, entered the room. She smiled and bowed as soon as she saw her.

‘Greetings to the First Star of the Great Moonasterion Empire,’ Regina Crowell greeted her politely. ‘Your Royal Highness, thank you for visiting our young master. This means a lot to House Drayton.’

‘Thank you for the warm welcome, Miss Crowell,’ she said with a smile, then she stood up. ‘You may raise your head now.’

And girlie did that.

‘Rubin fell asleep just now so I was about to leave,’ she said. ‘But to be honest, I wanted to see you.’

Girlie seemed to be in her ‘actress mode’ as well because her face lit up. ‘Really, Your Royal Highness?’

She smiled and nodded. ‘I heard that you were also hurt in the recent bombing incident. Are you feeling better now?’

The crow smiled and nodded eagerly. ‘House Drayton took care of me, Your Royal Highness. Thank you for asking.’

‘I’m glad to hear that,’ she said, acting like she was really worried about girlie. ‘Regina, to be honest, there’s another reason why I wanted to see you.’

Regina Crowell looked genuinely curious this time. ‘What is it, Your Royal Highness?’

‘Would you like to be a court lady in my palace, Miss Crowell?’ Neoma asked, acting like she was sincere. ‘I don’t know how to say this properly but I really do think that you belong to the Royal Palace instead of the Drayton Mansion.’

NEOMA, now in Hanna’s room dressed as herself, couldn’t help but cry. ‘Are you really leaving tonight, Hanna?’

Hanna smiled sadly, then she nodded while wiping her tears with her hands. ‘Now that we’ve confirmed that Regina Crowell registered to take the exam to be a court lady, we can safely assume that she’s not going to Gonora anymore.’

She couldn’t help but sob again.

Although everything went according to their plan, she still felt sad that Hanna needed to leave now.

As she suggested to Duke Rufus Quinzel before, she invited Regina Crowell to be a court lady. The duke told her that her plan was too dangerous, so he gave her some advice.

According to Duke Quinzel, in the past, the court ladies weren’t just chosen to serve the royal family. In fact, the court ladies were also trained to be the concubine of the emperor or the Crown Prince. Thus, the ladies who wanted to become court ladies would have to take bridal lessons in a school called Belle’s House.

The good thing was the bridal school was located in the countryside. Moreover, all the court ladies in training had to take the lessons for at least three years. The final exam was already included in that time frame.

But since it was a practice that was long forgotten, she had to convince her Papa Boss first before they acted on their plan.

She still remembered the conversation she had with her father.

['Neoma, do you know that the court ladies in the past belong to the emperor's harem? Are you planning to build a harem for Nero?']

['Papa Boss, if you help me this once, my love for you will go from 5.5 to 6.5.']

['Fine, I'll discuss it with Kyle.']

'The whole empire thinks that I'm still in a comatose state and that my legs have been amputated,' her cousin continued. 'It wouldn't be too suspicious if my parents decided to send me abroad. I have a feeling that it's enough for the crows to leave me alone for now.'

'I'll miss you, Hanna.'

Hanna's façade finally broke down when she cried with her, then she hugged her tight. 'I will miss you, too, Neoma,' she said in a cracked voice. 'I promise I will do everything to be stronger so that I can reclaim the spot next to you. Until then, please wait for me.'

Neoma nodded, hugging her precious best friend tight. 'I will wait for a stronger and more loveable version of you, Hanna.'

'YOUR MAJESTY, we apologize but we still haven't found the late Empress Juliet's body.'

Nikolai's chest tightened when he heard Geoffrey's report.

Right now, all his Paladins had gathered in his office again to give a report to the missions that he had given to them in the past.

And one of them was to look for Juliet's body.

Although he already expected to hear that from him, it was still painful to hear confirmation from his people.

'I will send you again in an away mission to look for Juliet's body. We can't give up now,' Nikolai said seriously. 'But right now, I have another mission for you. I'm sure that Glenn already told you about it.'

The Paladins nodded politely.

'Neoma and Nero both have a specific team that they want as their knights,' he said seriously. 'Both of my children also gave us a detailed report regarding the team members that they want to work with. I will divide you into two teams to do the job.' He turned to Glenn who was standing beside him, as opposed to the other five Paladins who stood in front of his desk. 'This time, you're included in the assignment.'

Glenn bowed his head politely. 'As you wish, Your Majesty.'

He just nodded before he proceeded. 'Glenn, Jeanne, and Geoffrey, you'll be in charge of recruiting the members that Neoma wants in her team,' he said. 'Dion, Warren, and Wyatt, the three of you are in charge of recruiting for the members of Nero's Order.'

All six of his Paladins bowed and spoke at the same time. 'We received your order, Your Majesty.'

After a few moments, Dion raised his head and asked. 'Your Majesty, I've seen the list of the members that Prince Nero is looking for,' he said politely. 'I just want to confirm if the real Crown Prince is really searching for a Black Witch.'

He let out a deep sigh.

The Black Witches had long been banned in the empire. He was also shocked when he read the list that Nero gave him. But his son refused to give him an answer.

‘Yes, Nero is looking for a Black Witch,’ Nikolai said. ‘Be careful when you’re looking for that specific individual.’

‘DAHLIA.’

Nero was lying on the bed while staring at the ceiling of his room in Tara’s palace. Aside from the mysterious man with purple hair that he saw in the memories that Princess Nichole gave him in the past, there was also a woman that he saw beside him.

He only knows two things about the woman.

‘Her name is Dahlia,’ Nero whispered to himself. ‘And she’s a Black Witch.’

‘THIS IS unbelievable...’

Nichole heard Gin, who was standing beside her, and nodded slowly as a response.

But to be honest, she couldn’t open her mouth to speak because of the heavy pressure in the room caused by the man standing in front of them now.

‘You said six months,’ Gin hissed at her. ‘You said we needed to wait at least six months for him to recover! How come he’s back now?’

‘Do you really have to ask?’ Nichole snarled at the (baby) cat without turning to Gin because she couldn’t tear her gaze away from him. ‘He’s Gavin Quinzal, that’s why.’

And at that moment, the man in question turned to them with glowing golden eyes.

She and Gin both held their breaths out of fear.

Yes, Gavin Quinzel just got revived and yet, he was already standing in front of them as if he wasn't dead for many years. He was still broodingly handsome, and of course, ridiculously strong that the Devil himself decided to bring the commander back to life.

'Where is Neoma?' Gavin Quinzel asked in a deep and calm voice. 'Where is my daughter?'

---VOLUME 2 END---

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