

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 262 - [Bonus Chapter] SIR GLENN DIARIES

IF GLENN had a choice, he would have traveled by horse.

But he was still a noble, and he was going to visit the Hazelden Kingdom as Princess Brigitte's suitor. Thus, he had to use fancy carriages. Yes, aside from the one that he was using, three more carriages were following him behind. The other coaches carried the gifts that he prepared for his lover and her family.

Even though House Exton already disowned him a long time ago, he had still a vast amount of wealth. Being His Majesty's personal knight paid really well after all.

[I wonder what His Majesty is doing right now...]

He wasn't really worried about His Majesty that much because the emperor had Princess Neoma now. Although His Majesty and Her Royal Highness would often bicker, he could tell that the two had gotten closer now.

'It's a nice development,' Glenn whispered to himself while looking outside the window of the carriage. He was alone inside the carriage. Thus, he was enjoying the scenic view of the route they were taking as a means to kill boredom. 'I can't believe that His Majesty and Princess Neoma are starting to act like a normal father and daughter.'

Now he couldn't help but reminisce the past when Princess Neoma was still a baby...

‘YOUR MAJESTY, I’m handing my resignation letter now,’ Glenn said cheerfully, then he placed the neatly folded letter on top of His Majesty’s table. ‘I’d like to apply as Prince Nero’s personal knight instead— ahh Your Majesty!’

He screamed in surprise because as soon as his resignation letter hit the table, the corner of the letter suddenly lit up until it was burned to ashes.

‘I’ll pretend this didn’t happen,’ His Majesty said without even looking up at the document he was reading at the moment. ‘Stop with the nonsense and get back to work, Glenn.’

‘Your Majesty, I’m serious,’ he said in a polite yet impatient tone. Well, it wasn’t really polite. But as long as the emperor hadn’t drawn his sword yet, that meant he hadn’t crossed the line. ‘I want to be Prince Nero’s personal knight.’

It had only been three days since Lady Mona Roseheart left Prince Nero in His Majesty’s care. Thus, His Majesty was yet to complete assigning servants to take care of the royal prince.

[Bpo fo iuflo, vu efsu Pzarhu Nuzm f rfqu.]

Come to think of it, if he remembered it correctly, he believed that His Majesty and Lady Roseheart already came up with a name for their child when the two were still on good terms.

[If it’s a boy, they would name it ‘Nero.’ And if it’s a girl...]

Ah, he couldn’t remember it.

[I guess it’s no longer important since the child is a boy.]

‘You’re the vice-commander of the White Lion Knights,’ the emperor reminded him sternly. ‘Why would you waste your time guarding a baby?’

‘It’s not just an ordinary baby, Your Majesty,’ he insisted. ‘I can’t believe that you keep Prince Nero hidden in the Luna Palace instead of the Blanco Palace with average royal knights even though he’s our future Crown Prince.’

The emperor smirked. ‘Are you sure that that little thing will become the future Crown Prince?’

‘Well... not unless you plan to have another child with a new lady—’

His Majesty raised his head to glare at him. ‘Do you want me to marry you off to a foreign princess in a faraway land so I wouldn’t hear your nonsense again, huh?’

He bowed immediately. ‘I apologize, Your Majesty.’

The emperor scoffed. ‘You don’t sound sorry at all.’

He was about to apologize once again when they heard a soft knock on the door. Of course, he was surprised since no one was supposed to come in the emperor’s office without prior notice. It also couldn’t be Kyle Sprouse since the count was currently busy gathering the nobles that His Majesty needed to have a talk with in secret.

[I didn’t feel the intruder’s presence... but would an intruder politely knock on the door?]

‘Calm down,’ His Majesty said when he noticed him reaching for his sword. ‘It’s just Ruston Stroganoff.’

‘Ruston Stroganoff?’ he asked, surprised. [His Majesty is amazing for recognizing that it’s the child even though he barely has any presence at all.]

‘Yes, the young genius that was able to summon an Elemental Guardian at age three.’

‘I know who he is, Your Majesty,’ he said politely. ‘I’m just wondering why he’s here.’

Ruston Stroganoff was living in the palace with his father, the Executive Chef of the emperor.

But he didn’t know that His Majesty had gotten close to the child.

‘What are you standing there for, Glenn?’ His Majesty scolded him. ‘Tell the child to come in.’

Glenn nodded politely. ‘Yes, Your Majesty.’

‘THERE’S a bald baby in House Roseheart’s rose garden, Your Majesty.’

Glenn almost choked when he heard what Ruston Stroganoff reported to the emperor. Aside from that, he was worried about the child’s safety for mentioning House Roseheart. It was practically a forbidden word in the Royal Palace!

[Your Majesty, please have mercy on the child!]

He subtly turned his head to observe His Majesty who was still seated behind the table. Much to his relief, the emperor didn’t look angry.

‘A bald baby?’ His Majesty asked the child calmly. ‘How did you find the baby?’

‘I wasn’t the one who found the baby,’ Ruston Stroganoff said. For a four-year-old child, he spoke clearly. ‘It was Veton, Your Majesty. My Elemental Guardian told me that she found a bald baby in the garden while she was in a stroll.’

[She? The Elemental Guardian is a female? And it goes on a stroll like an ordinary bird?]

Wuii, vu mrhu lfj Vuomr ozfrldmzq arom f lqfii gazt lm ao jfl nifplagiu.

‘Veton said the baby’s thin hair is unique because it’s white.’

His eyes widened when he heard that from the child.

This time, even His Majesty had a serious look on his face.

‘The baby also has a pale complexion,’ Ruston Stroganoff continued casually.

‘Lastly, the baby has big and round ash-gray eyes.’

He gasped when he heard those descriptions.

White hair, pale complexion, ash-gray eyes...

Those were the three major traits that anyone with royal blood in them would inherit! If that baby was found in the garden of the Roseheart’s manor, could it be...

[Prince Nero’s twin sibling... ?]

‘Glenn.’

Glenn flinched when he heard His Majesty’s cold voice. But he quickly fixed his posture and bowed to the emperor. ‘I await for your order, Your Majesty.’

‘Glenn, don’t tell anyone about this yet,’ His Majesty ordered firmly. ‘I’m heading to House Roseheart alone.’

GLENN made a deal with His Majesty.

If the emperor didn’t come out of the Roseheart’s manor in fifteen minutes, he and the other Paladins would follow him inside.

But they didn’t have to wait for fifteen minutes.

As soon as they felt a dark energy burst, he and his fellow Paladins stormed to the manor's garden to check on His Majesty.

The scene that greeted them was quite shocking.

His Majesty was unconscious on the ground, as well as Lady Mona Roseheart and Commander Gavin Quinzel. When they approached His Majesty, the lady and the commander suddenly turned into ashes.

Then, they heard a baby cry.

Since he and his fellow Paladins were busy checking on His Majesty, they didn't notice the baby until it cried.

Jeanne rushed to the baby and gently carried them in her arms. She carefully opened the white cloth wrapped around the royal baby. Probably to check the gender of the toddler. 'It's a girl,' she said when she turned to them. 'The baby is a royal princess.'

Glenn's heart broke when he heard that because he was suddenly reminded of what happened to the late Princess Nichole.

[A royal princess in this empire is only destined to suffer...]

GLENN already expected it but he was still sad when His Majesty didn't even give the royal princess a second glance.

His Majesty was in a bad mood when he woke up. After he explained to His Majesty what happened earlier and how they found the royal princess, the emperor's mood turned worse. Then, he got up and headed to the door.

'Throw the children to the Luna Palace,' His Majesty said coldly as he was leaving the room. 'I don't want to see them again.'

‘How about the name, Your Majesty?’ Glenn asked carefully. ‘What should we call Her Royal Highness.’

His Majesty stopped at the door but he still didn’t turn around. ‘Neoma,’ he said bleakly. ‘The royal princess won’t be carrying the de Moonasterio name,’ he added quite harshly. ‘I don’t intend to put that child in the family registry.’

GLENN looked at Princess Neoma with pity.

Yes, he snuck out of training to secretly visit Luna Palace. Right now, he was in the royal twins’ bedroom. Stephanie, the head maid of Luna Palace who already took the Oath of Silence, stepped out of the room to make milk for the royal twins.

Thus, he volunteered to look after Prince Nero and Princess Neoma in the meantime. Since the royal twins’ existence was a secret, only Stephanie and Alphen (the head butler) were in charge of the two’s well-being. The few servants in the palace weren’t allowed to enter the bedroom.

[Our poor royal children...]

‘Princess Neoma.’

He flinched when he heard the voice of a child beside him. When he turned to his side, he was relieved to see that it was only Ruston Stroganoff. This child had really no presence at all!

‘That’s not the royal princess, Ruston,’ he said to the child who was pointing at Prince Nero. ‘That’s Prince Nero.’ He politely pointed to Princess Neoma with his two hands. ‘This is our Princess Neoma.’

Ruston Stroganoff put his hand down and tilted his head at one side. ‘The princess is bald.’

He laughed softly. 'Her Royal Highness isn't bald, Ruston,' he said. 'Her hair is just thinner compared to Prince Nero's. But our princess is pretty...'

He trailed off when he remembered that Ruston Stroganoff couldn't recognize faces. According to his father, it was a condition that the child was born into.

'I know that the princess is pretty.'

He was surprised to hear that from the child. 'Really?'

'Princess Neoma's soul is beautiful and unique,' Ruston Stroganoff said, his eyes glowing with delight. 'I will recognize it right away at one glance.'

[Hmm... our geniuses really eccentric?]

His thoughts were distracted when all of a sudden, Prince Nero threw his rattle toy at Ruston Stroganoff. The child was too busy staring at Princess Neoma. Thus, he wasn't able to dodge the toy thrown at him.

Worse, the rattle toy hit Ruston's face. Now, the child had a huge bump on his forehead. He looked shocked. It was probably the first time that he was hurt physically.

'Ruston, calm down,' he said, in a panic, to the child when Ruston suddenly picked up the rattle toy. 'You'll get executed right away if you harm Prince Nero! He's the hope and future of our empire so you can't hurt him!'

Ruston Stroganoff smirked and to be honest, for some reason, the child suddenly looked like an arrogant adult when he did that. 'If Prince Nero is the hope and future of the empire, then we're all doomed.'

He knew that the child only said that out of spite.

Still...

‘Ruston, you should be careful with your words,’ Glenn scolded the child.
‘And why do you suddenly sound like a condescending adult?’

‘I FIRMLY object,’ Glenn snarled at Kyle Sprouse in the middle of an argument. He didn’t want to raise his voice because Princess Neoma was currently in his arms. But he couldn’t control his emotion. ‘Why should we send Princess Neoma to House Drayton when she’s only a baby?’

He was shocked when he arrived at His Majesty’s office earlier and saw Kyle Sprouse carrying Princess Neoma in his arms. When he asked what was happening, the count said that he was about to send the royal princess to House Drayton.

After hearing that, he quickly yet carefully snatched Princess Neoma away from the evil count. Kyle Sprouse was a childhood friend. But right now, he wanted to punch him in the face.

‘Why not?’ Kyle snapped back at him. ‘His Majesty already decided to marry off Princess Neoma to House Drayton. The royal princess’s existence is a secret anyway. Thus, I believe it wouldn’t hurt if we let House Drayton raise Her Royal Highness. Moreover, Duke Drayton already agreed with His Majesty’s wish.’

Now he understood why His Majesty suddenly opened his personal treasury a few days ago.

[His Majesty probably offered Duke Drayton an amount that not even a wealthy duke like him could turn down.]

He suddenly felt betrayed.

‘Why, Your Majesty?’ he asked when he turned to the emperor who was seated behind his huge desk. ‘Why didn’t you tell me about this plan?’

‘Because I know that you will react that way,’ His Majesty said while shaking his head. ‘Glenn, why do you care so much about that child?’

‘Maybe it’s because I’m not as heartless as you are, Your Majesty.’

The emperor just raised an eyebrow at him.

‘Glenn!’ Kyle yelled angrily. ‘Watch your mouth!’

‘You watch your mouth, Kyle,’ he threatened the count coldly. ‘If you speak one more word, I will kill you.’

He couldn’t draw his sword because Princess Neoma was in his arms. But he wasn’t a simple Swordsman. He could also use his Mana and had the ability to control the earth.

On the other hand, it seemed like Kyle was also ready to attack him with his Mana.

‘Enough,’ His Majesty said, ending his fight with Kyle easily. Then, the emperor turned to him. ‘Glenn, what would you do if I still insist on sending that princess to House Drayton?’

‘I would become a rogue knight,’ he said without missing a beat. ‘I would run away and escape the palace with Princess Neoma. Although I know that her life in the palace wouldn’t be easy, I believe that it would still be better than sending her to a household known for its cruel upbringing. At least in the palace, I’m here to protect Princess Neoma. Therefore, I wouldn’t let you send Princess Neoma to House Drayton, Your Majesty.’

‘You’d betray me for that child?’

‘I don’t consider my decision a betrayal, Your Majesty,’ he said firmly.

‘After all, I’m protecting Princess Neoma in your stead because I don’t want you to be known in history as a bad father.’

‘Glenn!’ Kyle scolded him again. ‘What are you saying to His Majesty?’

He was about to argue with the count again when all of a sudden, the emperor laughed.

Both he and Kyle were stunned.

And he'd be honest, he'd say he was scared. It was rare for His Majesty to laugh after Lady Mona Roseheart died. Had the emperor gone mad?

'You're useful as my aide and as the vice-commander of my Order. Therefore, I won't allow you to quit,' His Majesty said to him. 'I will talk to Duke Drayton and tell him to delay the engagement between the princess and his son.'

'Your Majesty!' Kyle complained. 'We can't simply retract—'

'As expected, His Majesty has made a wise decision,' he said loudly, purposely cutting off the bastard count. 'Thank you so much for granting my selfish request.'

'I'm glad to know that you're self-aware,' His Majesty said in an exasperated voice, then he waved his hand as if he was shooing him away. 'Now, take that child with you. Make sure that the royal princess will live quietly from now on.'

He bowed to the emperor. 'As you wish, Your Majesty.'

After that, he glared at Kyle before he bolted out of His Majesty's office. Out of fear that the emperor might change his mind, he quickly brought Princess Neoma back to Luna Palace. But before he entered the palace, he looked at the royal princess.

It was amazing that Her Royal Highness didn't make a sound earlier. In fact, Princess Neoma's expression right now suggested that she was bored.

[How cute!]

‘Princess Neoma, living in the palace as a royal princess is going to be hellish,’ Glenn whispered to the frail-looking princess. ‘I hope you grow up as a healthy and strong person, our little princess.’

He was really worried about Princess Neoma’s wellbeing.

But the first time that Glenn heard the royal princess call His Majesty a ‘scumbag,’ all his worries were suddenly washed away.

NOTE: This chapter is dedicated to Sir Glenn because his lack of screen time might cause the readers to forget his character. Haha! Happy reading. :D