

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 290 - TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN

‘NEOMA hasn’t woken up yet?’ Hanna asked her father worriedly.
‘How many days has it been since she fainted, Father?’

Her father let out a deep sigh before speaking. ‘It has already been a week, sweetie,’ he said in a worried voice. ‘But thankfully, according to Lord Marcus, Princess Neoma is alright. It’s just that her body has been exhausted and pushed to the limit after being possessed by Lord Yule’s holy essence.’

She elegantly took a sip of her tea.

Right now, she was in the lounge area of her bedroom with her father. Her busy father still managed to find the time to visit her in the country of Gonora. Sadly, her mother had to make a quick trip to the neighboring country to meet up with her grandparents. Thus, her family wasn’t able to reunite properly this time.

‘People are now calling Princess Neoma the ‘Voice of God,’ her father said in a half amused-half worried voice.. ‘It can’t be helped because for the first time after a long while, Lord Yule addressed the people of the empire. Ah, no.’ He shook his head before speaking again. ‘The Moon God’s message was probably for the whole continent since he’s the god who oversees the whole West Continent.’

She nodded in agreement. ‘The news about what happened already reached this country, Father. I’m sure that the whole continent would hear about the ‘Voice of God’ soon.’ She paused, then she smiled. ‘I’m proud of Neoma, and I’m happy that she was chosen by Lord Yule to be his messenger. Now that Mr. Dominic Zavaroni has been

stripped off of his title as the saint, I'm afraid I can't trust anyone in the temple anymore.'

Her father almost spat his tea. 'S-Sweetheart...' he said while putting the teacup down on the table between them. 'You can't speak like that toward the temple.'

'I know, Father,' she said, then she smiled sweetly at him. 'That's why I only speak honestly with you and Princess Neoma. I don't dare to speak this way with Mother because I know she'll just scold me.'

Her father chuckled while shaking his head. 'Sweetie, your mother was raised strictly by her family,' he said gently. 'Amber may not be as lenient as me, but I can tell you that she's doing her best to match your way of thinking. She was raised by conservative parents and she knows how narrow-minded she could be sometimes because of her upbringing. Still, your mother is trying to be better for you.' He held her hand and gently squeezed it. 'Please speak with your mother the way you do with me, Hanna.'

'I'll keep that in mind, Father,' she said, then she smiled apologetically. 'I'm sorry if I sounded rude to Mother.'

Her father just smiled and said it was fine as long as she understood.

Then, after a few moments of peacefully enjoying their tea, he spoke again.

'Hanna, do you know Ruston Stroganoff?'

'Of course, Father,' she said even though she was surprised by her father's sudden question. 'Lord Stroganoff is the youngest chef in the Royal Palace, and he's also known as one of the continent's geniuses.'

'Do you know him personally?'

‘I didn’t get the chance to personally meet the young lord while I was at the palace,’ she said while trying to figure out why her father started this topic. ‘But I heard a lot of good things about him from Neoma.’

‘Is he close with Princess Neoma?’

She smiled and nodded. ‘That seems to be the case, Father.’

In fact, she believed that Neoma had a crush on Lord Stroganoff.

[Neoma often talks about Lord Stroganoff in her letters.]

‘Then, maybe we can trust him...’ her father mumbled to himself. ‘It’s worth a shot.’

Now she was confused and curious. ‘Father, may I know what you’re talking about?’

Her father looked at her with a serious look on her face. ‘Hanna, do you want to get stronger even if it means putting your life in danger?’

Tm gu vmrulo, vuz qart jfl f qull.

Her father suddenly mentioned Ruston Stroganoff. Then, he suddenly asked her a serious question that seemed unrelated to the previous topic that he discussed.

But maybe the young chef had something to do with it?

‘Father, I want to get stronger,’ she said seriously, setting her personal feelings aside in the meantime. She would ask about Ruston Stroganoff later. But for now, she’d answer her father’s question honestly. ‘My life is already in danger because of my weak heart. Uncle Garnett isn’t saying anything. But I can tell by his actions that he’s frustrated at himself because our training isn’t making my condition better.’

Sadness crossed her father's eyes.

'Father, if the method you have in mind is something that may help me, then please allow me to give it a try,' she said firmly. 'I want to get better as soon as possible. Most of all, I'm eager to return by Neoma's side.'

It seemed like her resolve reached her father because the sadness in his eyes was replaced by determination.

'Hanna, I don't care about the law of our empire,' her father began carefully. 'In my heart, you will always be my successor and not anyone else.'

According to their law, a woman couldn't inherit her father's title.

Thus, if a lord happened to have a daughter as his only child, he must pass his title to a male relative (usually a nephew) or to his son-in-law.

[Wvfo f ouzzagiu ifj.]

'Therefore, I will take you to the place that only the official heir apparent is supposed to know,' her father said seriously. 'I will bring you to the Forgotten Graveyard.'

Hanna covered her hands when she gasped. She wasn't the official successor, but she still received the proper education befitting the 'Quinzel Princess.' Thus, she knew what the Forgotten Graveyard was. 'It's the graveyard of the Unholy Beasts,' she said softly. 'And it's also the homeland of the Shadow Beasts.' She paused, then she smiled with a wicked glint in her eyes. Contrary to her father's worry, she wasn't scared. In fact, she was very excited. 'I can't wait to tame them, Father.'

‘YOUR MAJESTY, the demon Trevor and Lewis Crevan had destroyed another underground training area.’

Nikolai closed her eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose when he heard Geoffrey Kinsley’s report. He had to stop reading the document in his hand to calm himself down. ‘Forbid those punks from entering the training area again,’ he said in an annoyed tone. ‘If those two brats want to train, tell them to go kill each other at the Monster Forest instead of destroying the Royal Palace.’

Of course, he could just renovate the palace. Money or funds would never be an issue. But why would he waste money on something that could be avoided?

[Those punks...]

It wasn’t like he couldn’t understand why Trevor and Lewis Crevan was sparring these past few days.

The two brats were obviously trying to relieve their stress by going after each other’s throats.

[Tvwu qplo gu duuiare frkampl guhfplu ao vfl guur our tfwl larhu Numqf hmiifnlut.]

Unfortunately, the little rogue hadn’t woken up yet.

Of course, he was worried about his daughter as well to the point that he could barely function these days. But every time he saw Trevor and Lewis Crevan on the verge of insanity because of worrying about Neoma, he would instantly berate and remind himself that at least one of them should stay sane.

Since he was the adult among them, he needed to get himself together.

‘Geoffrey.’

‘Yes, Your Majesty?’

‘Children these days are scary.’

The Paladin chuckled and nodded in agreement. ‘That seems to be the case, Your Majesty,’ he said. ‘The children around Princess Neoma are the prime examples of how children these days could be really scary.’

That was true.

Juri Wisteria was apparently rebelling against her family for giving Neoma a hard time, and so was Jenó Dankworth.

Or ovu movuz vfirt, Dpcu Jflnuz Hfjovmzru darfiw gâzêt val dfrel fo ovu rmgiul arsmisut jaov ovu Dufov Cfqn. Tvu wmpre tpcu jfl rmj jmzcare jaov vaq om qfcu lpzu ovfo ovmlu tfqrut rmgiul jmpit gu npralvut lusuzuiw.

Of course, they were also focusing on the survivors by giving them the best treatment that the empire could offer.

[Neoma, you should wake up and see the people you saved...]

Moreover, his daughter’s ‘youngest son’ had never left Neoma’s side ever since they returned to the palace. Aside from Marcus (a Healing Sage like the late Madam Hammock), the child called Greko was in charge of his daughter’s treatment.

‘Your Majesty!’

He raised his head to see Jeanne Audley.

It was unbecoming of the prim and proper female Paladin to run and raise her voice like that. He would usually scold her for behaving that way. But the relief and happiness in Jeanne’s face made him shut his mouth.

‘Your Majesty, Princess Neoma is awake,’ Jeanne said cheerfully.

‘Princess Neoma finally opened her eyes.’

Nikolai held back a smile. [The little rogue who caused such a ruckus has finally woken up.]

NEOMA jfrouf om hpzlu fl lmmr fl lvu mnurut vuz uwul.

Her whole body hurt like her as if she had been run over by a truck while asleep. And now, she was alone in the room with her Papa Boss. Her father asked everyone (Stephanie, Greko, and Jeanne Audley) to leave when he arrived.

[Papa Boss is just an elegant and fancy thug.]

‘I won’t ask how you’re feeling because it’s obvious that you feel like shit at the moment.’

Neoma stifled her laughter when she heard her father curse. ‘Papa Boss, cursing doesn’t suit an elegant person like you,’ she said. Her throat and voice got better after she drank a glass of lukewarm water earlier. ‘Just because you have a trashy personality doesn’t mean that you should also have a foul mouth.’

‘You talk disrespectfully at your father as soon as you opened your eyes, huh?’ her Papa Boss said while shaking his head. ‘I guess you’re feeling better than I expected.’

‘Nah, I really feel like shit.’

Her father took a deep sigh. ‘You still need to rest so I’ll give you a short summary of the result of your ‘performance,’‘ he said in a solemn voice, then he raised three fingers. ‘First, the nobles that are involved with the camp are going to be punished severely. That’s all I

say since it's my job and not yours.' He paused before he spoke again. 'The survivors are doing well at the shelter. You can visit them anytime you're ready.'

She smiled at the good news. 'I'll come and see them later.'

Her Papa Boss just nodded. 'Second, His Eminence High Priest Wellington already announced that Saint Zavaroni has 'returned to the arms of Lord Yule.'

She already expected that to happen. 'I guess they don't want to lose believers,' she said. 'But is it okay for the temple to lie?'

'They claim that they're doing it for the greater good.'

Her brain wasn't functioning properly yet so she just stopped thinking about the temple in the meantime.

'How did the people react to that news, Papa Boss?'

'They are devastated,' he said without missing a heartbeat. 'But since they found a new hope, they're coping well.'

'New hope?' she asked, then she nodded when she remembered Yule's message. 'Is it because of the news regarding the birth of the new saint?'

'That and because of the Voice of God.'

She hugged herself when she got the goosebumps. 'I don't mean to be disrespectful but that sounds lame, Papa Boss. I feel bad for the person who received that title.'

'Then, you should feel bad about yourself.'

'Huh?'

‘The precious citizens of our empire have given you the ‘Voice of God’ title, Neoma,’ her Papa Boss said, then he smirked as if he was enjoying the look of disbelief on her face. ‘Treasure that title well, okay?’

Neoma closed her eyes and pinched the bridge of her nose just like her Papa Boss when stressed. ‘Can’t I just be the lady of leisure?’

‘NERO, are you ready to hear the truth?’

Nero was still mesmerized by her mother’s beauty.

When her mother was unmoving while trapped in the giant block of ice, she looked like a doll. But now that she was moving freely again, she looked like an angel.

Lady Mona Roseheart was the definition of beauty and grace.

‘My son, are you listening?’

‘I’m sorry, Mother,’ Nero said while shaking his head. ‘I cannot concentrate because I’m distracted by your beauty. Now I know why Neoma was born beautiful.’

Leaving the Spirit Queen’s palace in his Spirit form was worth it.

When he returned to the Black Ocean with his mother, he was able to enter the giant block of ice with her help. He was surprised to see a normal-looking bedroom inside. Of course, it was because of the high-grade magic spell that covered the ice.

[Anyway...]

After he gave a piece of his soul to his mother’s physical body, she instantly returned to life.

But all of that was temporary.

He couldn't stay inside the block of ice for long, and his mother must return to her slumber as soon as possible to preserve her physical body.

'I'm happy that my son treasures his twin sister very well,' her mother said with a warm smile on her face. 'But I hope you don't love Neoma too much, Nero. I don't want her to get suffocated the way I was suffocated by your father's love in the past.'

He didn't know what to say to that so he just kept his mouth shut.

'Nero, are you interested in our story?'

'Not really, Mother,' he said honestly. 'But I want to know why Commander Gavin Quinzel is a threat to Neoma.'

Although his mother initially asked him to don't let the former commander come near Neoma, they eventually realized that it wouldn't be wise to inform Neoma to stay away from Gavin Quinzel.

If the former commander realized what they did, they were afraid that he might do something drastic to take Neoma away from them.

They couldn't afford to let that happen.

Especially not when both he and his mother couldn't physically be with Neoma yet.

'I will tell you what happened in the past,' his mother said in a soft yet solemn voice. 'Nero, your father and I made a very selfish decision before. That must be why we were punished.' His mother smiled sadly at him. 'Nikolai and I decided to cross to another world and live there with Neoma.'

Nero didn't really mind because he was fine as long as Neoma was safe with their parents. His twin sister deserved that kind of life after the hell that she went through in her first life. Still, he was curious. 'What about me, Mother?' he asked carefully. 'Why did you decide to abandon me in this world?'

His mother closed her eyes as tears began to roll down her cheeks. 'Because you needed to become the emperor, Nero.'

'PAPA Boss, are you ready to hear my story?'

Neoma watched her father carefully.

She saw her father, who was seated on the sofa across from her, flinch. It wasn't like she didn't know why. Even she was nervous because 'the' talk was about to happen now. That was the reason why only she and her Papa Boss were inside the office protected by soundproof magic.

'I'm ready,' her Papa Boss said with a firm nod. 'Neoma, I want to hear the whole story.'

Ah, it was now really the time for 'that' talk.

She couldn't delay it any longer. Plus, her appa/dad already told her Papa Boss about their connection in her second life. She thought that it was her appa/dad's own way of saying that it was okay to reveal the truth to her father.

[After I tell my story, Papa Boss promised to answer my questions honestly regarding Aunt Nichole and the Soul Beasts.]

It was a win-win situation.

‘Then, let’s start with the story of my first life,’ Neoma said, then she clenched her hands before she continued with her story. ‘Papa Boss, Nero killed me in my first life,’ she said, obviously shocking her father. ‘But before that, you kicked me out of the palace by forcing the Quinzels to adopt me as a replacement for Hanna who died early then,’ she added. Her Papa Boss looked as stiff as a stone already but she wasn’t done yet. ‘Worst of all, you tried to marry me off to Rubin Drayton who betrayed me– and he betrayed me for a woman involved with the crows.’

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