

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 47 - WHITE IS SUS

"SHE LOOKS like me, doesn't she?"

"The royal princess?"

Nikolai instantly regretted asking Kyle the random thought that entered his mind.

After her tea time with Neoma, he went back to his office with the count. He didn't know what compelled him to ask a stupid question in the middle of work.

It was too late to take it back though.

"Of course, Princess Neoma looks like you, Your Majesty," Kyle said, then he raised a brow at her. "Are you bothered by the fact that the enemies believe that Lady Roseheart's daughter is fathered by Commander Quinzel?"

"I'm not," he said firmly. [I shouldn't have told him about what Rufus discovered.]

"Don't worry about it, Your Majesty," the count said. "The enemies think that "Lady Nara" is the commander's daughter because His Royal Highness is disguised as someone that resembles the Quinzels a little bit so he'd fit in. But if the enemies saw Princess Neoma, they wouldn't doubt who her father is."

"I said I'm not bothered by their stupid assumption," he insisted.

"You're paying extra attention to the royal princess now, Your Majesty," Kyle said bluntly. "Are you finally softening up to Princess Neoma?"

"No," Nikolai denied firmly. "I just don't want what's mine to be associated with that traitor, okay?"

NEOMA let out a deep sigh.

Byron, Harry, and Lewis (who was now completely healed from the bites of the monstrous fish, thanks to Madam Hammock's magical ointment) all looked at her at the same time.

Ah, right. Their "book discussion" wasn't over yet.

She was telling the kids the story about the adventures of the "Pirate Rubber Boy" looking for the "One True Gold Bar" when her mind drifted off to somewhere else.

[It's hard to work my a\$\$ off for a better future.]

"Your Royal Highness, you looked tired," Harry commented. "Should we take a break?"

"Yes, please," Neoma said, then she turned to Lewis. "Tell the maids to bring refreshments, Lewis."

Lewis stood up, then he bowed to her before he went down in the lobby of the library.

"Is there a problem, Your Royal Highness?" Byron asked carefully. "Are you worried because Duke Sloane was poisoned after the incident at the pavilion?"

"Let's just that you're right, Brother Byron," she said. It wasn't like she could tell them the truth. Not that she wanted to. "I wish I could go somewhere else other than the Royal Palace."

"Prince Nero, can we invite you to the new library that House Thompson and House Alberts built together?" Harry asked in a shy manner. "You showed us His Majesty's library. We want to return

the favor."

Byron nodded in agreement.

To be honest, she only said that she wanted to go out as an excuse as to why she was bummed today. She had turned into a lazy person now that she was in her third life (although technically, she was just regressed to her first life). She didn't really feel like doing anything.

But she thought taking a peak at the library built by House Thompson and House Alberts could give her a clue about the whereabouts of the elusive Devil's Grimoire.

"Okay," Neoma accepted the two boys' invitation with a bright smile. "I'm excited to see your library, Brother Byron and Brother Harry."

NERO left Hanna's room after Duchess Amber Quinzel came with the family's doctor. After all, he didn't want more people to take a closer look at him.

Anyway, Duke Quinzel escorted him and brought him to the tea room to talk.

"How are you, Prince Nero?" Duke Quinzel asked. He could address him by his real identity because after the servants served them the refreshments, he asked them to leave the tea room. "Were you surprised to be attacked in our home? I apologize for that. I strengthened the security around the estate to make sure that this won't happen again."

"I'm more surprised by Hanna's Mana," Nero said bluntly. "But it's a double-edged sword, isn't it?"

Hanna fainted after she knocked out the assailant.

Thankfully, Duke Quinzel had arrived with his private knights when that happened. Apparently, his uncle felt a strange presence in the estate so he immediately checked on them.

"Hanna was born with a strong Mana but a weak heart," the duke said with a sad smile. "Because of her weak heart, she can't use her Mana to its full potential. You saw what happened after she used her ability, didn't you?"

He nodded. To be honest, he already had a hunch that Hanna had a weak body after she fainted a while ago. "I'm sorry, Your Grace," he said like what a proper royal prince would do. "Hanna was forced to use her Mana just to save me."

He hated feeling indebted to someone who wasn't Neoma.

But he hated the feeling of being useless more. If a little girl with a weak heart had to save him from a measly human trafficker, then how could he hope to protect his precious twin sister at this rate? He didn't want the day to come where Neoma would have to save him instead of the other way around.

[I need to be cured from this freaking curse as soon as possible.]

"You don't have to apologize, Prince Nero," his uncle said. "It's our duty to protect the royal prince. And most of all, we're family."

He didn't comment on that.

Well, technically, they were related to one another. After all, Duke Quinzel was his father's cousin on the mother side. But for him, his only family was Neoma.

"I won't forget all the good things that you've done for me, Duke Quinzel," Nero said formally.

"Well, if you really feel indebted to us, I only have one wish," Duke Quinzel said with a smile. "Prince Nero, please be nice to Hanna."

NEOMA was a little surprised when Alphen returned to her palace after she asked him to deliver a message for Emperor Nikolai. She

asked for her father's permission to go out of the palace to visit the joint library of House Thompson and House Alberts.

[And Papa Boss agreed without making a fuss.]

Now she regretted sending the head butler instead of personally asking for the emperor's permission.

In her defense, her big brain was busy coming up with plans to lure the culprit behind Duke Sloane's poisoning. She had a feeling that the culprit only used the duke to get Lewis. And if her hunch was right, that person definitely had the Devil's Grimoire.

"Thank you, Alphen," Neoma said. Right now, she was behind her study table while the head butler stood beside her. "Can you prepare appropriate gifts for House Thompson and House Alberts? I can't visit them empty-handed."

"Yes, Your Royal Highness," Alphen said. He obviously knew what he was doing. "There's already a list of appropriate gifts a royal prince can send to higher nobles. May I ask if you have a particular gift that you want to add to the list?"

She nodded before she answered. "Bouquets of the most beautiful flower this season, luxurious tea bags that cost a gold bar for a single gram, and a variety of high-quality meat that Papa and I eat every day."

[I have a reputation to protect so I need to be this generous.]

"That's an impressive list, Your Royal Highness," Alphen said. He remained composed as usual but she could see in his eyes that he was sort of proud of her. She didn't miss the faint on his face before he bowed to her. "I will now excuse myself to prepare the gifts for House Thompson and House Alberts."

"Okay," she said cheerfully. "Bye-bye, Alphen."

When the head butler left her room, she was once again left alone with Lewis.

She closed her notebook to face her son. "Lewis, White is sus."

Lewis just gave her a blank look.

"Let's use 'White' as a codename for my Papa when we badmouth him. He has white hair so the code fits him," she explained. She and Nero had white hair too but whatever. "And when I said "sus," I meant suspicious. Don't you find it strange that he's being lax on me these days?" She gasped when she realized something. "I haven't cursed at him for how many days now? Gosh, I think I'm going to get sick if I don't cuss at him."

The young butler's brows furrowed in confusion. Then, much to her surprise, he put a gentle hand on her forehead. "Princess fever no."

She giggled at his silliness. "It's just an expression, son."

"Me not Princess son," he said, then he pulled his hand away from her. "Emperor White." He pointed at himself. "Me what?"

Did he want a "codename" too?

[Well, codenames sound cool to children.]

"Your codename is "Princess's son,"" Neoma said. "How cool is that?"

Lewis firmly shook his head. "Me hate codenames now."

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