

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 63 - AHA, LISTEN BOY: MY FIRST LOVE STORY

"YOU HAVE fallen in love?!" Neoma asked Lewis with wide eyes.
"With whom?!"

Lewis pointed a finger at her.

Okay, for some weird reason, her heart thumped loud and fast against her chest.

"Corndog," Lewis said, then he put his hand down. "I love the corndog that you make, Princess Neoma."

Oh, that made her feel relieved.

Of course, Lewis is still too young to experience falling in love.

Anyway...

When she missed the snacks that she often ate back in her second life, she started to recreate them. Corndog was the easiest to make since sausages already existed in the empire. The ingredients needed to make the batter were also available.

Lewis loved the classic corndog that she made so she made different variations. Her son's favorite corndog was the one with mozzarella cheese and string potatoes crust. She liked the classic crust with sugar but she didn't mind putting extra effort for Lewis's favorite

variety.

"I really love corndog, too," Neoma said with a smile. "But that's not the kind of love that I'm talking about, Lewis. I guess you're too young to know that."

He tilted his head to one side in confusion. "I'm older than you."

She just laughed it off. "Lewis, do you want me to make corndog for you now?"

Her son's face instantly lit up as he nodded eagerly.

Seeing his happy face made her feel regretful. "I should have made that the day you arrived. What a pity."

In her defense, she was busy that day that she barely had the time to welcome her son.

"Ah, I should make corndog for Hanna too once she arrives at the palace," Neoma said when she remembered that Hanna would arrive tomorrow. "Lewis, are you excited to meet my future fiancée?"

Lewis just gave her a blank stare and she knew right away what that meant.

Yep, this rude child thinks I'm not making sense but I taught him to shut up if he has nothing nice to say, and so the lack of reaction.

"WHAT are you doing, Neoma?"

"Training," Neoma said lazily while she was making slashing motions in the air with her hand. Right now, she lying on her side on the picnic blanket spread on the grass just under a huge tree. Of course, Lewis was standing behind her quietly. "I'm training with Skewer like you asked me to, Papa Boss."

As of the moment, Skewer— her now pink scythe— was floating in the air. Whenever she would make a slashing motion with her hand, the scythe would slash the scarecrows that she asked Stephanie and Alphen to make for her.

The scarecrows were cute. She drew an unrecognizable 'chibi' image of Emperor Nikolai and pasted them on every scarecrow's face. If not for the white hair and light gray eyes of the chibi, even her wouldn't recognize the drawing as her father.

"What kind of training is that?" Emperor Nikolai, her grumpy Papa Boss who stood in front of her, asked with furrowed brows. "Why don't you train with the Death's Scythe physically?"

"Skewer. Her name is 'Skewer' now," she corrected her father. And yes, she decided that Skewer was a girl. She wanted to have a female friend too, you know? "Aren't you amazed that I can control Skewer without touching it?"

She realized that she could control Skewer even without touching it when she used it as a "frisbee." She threw the Death's Scythe and asked H1 and H2 to fetch it as if it was a flying disc. But she miscalculated and the weapon almost hit Lewis.

Boy, she screamed at the top of her lungs that day to stop Skewer from hitting her son. Thankfully, it stopped when it was only a breath's away from Lewis's head. That scary moment taught her that she didn't need to hold the Skewer for her to use it.

And from then on, she never threw the scythe carelessly again.

"I'm more amazed at how waste your time that leisurely," her Papa Boss said in a frustrated voice. "Maybe I should start training you personally."

"It's not part of our contract, Papa Boss," she told him in a lazy voice. "And don't worry. I'm working hard with my training with Tteokbokki. You said it yourself before: we don't need weapons. Our Soul Beast and Mana are enough."

"The Death's Scythe isn't an ordinary weapon," her father insisted. "Mastering it will benefit us in the future. What's so hard with wielding it anyway?"

"I don't want to gain extra arm muscles."

"Excuse me?"

"I don't want my arms to be muscular, Papa Boss," she said. "I will not be Nero forever. I want to look pretty, you know? I'm not saying that muscular girls aren't pretty. They are. It's just that my preference is to have a body like a Kpop idol."

Most Kpop idols weren't just skinny. They were also fit. Some of the female Kpop idols that she used to idolize back in her second life had abs and killer biceps. That was her goal.

But if she continued wielding the scythe that was starting to get heavy each year that passed, she was afraid that her arms might get bulky. She was only eight years old now but she was the kind of person who had advanced thinking.

"You're speaking nonsense again," her Papa Boss said while shaking his head. "Anyway, Rufus and his daughter will arrive in an hour—"

"Duke Quinzel will be here?" Neoma asked excitedly, then she got up. "You should have told me that earlier, Papa Boss," she said while Lewis was helping her stand up from the ground. "I shall excuse myself now."

Her father's brows furrowed in confusion. "And where are you going?"

"Papa Boss, I can't receive guests while I'm still in my training clothes," Neoma explained while motioning her outfit. "Most of all, I want to be presentable to Duke Quinzel."

Emperor Nikolai didn't comment but he suddenly looked pissed.

Tsk, his mood swing is attacking again.

"IT'S BEEN a while, Your Royal Highness," Rufus greeted Neoma in his usual cheerful voice. "How are you?"

"I'm fine, Your Grace," Neoma greeted the duke politely. "Thank you for asking. I'm pleased to see you again after a long while."

Nikolai, for some reason that he didn't understand, was pissed while watching Neoma act like a different person. It was unusual for the royal princess to talk eloquently and without sarcasm. Also, her bright smile was giving him goosebumps.

She doesn't act that way when she's with me.

And Neoma was barely paying attention to Hanna Quinzel since she was too focused on Rufus. Even though the four of them were sharing the tea table in the rose garden of Yule Palace— his residence— Neoma was acting like she could only see Rufus.

This is pissing me off and I don't know why.

"I heard that you've started to train with the Death's Scythe," Rufus said after he sipped his tea. "I have little experience in wielding a scythe but if you need help, don't hesitate to tell me, Your Royal Highness."

Nikolai hid his smirk by sipping his tea. As if Neoma will ask for your help after she turned me down when I offered to train her myself. And most of all, she's too lazy to train with the Death's Scythe seriously—

"I really need help with wielding the scythe, Your Grace," Neoma said with a shy smile that didn't suit her true personality. "I will take you up on your offer then."

Excuse me?

Rufus smiled at the royal princess and was about to say something when he interrupted his cousin by placing down the teacup on the coaster a little too loudly.

Okay, that was ungraceful of him but at that moment, he didn't care.

"Neoma, go and bring Hanna Quinzel to your palace," Nikolai told the royal princess in a cold voice. "You prepared something to welcome her, didn't you?"

He noticed that the royal princess's smile froze, but she still smiled at him although it was obvious to him that her smile was anything but sincere.

She's probably cussing at me in her head.

"Thank you for reminding me, Papa," Neoma said in a mildly sarcastic tone. Hah, she was probably holding back because of Rufus. Still, he saw the royal princess roll her eyes at him before she turned to Hanna Quinzel with a bright smile. "Lady Quinzel, shall we go to my palace?"

Hanna Quinzel turned to Rufus first. When her father nodded encouragingly, only then did the young lady turned to Neoma with a shy smile. "I'd love to go with you, Your Royal Highness."

After that, Neoma and Hanna Quinzel excused themselves.

The two little girls were escorted by Glenn and the foxy boy, leaving him alone with Rufus.

"Rufus, you don't have time to train Neoma," Nikolai scolded his cousin in an irritated voice. "Don't make promises you can't keep."

Rufus just laughed it off. God, this person really had a carefree personality. It was so different from his older brother.

Now, he annoyed himself even more.

Why do I have to remind myself of that traitor?

"Don't worry, Your Majesty," Rufus assured him. "I haven't forgotten about my current mission. My team and I are doing our best to find the late empress's body."

"It's been three years already, Rufus."

"I apologize that it's taking us this long, Your Majesty," the duke said, obviously embarrassed by the lack of development in his current mission. "But we have a lead now."

"What kind of lead?"

"A sudden burst of ancient black magic was detected in the Southern part of the empire," Rufus informed him seriously. "I already consulted His Holiness about it. The saint confirmed that the burst of that ancient black magic was caused by the awakening of a powerful being. We think it was the Devil."

"The Devil, huh?" Nikolai said while shaking his head. "If your hunch is right, then it means the Devil will come after Neoma soon."

"LADY Quinzel, please try the snack that I made myself," Neoma said with a smile while gesturing the plate of corndogs on the table. "It's just sausage with a fancy twist."

Hanna smiled and nodded. "What do you recommend that I try first, Your Royal Highness?"

"I suggest that you try the plain crust first," she said while pointing at the corndog with plain crust. "Inside it is half-sausage, half-mozzarella cheese." She picked up the corndog with sugar crust. It looked like Hanna didn't know how to eat because it was unusual for snacks in the empire to be in a skewer. So she decided to show her how by taking a bite first. "I'm not saying this because I made it. But trust me, Lady Quinzel. It's awesome."

The other girl smiled and nodded. "I trust you, Your Royal

Highness," she said, then she picked up the corndog with plain crust and took a bite. The way her face lit up told her that she genuinely liked it. "This is so good, Your Royal Highness."

She just smiled, then she looked around.

Right now, they were in the rose garden of her palace.

Lewis was standing behind her. On the other hand, Stephanie, Alphen, and the rest of her servants were standing in the entrance of the garden. In short, the people who didn't know her secret couldn't hear their conversation.

"Lady Quinzel," she said when she turned to the girl again. "You can just call me 'Neoma' when we're alone with Lewis. He knows my secret anyway."

"I understand, Neoma," Hanna said with a smile. "You can just call me by my name, too."

"Sure, Hanna," she said.

To be honest, she thought it was going to be hard for her to get along with Hanna because she felt a little awkward. She knew that Hanna was going to die in the future. But she was doing her best to forget about that for now.

I've already changed the life of the people around me. Who knows? Maybe I might be able to change Hanna's future, too.

"Neoma, I know that this sounds stupid but you really look like Nero," Hanna said with a warm smile as if she was thinking of her twin brother. "I know that you are twins, but it still surprised me when I saw you for the first time."

Okay, she almost choked on her tea when she saw the tint of pink on her cousin's cheeks while she talked about Nero.

OMG... does Hanna like my twin brother?

If Hanna didn't die early in her first life, she probably would have been Nero's fiancée because of her status and House Quinzel's good relationship with her Papa Boss.

Well, I'd rather have Hanna as my future sister-in-law than the witch that Nero got obsessed with in my previous life. But of course, I don't have the right to meddle with my twin brother's love life.

"I have Nero's baby pictures," Neoma said with a smile. The pictures she was talking about were taken by Stephanie using a spirit stone that could take pictures and videos. It was a "gadget" that only rich people could afford. "Do you want to see it, Hanna?"

Hanna's eyes sparkled as she nodded eagerly. "I'd love to, Neoma."

Gosh, Hanna's first love is Nero.

NEOMA stretched her arms while walking back to her palace with Lewis.

Hanna was in the main gate of the Royal Palace to send-off Duke Quinzel. She wanted to go with Hanna and say goodbye to the duke but her evil Papa Boss ordered her to return to her palace because apparently, a guest arrived earlier than expected.

But she had a feeling that her father lied to her. He just probably said that to stop her from sending-off Duke Quinzel.

Gosh, why is he picking on me today?

"Princess Neoma, are you tired?" Lewis asked her. "I can carry you."

"I don't want to be carried by my son," Neoma said with a laugh. She knew what Lewis was going to say so she said it with him. "'I'm not your son, Princess Neoma.'"

"Funny," her son said in a sarcastic tone.

She laughed louder this time. "Someone knows how to be sarcastic now, huh?"

As usual, Lewis ignored her teasing.

She was about to annoy her son even more but when she turned around the corner, she was surprised when someone appeared before her and bumped into her.

Ouch.

Thankfully, Lewis was fast enough to hold her by the shoulders so she wouldn't fall on the floor. But the person who bumped into her wasn't so lucky.

"Are you okay?" she asked the boy who was on the floor now, his head hanged low. "Do you need help..."

She trailed-off when she noticed that the boy had beautiful golden hair. It was a beautiful shade of blonde. And in her first life, only one boy had that kind of hair that she loved.

No, no, no...

"I'm okay," the boy said, then he looked up at her. "I'm sorry for bumping into you."

She felt her body freeze when her eyes met the boy's light blue eyes.

The blue shade of his eyes was similar to pastel blue. It was so pretty and it matched his blonde hair so well. When she lived in the modern world during her second life, she would always be reminded of him whenever she would see cotton candy.

It wasn't just his hair or eye color that looked pretty.

He had the kind of face that Korean people would give him the "flower boy" title for. That meant he was very pretty and he looked 'soft.' Even though he was only ten years old now, she still recognized him right away.

Rubin Drayton.

"Prince Nero, are you okay?" Lewis asked her using her pretend identity because they were in front of a stranger.

Rubin looked surprised when he realized that she was the royal prince. He immediately stood up and bowed to her. "My deepest apologies, Your Royal Highness. I am Rubin Drayton, the only son of House Drayton."

"I know," Neoma said. Even in her own ears, her voice sounded sad and hurt. That was probably why Rubin raised his head to look at her face. Gosh, how could someone so evil get blessed with an innocent face like that? Well, he was still a child during this time. Still, she couldn't forget how he played with her feelings back in her first life. "I know who you are, Lord Rubin Drayton."

You're Sc.u.mbag #2.

NOTE: Hi! I'm joining the WIN-WIN event for December so I have a heartfelt request to everyone. Please buy my privilege starting tomorrow (December 1). You'll get to read 2 more chapters in advance if you buy my privilege. I haven't added any tier yet because I want my privilege to be affordable. So please, help me win the event for Neoma to have more features. Of course, since I'm joining WIN-WIN, I am required to update daily. That's why I'm asking for everyone's help.

Thank you so much for patiently waiting. I really hope you buy my privilege. I need to have 1k privilege readers to get the best rewards. If my story makes you happy/laugh, I hope you consider buying my privilege. Thank you. T_T

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