

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 64 - THE BOY WHO DUMPED ME

"YOUR MAJESTY, where's Princess Neoma?"

Nikolai raised a brow at Rufus.

He deliberately asked Neoma to welcome their new guests that he sent to her palace. Usually, guests were required to greet him in his palace first. But he didn't want Neoma to have an excuse to send-off Rufus.

"It's bed time for the royal princess," Nikolai lied with a straight face. "Why are you looking for my daughter anyway?"

They were free to talk without hiding Neoma's identity because they were alone in the entrance of Yule Palace, his residence, while waiting for Rufus's carriage. Ah, wait. They weren't completely alone.

Hanna Quinzel was with them.

The maids that he assigned for his niece was standing a few meters away from them— out of earshot so that they could talk freely.

"I just want to give Her Royal Highness some advice on how to wield a scythe," Rufus said with a soft laugh. "Why are you getting upset, Your Majesty?"

"I'm not upset," he denied in a firm voice. "And Neoma doesn't need your advice, Rufus. You're the captain of the Black Jaguar Knights and your squad handles firearms. Neoma's weapon is a scythe. She doesn't need your help in her training."

"I'm a double wielder, Your Majesty," the duke insisted. "I'm a

swordsman first before a shooter. I'm sure I can help the royal princess with her training."

"Save that offer when Nero returns," he said, annoyed. "I'll make a slave out of you once the real crown prince awakens."

After all, it was a part of their tradition for the crown prince to enter knighthood with a different squad than the White Lion Knights. The White Lion Knights were directly under the emperor's command—and will be the crown prince's future private army—so to avoid bias, the royal prince must train under a different squad.

The second best troop in the empire was Rufus's Black Jaguar Knights. So of course, the crown prince was expected to train under Rufus soon.

To be honest, Neoma should have begun training with the Black Jaguar Knights when she turned seven years old. But to protect her secret, he made an excuse and told everyone that the royal prince was a Mana genius because of how enormous Neoma's Mana was.

So instead of sending her to the Black Jaguar Knights, he made Madam Hammock accept Neoma as her disciple.

The royal princess cussed at him during that time.

Tsk. Why is that brat so attached to Rufus anyway?

Rufus laughed. "It will be an honor to train the crown prince, Your Majesty."

"Leave," he told his cousin, then he turned to Hanna Quinzel.

The young lady remained standing with her head hanged low ever since he and Rufus began talking.

That was how a lady of the empire should behave when men were talking. But for some reason, he couldn't help but get pissed at that

practice. If Neoma was there, she wouldn't probably hesitate to call them out for leaving her out of the conversation as if she wasn't there.

Yeah, she's that haughty.

"I'll go ahead to let you and your daughter say goodbye to each other," Nikolai said, then he turned his back on the Quinzels. "Have a safe trip back home, Rufus."

"My utmost gratitude, Your Majesty," Rufus said politely.

Hanna Quinzel curtsied when he walked past her.

After he made it clear to Rufus that he wouldn't allow him to make Neoma his disciple, he now had to welcome his other guests: Duke Samuel Drayton and his only son. He asked Glenn to escort the Draytons to the Blanco Palace.

Maybe Neoma had already met them.

Well, with his daughter's great acting skills, he was sure that she would welcome their esteemed guests properly.

Of all the things that she could inherit from me, it has to be that, huh?

"Your Majesty," Glenn greeted him when he came back from Blanco Palace.

"I told you to just wait for me at the royal princess's residence," he scolded the knight. "I can walk to the Blanco Palace on my own."

"I know, Your Majesty," the knight said with a soft laugh as he walked behind him. "But I'm still your personal knight. And whenever I'm around Princess Neoma, Lewis keeps on glaring at me. He can be a little scary."

He just rolled his eyes at Glenn's lame excuse. "Did the guests arrive at the Blanco Palace without a problem?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," the knight said. "I brought them to the tea

room. But I had to leave to fetch you so I just told the maids to inform Princess Neoma that she has guests to entertain once she arrives."

"I've dismissed her a while ago," he said with furrowed brows. "Why hasn't she returned to her palace yet?"

"I heard that the royal princess made a detour," Glenn explained. "Her Royal Highness always goes to the pond whenever she's pissed at you, Your Majesty. She probably went there to shout her profanities at you again. ❖❖❖"

He glared at his knight who bowed his head in apology.

Glenn didn't lie though.

One time after an argument with Neoma, he found her at the pond where she fell into when she was a baby. Much to his shock, he heard the royal princess cuss at him. She even used curses in a foreign language he didn't understand.

It's amazing that Glenn easily got used to how a little girl like Neoma is already fluent in swearing.

"Your Majesty, may I ask if letting the young lord Drayton stay at the palace is really a wise decision?" Glenn asked worriedly. "The Draytons know the existence of the royal prince's twin sister. What if the young lord discovers Princess Neoma's secret?"

"You don't have to worry about that," Nikolai said confidently. "I heard that the young Drayton isn't the sharpest knife in the drawer—I'm sure Neoma will outsmart him in the most interesting way possible."

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"I KNOW who you are, Lord Rubin Drayton," Neoma said with a forced smile. To be honest, right now, her nails were digging in her palms as she clenched her hands really tight. "I heard that the Draytons are our esteemed guests for tonight. Welcome to my

palace."

Well, she knew that the Draytons were coming but not tonight.

Her father said that he sent guests to her palace, but that damned grumpy old man didn't tell her that it was the Draytons!

"Can I call you 'Rubin?'" she asked. In her past life, she used to call him 'Lord Drayton.' But she'd rather vomit than refer to him that way again. "You can call me by my name, too."

'Nero' wasn't her real name anyway.

"I don't mind if you call me by my name, Your Royal Highness," Rubin said in an urgent tone, his head hanged low while his gaze was on the floor. "But I'm afraid it will be insolent of me to call the crown prince of the empire so casually."

Well, you were exactly like that to me in my previous life. But now that I'm the "crown prince," you can't even look at me in the eye. Ah, does it mean you were only able to stomp of my poor little heart back then because I was a girl?

And she was a lovesick girl back then.

Gosh, what an embarrassing period of my life.

"By the way, I can sense that you're in a hurry, Rubin," she said. "Do you have an urgent business you have to attend to?"

Rubin raised his head and nodded eagerly. That was when she noticed that he looked concerned for some reason. "I apologize but I need to excuse myself tonight, Your Royal Highness. I heard from my servant that my friend is sick. I need to go home and check on her personally."

He said "her."

She could only think of one girl who could make Rubin act this way.

Regina Crowell.

Until now, she couldn't forget what that b\*tch said to her during her dying moment in her first life: "It's so easy to manipulate everyone around you, Lady Quinzel. Rubin, Duchess Quinzel, and now His Royal Highness Prince Nero. It was so easy to turn them against you because they never really loved you, Ne-o-ma."

Her goal was to become a lady of leisure someday because she had always thought that getting revenge to people who didn't have the same memories as her was just a waste of time.

But Regina Crowell could still make her feel so angry that she was seriously considering planning a grand revenge to kill the b\*tch.

"Rubin!" yelled the nobleman who looked like Rubin's mature or older version.

Ah, it's Duke Drayton.

The duke was only in his early thirties but he still looked good. Well, Rubin wouldn't look that good if his parents didn't have good genes.

"I apologize for my rudeness, Your Royal Highness," Duke Drayton said when he recognized her. Then, he stood beside Rubin (who visibly stiffened) and bowed his head. "I'm Samuel Drayton, the head of House Drayton. I see that you've already met my son, Your Royal Highness. I hope he has been courteous to you."

"Rubin and I have exchanged our greetings, Lord Drayton," she said with her trademark business smile. "We also just bid each other goodbye."

Rubin looked surprised by her little lie.

Lord Drayton raised his head, confusion etched on his face. "May I know what you mean by that, Your Royal Highness?"

"Rubin told me that he has to return home and visit a sick friend of his," she said in an "innocent" voice. "It's a shame because I was just

about to invite Rubin for some tea. But I guess his friend is very important to him."

The duke looked horrified by what she revealed. Then, he turned to Rubin with a glare.

Rubin, on the other hand, flinched and avoided his father's gaze.

Heh, serves you right.

"That "friend" of Rubin Drayton must be someone of great significance for him to turn down your invitation, Nero."

She bit her lower lip to stop herself from smiling when her Papa Boss arrived at the perfect time, his snarky comment making the Draytons flinch.

My Papa Boss isn't just a sc\*mbag— he's also the king of sarcasm.

"Greetings to the one and only moon of the Great Moonasterion Empire," the Draytons greeted her father with a polite bow.

"Nero, let this be a lesson to you," her Papa Boss told her when he stood next to her. He wasn't smiling, but the glint in his eyes told her that he was enjoying this moment. Hah, he'd really grab any chance he'd get to annoy her, huh? "You might be the future crown prince of the empire. But it's a pity that you will not always be the most important person to everyone."

"Papa, please don't say that," she said in a light tone. "Just because I'm the crown prince doesn't mean I should be everyone's number one priority." Well, not really. It was literally a law in the empire that the emperor and the crown prince must be protected by everyone all the time. But she was putting a good show right now. "I believe Rubin's friend is a great young lady."

"A young lady, huh?" the emperor said with a smirk. "Lord Drayton, should I congratulate House Drayton for getting a daughter-in-law this early?"

"It's a misunderstanding, Your Majesty," Lord Drayton said in a firm voice. "Rubin is not going anywhere. Please pardon my son's carelessness."

"I think this is enough greetings for now. Let's call this a night," Emperor Nikolai declared, ignoring the duke's apology. Then, he turned to her. "Nero, go and take a rest."

What a snob.

"Have a good night, Papa," Neoma said politely because duh, they were acting like they were a better "father-and-son" duo than the Draytons. Anyway, she turned to the Draytons and was amused by the difference in their facial expressions. The duke looked embarrassed by the whole fiasco, while Rubin looked scared of his dear life. "It was a pleasure meeting you, Rubin and Lord Drayton."

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"PRINCESS NEOMA."

Neoma stopped in front of her room's door to turn around and face Lewis. "What is it?"

Lewis leaned down to look at her face, causing her to lean back. "You're angry."

It wasn't a question— it was a declaration.

She knew that Lewis was still not comfortable with physical contact unless he initiated it. But she didn't like what he said so she flicked his forehead with her fingers. "Yeah, what about it? I'm allowed to be angry."

"Why?"

"You're too young to understand."

"I'm older than you."



"I am more emotionally intelligent than you, my son," she snapped back. "You've never been dumped— I have."

Well, she knew she wasn't supposed to say things that Lewis wouldn't understand.

But she needed an outlet. Her son was used to her talking "nonsense" anyway. Even her Papa Boss had already stopped caring about the "strange" things that she often said. So, in short, she allowed herself to put her guard down a little bit around people she could manipulate.

"Is he still alive?"

Her brows furrowed in confusion. Did her son learn to talk gibberish from her? "What do you mean by that?"

"I think you're the type of person who will kill people who dump you."

She blinked several times while absorbing that strange remark.

And then, she laughed heartily.

Gosh, he didn't even question how an eight-year-old girl was dumped.

She knew Lewis well enough to know that it was his weird way of saying that she wasn't a pushover who would allow other people to walk all over her.

Sadly, my son, I was a "doormat" during my first life.

"That's a god-tier funny one-liner, Lewis," she said when she calmed down from laughing aloud. "What will you do if I say that he's still alive?"

Lewis, with a blank look on his face, said in an emotionless voice: "I will kill him for you, Princess Neoma."

Okay, that made her stop laughing altogether.

Gosh, is this what my son learned from the White Lion Knights?

"Stop talking about killing people as if you're just going to kill a pest."

"I won't consider people who hurt you as humans, Princess Neoma."

Okay, that sent shivers down her spine.

She was aware that as her knight, Lewis had the "license to kill" people who will try to hurt her or worse, take her life. But she also knew very well that having an overprotective knight would only bring trouble to her in the future. Yanderes were only fun to watch in anime series.

Having one in real life was a nightmare she'd like to avoid, thank you very much.

"Lewis, I will not consider you a human anymore if you become a lowly murderer because of your twisted interpretation of how you should protect me," she said with a smile, but her voice was firm. "Lewis, I understand your duty as my personal knight. But not everyone who will hurt me has to die right away. Plus, if I want a person dead, I will kill them with my own hands. I won't ask my son to do it for me."

Lewis scowled, as expected. "I'm not your son, Princess Neoma."

"Good night, my precious, adorable, and amazing son," Neoma said in an exaggerated bright voice to annoy Lewis. It was his punishment for his twisted thoughts a while ago. Gosh, it was so hard to raise a son. "Let's play again tomorrow!"

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NEOMA almost choked on her saliva when she saw Rubin Drayton as soon as she went out of her room. The young lord didn't have a servant with him.

What is he doing here this early?

For her schedule today, she was supposed to fetch Hanna in her room and have breakfast with her.

Yes, Rubin was also staying in her palace. But according to her schedule, she was supposed to have lunch with him. So the young lord showing up in front of her room this early could be considered thoughtless and rude.

She could have used that to shoo him away.

But his terrible state concerned her.

Rubin Drayton had a bruise on his cheek, and his lower lip was cut. It was obvious that he got beaten up, and she had an idea who did that to him. He was a young lord so naturally, only his father was in the position to hurt him without getting punished. After all, the stupid law of the empire favored the old men in power.

You're really a terrible father even in this lifetime, Duke Drayton.

But she didn't have the right to say that. The guilt in her heart was enough to remind her that it was partly her fault why Rubin got beaten up by his father.

She clenched her fists again.

From the corner of her eye, she saw Lewis turn to her. But she ignored her son and focused her attention on the young lord who finally started to speak.

"Greetings to the First Star of the Great Moonasterion Empire," Rubin said in a weak voice. He couldn't even look at her in the eye. "Your Royal Highness, can you spare me some of your precious time? I'd like to apologize for my awful behavior last night."

She knew that she should just turn him down and ignore him for the rest of his stay in the palace. Her plan was to only act friendly with him in front of other important people to showcase her "friendship"

with the son of House Drayton. Even though she hated Rubin Drayton, she knew that Nero had to have "friends" with power and influence.

That was her original plan.

But seeing a poor child who got beaten up by his own parent, partly because of her pettiness, kicked her conscience to no end.

I will definitely regret this later but an ad\*lt like me should take care of children.

Neoma, even though her heart was still hesitating, gave Rubin her usual business smile. "Would you like to join us for breakfast, Rubin?"

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NOTE: I changed Duke Drayton's first name from Albert to Samuel (it was only mentioned once in Chapter 1, which I already edited). I just don't want his name to be confused with Marquess Alberts, thus the change. Thank you for understanding! :)

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

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