

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 65 - CALL ME MISS PETTY

"YOUR ROYAL Highness, what is this?"

"A magic ointment," Neoma said with furrowed brows. After Rubin Drayton waited for her in front of her room a while ago, she brought him to the tea room. To talk to him in private, she only let Lewis (who was currently standing behind her) to stay. "Haven't you seen one before?"

"I know what this is," Rubin said while looking at the bottle of ointment in his hand, then he looked up at her with a confused look on his face. The young heartbreaker sat on the sofa across from her. He was yet to touch the tea that she asked her servants to prepare for them. "This is one of the most effective, luxurious, and expensive magic ointment in the world, Your Royal Highness. A bottle of this ointment costs a dukedom and as far as I know, this can only be used on royal family members."

She almost choked on her tea after hearing how precious that ointment was.

To be honest, she didn't know that it was worth that much. She knew how effective the ointment was because Madam Hammock often used that to treat the scratches and light wounds that she would get from training. And the madam would lend it to her every time she'd borrow it to treat Lewis's injuries that didn't need surgery.

Just like how Madam Hammock lent it to her when she asked Alphen to fetch the ointment from the Healing Sage.

Well, technically, the ointment belongs to the royal family.

Still, if it was supposed to be "only used for the royal family members," then why the hell did Madam Hammock let her "borrow" it for other people?

"I don't understand why you're being nice to me now, Your Royal Highness," Rubin said bluntly. "You got me in trouble last night."

"It wasn't my fault that you were being a rude guest last night," she countered with a raised brow. "Was your emergency really worth leaving my palace?"

"It was," he insisted. "It was really an emergency, Your Royal Highness."

That pissed her off.

"Did a family member die?" she asked with a smirk. "That's the only kind of emergency that I will allow, Rubin Drayton."

"Nobody died and she isn't a family member," Rubin said with a scowl. "But Regina is a dear friend of mine, Your Royal Highness."

She didn't want to admit this but hearing that b\*tch's name from Rubin felt like something sharp stabbed her heart. It wasn't that she was hurt because she had feelings for the young lord. It was just plain bitterness.

This m\*therf\*cker ruined my life because of a b\*tch.

"Regina, huh?" she asked, trying to stay calm as much as possible. Then, she put her teacup down on the table. "Is she from a high-ranking noble family?"

The young lord visibly flinched. "She's the daughter of a baron, Your Royal Highness."

"A baron," she said with a business smile. "Interesting."

Well, a baron was still a noble but barons from the countryside were

considered "lower nobles." Plus, from the memories of her first life, she knew that House Crowell wasn't doing well financially. Regina Crowell's father was a gambler with a huge debt after all.

That was exactly why Baron Crowell practically sold off Regina to House Drayton to be Rubin's personal maid.

And as a princess, I really let that b\*tch stomp on me, huh?

Well, even though she didn't have the princess status back then, she was still legally the daughter of a duke. But her naivety led her to her downfall.

"Even though Regina is a lower noble, she's still a great person, Your Royal Highness," Rubin insisted in a firm voice. "She deserves to be properly taken care of."

She smirked at that, her chest tightening painfully. "Lewis, where is it?"

Lewis, who was obviously confused, took a few seconds before he responded. "Did you lose something, Prince Nero?"

She nodded, then she looked up at her son with a pout. "I can't find it," she said, then she turned to Rubin again with a cold look on her face. "I think I might have misplaced the care I give to what the young lord just said."

It was her eloquent way of saying 'I don't give a f\*ck.'

And Rubin seemed to get the message clearly.

"It seems like I have offended you by my behavior last night, Your Royal Highness," Rubin said stiffly. Then, he bowed to her. "My deepest apologies," he said, still using the tone that told her he wasn't sincere with his apology. "I will be careful from now on."

"That's good to hear," Neoma said with her business smile back on her pretty face. "Let's try to get along, Rubin Drayton."

\*\*\*

"NEOMA, do you hate Sir Drayton?"

Neoma stopped munching on her croissant because of Hanna's question.

Ah, right. Rubin is known as 'Sir Drayton' during this time.

Rubin Drayton, ten years old, was a squire for the Green Archer Knights that served as his family's private army. Back in her first life, he became a fully-fledged knight when he turned twelve years old.

Heh. My son became a knight when he's just eleven. I won.

"I don't hate Rubin," Neoma said, then she sipped her tea. "I don't feel anything for him."

After their very awkward breakfast with Rubin (yes, she kept her word because she invited the young lord in front of her servants), she had tea with Hanna.

To be polite, she also invited Rubin to join them. But thankfully, the young lord declined and he retreated back to his room. And so, she could have a girl talk with Hanna now. Well, Lewis was standing behind her like usual, but it wasn't like he would join their conversation. That was his privilege as her son.

I don't mind if Lewis butt in but knowing his personality, I don't think he would unless it's absolutely necessary.

Lewis tended to act like a stone when they were in the presence of other people.

"Maybe it was just my imagination," Hanna said. "Never mind then."

She raised a brow at her. "You don't believe me, do you?"

Her cousin smiled politely at her. "I understand you, Neoma. I think

I can relate to you somehow."

"Really?"

She nodded before she explained. "At first, I'm scared of Prince Nero. He wasn't particularly nice to me when he was still staying with us. But somehow, even though his snobbish attitude hurts me sometimes, I still want to be around him."

Don't roll your eyes, Neoma, she told herself. Be nice to your cousin.

"Even though I say that I'm afraid of Prince Nero, at the end of the day, I know deep inside that I still want to be close to him," Hanna continued, now with a tint of pink on her cheeks. "It's like how you say that you don't feel anything for Sir Drayton and yet, I can feel that you harbor some negative feelings for him."

Ah, I shouldn't underestimate a girl's intuition.

"But I won't pry since I can tell that you don't want to talk about it," her cousin said. She was even nice enough to change the topic.

"Neoma, I heard you're working hard in your dance lessons. I can't wait to see your debut dance performance on your birthday."

"Thank you," she said, then she let out a deep sigh.

"What's wrong?"

"I think I'm having slump," she said. That was the kind of trouble that she could share with her cousin. "My awesome dancing skills are missing."

Hanna giggled at her light joke. "Do you want me to help you practice, Neoma?" she asked. "I'm quite confident with my dancing skills since I've been taking dance lessons since I was three," she said. "Since you're doing the gentleman's part in the dance, I believe I can be a good dance partner to you."

Neoma smiled and nodded. "That would be lovely, Hanna."

\*\*\*

"I HEARD that you brought Hanna Quinzel to your dance lesson a while ago, Neoma," Emperor Nikolai said. Currently, they were having dinner in her Papa Boss's palace. As usual, they were alone in the dining hall. "Your teacher was gushing about it. She said that you absolutely need to dance with Hanna Quinzel on your birthday banquet."

Neoma let out a deep sigh while slicing her rib-eye steak with knife.

Hanna was a wonderful dancer. She was graceful and very feminine. To be honest, her cousin was the perfect dance partner that every gentleman in the empire could ever wish for.

And that was the reason why she kind of feel down.

I aspire to be as feminine as Hanna.

"Yeah, Hanna is a good dancer," Neoma said, then she took a bite of the steak. "I don't mind dancing with her. Plus, I know that you brought her to the palace to be my company for my upcoming birthday."

"We need to establish Hanna Quinzel's position as Nero's future fiancée as soon as you have your debut in the society," her father said, confirming her thought. "Starting tomorrow, Hanna Quinzel will join you in your dance practice."

"Kay," she said, then she quietly ate her food.

"What's wrong with you?" the emperor complained. "You're too quiet."

"My mouth knows when to shut up, too, Papa Boss."

He just gave her a weird look, then he sipped his red wine before he spoke again. "We expect that you will be attacked on your coronation night."

"What a birthday party," she said sarcastically. "I'm looking forward to it."

"The Devil has awakened."

Okay, now she was serious. "The Devil?"

"Rufus and his team have noticed a strange occurrence of the Devil's traces in the borders of the empire," her Papa Boss informed her seriously. "Saint Zavaroni confirmed that it was the Devil's impure aura. If it's true, then it only means that the Devil will come after you. After all, you have the Death's Scythe."

She gulped hard. "If the Devil manages to steal the scythe from me, then it means Nero will be put in danger."

"That's why we can't allow that to happen," Emperor Nikolai said. "Neoma, starting tomorrow, you're going to seriously train under my supervision."

Neoma let out a sigh of complaint. "Great."

\*\*\*

NEOMA went to the pond to relieve stress by cussing in the void.

But she didn't have the energy to that. So right now, she was just watching the strange fish in the pond in the pavilion. Yes, it was the same pavilion that Duke Sloane destroyed a few years ago. She didn't get traumatized because she won that battle.

And so, she made the pond one of her favorite places in the Royal Palace.

"Princess?"

"Hmm?"

"You're sad."

Wow, Lewis didn't even ask if she was alright. He just straight-up declared that she was sad. But she couldn't deny it.

Neoma turned to her son who stood beside her. "I'm kind of envious of Hanna," she confessed. "I want to be as girly as her."

Lewis remained pokerfaced.

"I know what I got myself into when I accepted the offer to be Nero's proxy. Well, it's not like I have a choice since I don't want to die or be married off to Rubin Drayton. Still, I made a deal with Papa Boss fully-aware of the consequences," she said. "I don't want to whine now but to be honest, it just sucks when I realized the things I have to give up because of the choice I made when I was a baby."

"You're still a baby."

"I'm your mother, you insolent child," she scolded him lightly. "Anyway, I'll get over this pretty soon. I'm really glad that Hanna is here. I like watching her because she's the type of girl that I want to look up to. Did you see how she danced earlier? She's so pretty and elegant!"

Lewis just looked at her, then he offered his hand to her.

She blink in confusion. "Do you want us to dance because you feel bad for me?" She laughed softly while shaking her head. "Lewis, I was taught the gentleman's part and not the lady's part in the dance. I'm sure you were taught the same part."

Yes, her son had to take lessons that noble kids took when he reclaimed the noble status of House Crevan a few years ago.

"You've seen Lady Quinzal dance," Lewis said in his usual no-nonsense tone. "I'm certain that you've memorized her part, Princess Neoma."

Again, he didn't question if she memorized the lady's part in the dance or not.

He declared it as if he was speaking it into existence.

My son has so much faith in me. I can't disappoint him, can I?

She smiled and took his hand. Their height difference was kind of awkward because Lewis was a foot taller than her. But she had faith in her son, too. "Since you'll be dancing the male part, I expect you to lead the dance, my precious son."

"I'm not your son, Princess Neoma," Lewis said, then he carefully put his right hand on her back. When she put her left hand on his right shoulder, he gently clasped their other two hands together. "How long are we going to have the same conversation again and again?"

She just laughed softly while matching his movements as they danced slowly. "Maybe until the day that you wholeheartedly accept that you're my son?"

"In short, never."

She laughed louder this time. When she was about to say something, she felt the presence of another person. Lewis noticed it too because he suddenly let go of her, then he stood protectively in front of her.

"Why are you dancing the female part, Your Royal Highness?"

She took a peek over Lewis's shoulder by standing on her toes. As soon as she saw the uninvited guest, she scowled.

What is this brat doing here?

"It's strange, isn't it?" Rubin Drayton asked, then he smiled 'sweetly' at her. "Is the royal prince more interested in activities reserved for girls instead of what boys your age are supposed to be invested in?" He let out a soft but mocking laugh. "Is that why you didn't enter the knighthood, Your Royal Highness?"

It's the s.e.xism for me, Your Honor.

Neoma smirked while cracking her knuckles. "So you woke up and chose violence, huh?"

\*\*\*

NOTE: Sorry for the long wait. I decided to join the WIN-WIN event for December. That means I will be posting daily from now on since it's required to do so. I will also do a mass release soon, but I won't announce the exact date to avoid disappointing you if I happen to be unavailable on the date that I promised.

Plus, I just want to remind everyone that I still have a day job (the ones I gave up were only sidelines) and I have monthly deadlines. My busiest week will always be the last week of the month. So please bear with me. Thank you for your understanding. T\_T

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*