

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 69 - THERE'S AN IMPOSTOR AMONG US

"YOUR ROYAL Highness, aren't we going to walk around?"

"Are we in a rose garden to walk around, Rubin Drayton?" Neoma lazily said while she was sitting under a black tree with dry, dark brown leaves. It was a surprise but Rubin lent her his handkerchief for her to sit on a while ago. Yeah it was strange, but she accepted his "kindness" because that kind of attitude was normal for well-mannered nobles. "We just have to stay here and wait to be rescued."

The place was very sketchy so walking around wouldn't be a good idea.

All the trees around them were dead. And she wasn't even surprised because the soil was as dry as Emperor Nikolai's sense of humor. Well, they were in hell so what would she expect from that place?

Anyway...

To be honest, even though she said that she was just waiting to be rescued, it wasn't like she wasn't doing anything.

She talked to Tteokbokki a while ago. Thankfully, her Soul Beast was freed when she pulled Skewer out of her body. But that drained Tteokbokki's energy, and so was hers. That was the reason why she wasn't moving. She needed to conserve her remaining strength so if they were attacked, she could still fight.

Tteokbokki told me to give him one hour, or at least thirty minutes to rest. It has only been fifteen minutes since then. We should stay here to avoid encountering enemies.

Rubin, who was in a kneeling position in front of her, suddenly looked hopeful. "Your Royal Highness, do you think His Majesty will come and rescue us?"

She laughed aloud, then she turned serious. "Of course not, dummy," she deadpanned. "Hell would freeze over first before that happens."

The young lord suddenly looked depressed. "Oh."

"Don't worry. I'm sure Lewis will come and save us," she said confidently. "My son will move heaven and earth for me."

The young lord fell silent for a while. "It's strange, Your Royal Highness."

She raised a brow at him. "What?"

"I thought you have a good relationship with His Majesty, Your Royal Highness," he said. "But why do you make it sound like His Majesty doesn't care about you when you are the crown prince?"

Okay, that was a minor mistake on her part.

Thank goodness she was a professional liar by now.

"Rubin, who's the most important person in the empire?"

"His Majesty."

She almost threw up at that. Of course, for the old-fashioned people of the empire, that was the correct answer. She didn't agree with that, but it was the only way to avoid being suspicious was to lie her way out from the mistake she committed. "Correct," she said, forcing that word out of her mouth. "Even if Papa is determined to save me, I'm sure his advisors and everyone in the palace won't allow him to do so. They might even lock him up in his office or something."

She was 90% sure that her Papa Boss didn't care about her since she wasn't the real crown prince anyway. But she had a 10% hope that her father would at least send capable men to rescue her. Not

because he cared about her well-being, but because he cared about his image.

After all, she was the current crown prince. Putting the Noble Faction aside, she was pretty certain that the royal family's allies wouldn't let the only heir to the throne to die.

Papa Boss, just send Lewis here and we'll be fine.

"That makes sense, Your Royal Highness," Rubin said, then his brows furrowed in confusion. "But I heard Lewis call you 'Princess Neoma' a while ago."

She almost choked on her saliva when she heard that.

Lewis, that's a huge mistake on your part!

"I know that Princess Neoma is your secret twin sister, Your Royal Highness," the young lord continued. "But I heard that Her Royal Highness has entered the temple a few years ago. So how could Lewis mistake you for the royal princess?"

He looked confused, and he even scratched his brow.

Ah, that's his mannerism.

She remembered that back in her first life, she noticed that every time Rubin was confused or in the middle of thinking, he would scratch his brow.

Gosh, I was so in love with him back then that I memorized even his mannerisms.

That was so pathetic of her.

"It's a secret code," she lied with a straight face. To be honest, she panicked a little so she just sprouted the first excuse to enter her mind. Her excuse this time was lame so she hoped her great acting skills would save it. "Whenever my life is in danger, Lewis is ordered to call me 'Princess Neoma' to confuse the enemies. It's

meant to throw them off and make them think that they got the wrong person. In short, it's a distraction." It looked like Rubin believed her ridiculous so that gained her more confidence to continue bluffing. "Unfortunately, it didn't work because the beings that dragged me here weren't humans."

Rubin nodded his head. Ah, he completely bought her lie. It looked like that the young lord wasn't really the sharpest knife in the drawer.

"Princess Neoma almost became my fiancée," Rubin said in a soft voice. "I'm glad that she decided to enter the temple in the end."

Okay, that pissed her off.

"Neoma chose to enter the temple when she heard that Papa wanted her to marry the son of House Drayton," she said. Yes, she was being salty. But even though she didn't want to be engaged with Rubin in this lifetime, it was still annoying to hear that he was relieved that their engagement was cancelled. "She'd rather become a maiden forever than marry you, bruh."

Hah! Take that, little b*tch.

Rubin was obviously offended.

But before he could complain, the ground started to shake hard.

Then, all of a sudden, a suspicious mansion magically appeared a few meter away from them. The giant gates were open, obviously inviting them to come in.

"Your Royal Highness, we might find the exit in that mansion," Rubin said while eyeing the mansion that looked haunted to her, then he turned to her. "Should we go there?"

"Of course not," Neoma said bluntly. "We're not in a horror movie where dumb people still enter a sketchy-looking place despite the red flags, Rubin."

"YOUR HIGHNESS, I already sent Lady Quinzel to Madam Hammock. According to the Healing Mage, the young lady's injury didn't come from an attack. It seems like Lady Quinzel's body is naturally weak," Glenn informed him. "On the other hand, Kyle— I mean Count Sprouse is on his way to secretly meet Duke Drayton to inform him of his son's disappearance."

Nikolai, who sat in his chair while observing the Death's Scythe in his hands, just nodded at Glenn's long report. "What about the hell dogs?"

The knight bowed his head. "My deepest apologies, Your Majesty. The hell dogs disappeared when I tried to use my Mana to apprehend them."

He just nodded as an acknowledgement to Glenn's report.

When he realized that Neoma had gone missing with the young Drayton, he retrieved the Death's Scythe from the foxy boy. Kyle suggested that he returned to his palace to avoid gathering attention from the servants, and so he did. The foxy boy followed him and it looked like the child didn't have any plans of leaving.

This is annoying.

Nikolai raised his head to look at the foxy boy who was still standing in front of his desk. Lewis's golden eyes were glowing menacingly while glaring at the Death's Scythe in his hand. "Do something about that foxy boy," he told the knight, then he turned to the Death's Scythe in his hand again. "I already told him to leave my office but he won't budge."

"I won't leave until I find a way to rescue Princess Neoma, Your Majesty," the foxy boy said in a firm voice. "The royal princess talks to Skewer as if it's alive. I have a feeling that it can understand humans. Maybe if we threaten it, the Death's Scythe will open a gate to hell."

Glenn whistled in amus.e.m.e.nt. "Lewis, those were the longest

words I heard from you for the past five years."

The foxy boy ignored the knight. "Your Majesty, I know that you don't care about Princess Neoma. But I do. So please let me borrow Skewer. I'll force that thing to take me where the royal princess is."

He raised his head to look at the foxy boy.

For some reason, the child's concern for Neoma was pissing him off and he didn't know why. He was certain with one thing though: he didn't like the foxy boy to show this kind of affection for the royal princess.

"Lewis Crevan, don't forget your place," he said to the foxy boy coldly. "You are the crown prince's knight and not Neoma's. Once Nero returns, you'll be in-charge of his protection."

"Once Prince Nero returns, I'll leave the palace with Princess Neoma," Lewis Crevan said in a determined voice, his golden eyes still glowing menacingly. This time, the foxy boy's bloodlust was directed at him. "But for now, let me save the royal princess."

He smirked at that. Neoma's arrogance is rubbing off on the foxy boy.

"Lewis Crevan, you're talking to His Majesty," Glenn said in a warning tone, the blade of the sword in his hand pointed just below the foxy boy's chin. "Tone it down or else, I will be forced to apprehend you."

"If you don't do something to save Princess Neoma, then I'll make my own way to save her," Lewis Crevan said, unfazed by Glenn's threat. "Should I start by stealing the scythe from you, Your Majesty?"

Glenn pressed the blade of his sword in Lewis Crevan's neck, making it bleed instantly.

Still, the foxy boy remained unbothered.

Nikolai laughed at the foxy boy's arrogance. It was amusing, really. Neoma's influence on people around her was entertaining to see. "Alright. Let's try forcing the scythe to open a gate to hell," he said. "But Lewis Crevan..." Even without looking at his reflection, he knew that his eyes had already turned red. And they were glowing threateningly. "If you fail to retrieve Neoma and the young Drayton, I'll kill you."

"YOU CAN'T kill me," Neoma said, then she opened her eyes. Even without seeing herself, she knew that her light gray eyes turned red and they were glowing. It usually happened whenever she was in high defense. "What the f*ck do you think you're doing, Rubin Drayton?"

Rubin Drayton looked surprised to hear her cuss. And then, he laughed manically. "I knew we're alike, Your Royal Highness!" he said in an exaggeratedly excited manner. He still straddled her h.i.p.s while holding a dagger pointed at her heart. "You have two personalities like me! You appear prim and proper in front of other people. But your true colors appear around the people you hate!"

She knew that Rubin was acting strange. It was a good decision to not drop her guard around him. Well, it wasn't like she could trust him anyway.

In the past, Rubin had shown her two kinds of personalities. The first one was the gentle and kind young lord that she had fallen in love with. The second one was the crazy and cruel man that betrayed her for Regina Crowell.

At first, she thought that the Rubin that she loved in the past was just a façade that he used to capture her heart.

But in this lifetime, she realized that she was wrong.

Upon observing Rubin for the past few days, she realized that Rubin had two personalities. One was the meek young lord who would always bow his head to her. The second was the arrogant and hostile

Rubin that would always pick a fight with her and Lewis.

"You're wrong," Neoma said calmly. Despite Rubin holding a dagger while straddling her, she still didn't feel like her life was in danger. She knew that she could outdo him, especially now that Tteokbokki was already awaked. "I don't have a split personality," she said. "I just know how to act properly as a royal prince, Rubin Drayton."

"I'm not Rubin," he hissed at her. "I'm Gavin!"

Oh, god.

He really has dissociative identity disorder.

It was formerly known as multiple personality disorder, as far as she knew. DID was a psychological condition characterized by having at least two distinct personalities.

"I'm different from that weak and useless Rubin who can't even defend himself from his abusive father!" Rubin snarled at her. "I'm Gavin, and I'm much more capable than him!"

"Okay, Rubin," she said casually. "Are you done, Rubin? Can you get off me now, Rubin?"

Yeah, she called his name again and again on purpose.

He looked shocked by what she did. And then, he hissed at her angrily. "I'm not Rubin! How many times do I have to say that I'm Gavin?!" He tapped his chest with one hand. "I'm Gavin— the capable and strong person that Regina awakened inside this worthless boy! I should be the host of this body and not Rubin!"

Ah, so it was Regina who "convinced" Rubin to have another personality, huh?

That made her angry.

To be honest, she wanted to beat Rubin to a pulp. But she reminded

herself that Rubin, in this lifetime, was still a child who was physically abused by his father. And now, he developed a psychological disorder. It was probably because of trauma.

People like him needed help, patience, and understanding— not violence or cruelty.

"You're polite and well-mannered, Rubin. And I like that about you," she said that made "Gavin" shut up. She wasn't praising Rubin. She was just describing his personality when "Gavin" wasn't taking over his body. "You're not weak— you just lack confidence. I won't blame you for acting that way because I know how Duke Drayton treats you. Your father is the one at fault here and not you. So please don't think that you're worthless."

He looked so shocked by her words that he dropped the dagger. Thankfully, the blade didn't hit her. "Shut up... I hate you because Rubin's father always compares him to the royal prince... he makes Rubin feel useless every time he praises you..."

"Yes, Duke Drayton is a sc*mbag for treating his son like sh*t," she said. "It's not your fault, Rubin."

"Stop!" Rubin screamed while clutching his head tight. He looked confused at the moment. His pretty pastel blue eyes couldn't even focus on her. "I'm not Rubin! Regina gave me a name! A personality!" He shut his eyes tight. "I'm Gavin!"

"No, 'Gavin' doesn't exist," she said firmly. To be honest, she wasn't sure if she was doing the right thing. She just felt like Rubin's condition would worsen if she acknowledged his other "persona." "I don't and won't acknowledge the 'Gavin' that another person created out of you, Rubin Drayton."

Rubin fell silent for a while.

And then, he got up and ran away fast.

Sh*t.

She stood up to chase after Rubin because it wouldn't be wise to be separated in that place.

But all of a sudden, the surrounding was covered by a thick fog filled with negative energy. In just a few minutes, she couldn't see anything anymore.

Dammit!

"Princess Neoma!"

She was surprised when the fog cleared up. And then, she saw Lewis running towards her. The concern on his face was evident.

"Lewis," she greeted him with a business smile. "As expected, you found me. You're really my son."

Lewis stood up in front of her, then he tilted his head at one side. "I'm glad that I found you, Princess Neoma."

"Wrong answer," Neoma said with a bigger, "sweeter" smile. Then, without missing a beat, she gave "Lewis" a b*tch slap. Since Tteokbokki was already awakened inside her, her slap was strong enough to send him flying. He hit a tree and dropped on the ground with his head hanged low. "It should be "I'm not your son, Princess Neoma," you noob impostor."

Gosh.

Was the Devil underestimating her for sending a copycat of her son to her? Did they think that she'd easily trust other people in that sketchy place. Thank goodness Lewis had a consistent response whenever she would call him "son."

The impostor, who had the audacity to copy her precious son, looked up at her with a crazy smile that didn't suit Lewis's angelic face. "You're very interesting, future empress of the Great Moonasterion Empire."

Excuse me?

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